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THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.
IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME V.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

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THE HISTORY

OF

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

IN A

SEVERAL VOLUMES

BY MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "THE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE"

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME VI

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LONDON

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LONDON

THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir Charles Grandison, Bart.

LETTER I.

Miss BYRON, *To* *Miss* LUCY SELBY.

Friday Evening.

WE have had a great debate about the place in which the nuptial ceremony is to be performed.

Charlotte, the perverse Charlotte, insisted upon not going to church.

Lord G. dared not to give his opinion; though his father and Lady Gertrude, as well as every other person, were against her.

Lord L. said, that if fine ladies thought so slightly of the office as that it might be performed any where, it would be no wonder if fine gentlemen thought still more slightly of the obligation it laid them under.

Being appealed to, I said, that I thought of marriage as one of the most solemn acts of a woman's life.

And if a woman's, of a *man's* surely, interrupted Lady L. If your whimsey, Charlotte, added she, arises from modesty, you reflected upon your sister; and, what is worse, upon your mother.

Charlotte put up her pretty lip, and was unconvinced.

Lady Gertrude laid a heavy hand upon the affectation; yet admires her niece-elect. She distinguished between chamber vows and church vows. She mentioned the word *decency*. She spoke plainer on Charlotte's unfeeling perverseness. If a bride meant a compliment by it to the bridegroom, that was another thing; but then let her declare as much; and that she was in a hurry to oblige him.

Charlotte attempted to kill her by a look—She gave a worse to Lord G.—And why, whispered she to him, as he sat next her, must thou shew all thy teeth, man?—As Lady Gertrude meant to shame her, I thought I could as soon forgive that lady, as her who was the occasion of the freedom of speech.

But still she was perverse: She would not be married at all, she said, if she were not complied with.

I whispered her, as I sat on the other side of her, I wish, Charlotte, the knot were tied: Till then, you will not do even right things, but in a wrong manner.

Dr Bartlett was not present: He was making a kind visit to my cousins Reeves. When he came in, the debate was referred to him. He entered into it, with her, with so much modesty, good sense, propriety, and steadiness, that at last the perverse creature gave way: But hardly would neither, had he not assured her, that her brother would be entirely against her; and that he himself must be excused performing the sacred office,
but

but in a sacred place. She has set her heart on the doctor's marrying her.

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, as also Lord and Lady L. went away, not dissatisfied with Charlotte's compliance: She is the most ungratiously graceful young woman I ever knew in her compliances: But Lord G. was to pay for all: She and I got together in the study: In bolted Lord G. perhaps with *too* little ceremony. She coloured—Hey-day, Sir! Who expected you? His countenance immediately fell. He withdrew precipitately. Fie, Charlotte! said I; recollect yourself—and rising, stepped to the door, My lord—calling after him.

He came back, but in a little ferment—I hoped, I hoped, madam, as you were not in your own apartment, that I might, that I might have been—

Where-ever ladies are by themselves, it is a lady's apartment, my lord, said she, with a haughtiness that sat better on *her* features than they would upon almost any other woman's.

He looked as if he knew not whether he should stay or go. Sit down, my lord, said I; we are not particularly engaged. He came nearer, his hat under his arm, bowing to her, who sat as stately as a princess on her throne: But yet looked disobliged. You give yourself pretty airs, my lord—Don't you?

Pretty airs, madam!—Pretty airs!—By my soul, I think, madam—And with such a glow on your face, madam—Taking his laced hat from under his arm, and with an earnest motion swinging it backwards and forwards, as unknowing what he did—

What, Sir, am I to be buffeted, Sir?—

He put his hat under his arm again—*Buffeted*, madam!—Would to heaven—

What has heaven to do with your odd ways, Lord G.?

I beg pardon for intruding, madam—But I thought—

That you had a privilege, Sir—But marriage itself, Sir, shall not give you a privilege to break into my retirements. You *thought*, Sir—You could *not think*—So much the worse if you did—

If I have really offended—I will be more circumspect for the future—I beg pardon, madam—Miss Byron I hope will forgive me too.

He was going, in great discomposure, and with an air of angry humility.

Charlotte, whispered I—Don't be silly—

Come, come, now *you* have broke in upon us, you may stay—But another time, when you know me to be retired with a friend so dear to me, let it enter into your head, that no third person, un-sent for, can be welcome.

Poor man!—How he loves her!—His countenance changed at once to the humble placid: He looked as if he had rather be in fault than she.

Oh! how *little* did she make him look!

But he has often, as well as in this instance, let her see her power over him. I am afraid she will use it. I now see it is and will be his misfortune, that she can vex him without being vexed herself: And what may he expect, who can be treated with feigned displeasure, which, while it seems to be in earnest to him, will be a jest to his wife?

I was very angry with her, when we were alone; and told her, that she would be an enemy, I was afraid, of her own happiness. But she only laughed at me: Happiness, my dear! said she: *That* only is happiness which we think so. If I can be as happy in my way as you can be in yours, shall I not pursue it? Your happiness, child, is in the still life. I love not a dead calm:

Now

Now a tempest, now a refreshing breeze, I shall know how to enjoy the difference—My brother will not be here to turn jest into earnest, as might perhaps be the effect of his mediation—But, high-ho, Harriet! that the first week were over, and I had got into my throne!

She ended with an Italian air, contrasted with another High-ho; and left me for a few moments.

Poor Lord G.! said I, looking after her.

She returned soon. *Poor Lord G.!* repeated she: Those were the piteous words you threw after me—But if I should provoke him, do you think he would not give me a cuff, or so?—You know he can't return joke for joke; and he must revenge himself some way—If that should be the case, *Poor Charlotte*, I hope you would say—

Not if you deserved it.

Deserve a cuff, Harriet!—Well, but I am afraid I shall.

Remember next Tuesday, Charlotte!—You must vow obedience—Will you break your vow!—This is not a jesting matter.

True, Harriet. And that it is *not* was perhaps one of the reasons that made me disinclined to go to so solemn a place as the church with Lord G.—Don't you think it one with those who insist upon being married in their own chamber?

I believe great people, said I, think they must not do right things in the common way: That seems to me to be one of their fantastic reasons: But the vow is the vow, Charlotte: God is everywhere.

Now you are so serious, Harriet, it is time to have done with the subject.

I HAVE no sleep in my eyes, and must go on. What keeps me more wakeful is, my real concern for this naughty Miss Grandison, and my pity for
Lord

Lord G.; for the instance I have given you of her petulance is nothing to what I have seen: But I thought, so near the day, she would have changed her behaviour to him. Surely the situation her brother is in, without any fault of his own, might convince her, that she need not go out of her path to pick up subjects for unhappiness.

Such a kittenish disposition in her, I called it; for it is not so much the love of power that predominates in her mind, as the love of playfulness: And when the fit is upon her, she regards not whether it is a china cup, or a cork, that she pats and tosses about: But her *sport* will certainly be the *death* of Lord G.'s happiness. Pity that Sir Charles, who only has power over her, is obliged to go abroad so soon! But she has principles: Lady Grandison's daughter, Sir Charles Grandison's sister, must have principles. The solemnity of the occasion, the office, the church, the altar,—must strike her: The vow—Will she not regard the vow she makes in circumstances so awful? Could but my Lord G. assume dignity, and mingle raillery with it, and be able to laugh *with* her, and sometimes *at* her, she would not make *him* her sport: She would find somebody else: A butt she must have to shoot at: But I am afraid he will be too sensible of her smartness: And she will have her jest, let who will suffer by it.

Some of the contents of your last are very agreeable to me, Lucy. I will begin in earnest to think of leaving London. Don't let me look silly in your eyes, my dear, when I come. It was not so *very* presumptuous in me (was it?) to hope—When all his relations—When he himself—Yet what room for hope did he, *could* he give me? He was honest, and I cheated myself: But then all you, my dearest friends, encouraged the cheat: Nay, pointed my wishes and my hopes by yours, before

before I had dared (or shall I say condescended?) to own them to myself.

You may let that Greville know, if you please, that there is no room for his *If*'s, nor, of consequence, any for his *menaces*. You may own, that I shall soon be in Northamptonshire. This may prevent his and Fenwick's threatened journey to town.

But, Lucy, though my heart has been ever *dutifully*, as I may say, open to the venerable domestic circle; though it would not have been an honest heart, could it, circumstanced as I was, have concealed itself from Lady D.; and must have been an impenetrable one indeed, if it could have been disguised to the two sisters here—yet, I beseech you, let not the audacious, the insulting Greville have ground given him to suspect a weakness in your Harriet, which indelicate minds know not how to judge of delicately. For sex-fake, for example-fake, Lucy, let it not be known to any but the partial, friendly few, that our grand-mamma Shirley's child, and aunt Selby's niece, has been a volunteer in her affections. How many still more forward girls would plead Mrs Shirley's approbation of the hasty affection, without considering the circumstances and the object! So the next girl that runs away to a dancing-master, or an ensign, would reckon herself one of Harriet's school.

Poor Mr Orme! I am sorry he is not well. It is cruel in you, Lucy, at *this* time, to say (so undoubtingly) that his illness is owing to his love of me. You knew that such a suggestion would pain me. Heaven restore Mr Orme!

But I am vexed, as it cannot be to purpose, that Sir Charles Grandison and I have been named together, and talked of in your neighbourhood!—He will be gone abroad: I shall return to Northamptonshire:

amptonshire : And shall look so silly ! So like a refused girl !

“ Every body gives me to him, you say ”—So much the worse. I wonder what business this Every body has to trouble itself about me.

One consolation, however, I shall have in my return, and that is, in my Nancy's recovered health, which was so precarious when I set out for London.

But I shall have nothing to entertain you with when I am with you : Sir Charles Grandison, Lord and Lady L. Lady G. (as now in three or four days she will be) my dear Miss Jervois, Dr Bartlett, will be all my subject. And have I not exhausted that by pen and ink ? O no ! The doctor promises to correspond with me ; and he makes no doubt but Sir Charles will correspond with him as usual.

What can the unusually tender friendship be called which he professed for me, and, as I may say, claimed in return from me ? I know that he has no notion of the love called *Platonic*. Nor have I : I think it, in general, a dangerous allowance ; and, with regard to our sex, a very unequal one, since, while the man has nothing to fear, the woman has every thing, from the privileges that may be claimed, in an *acknowledged* confidence, especially in presence. Miss Grandison thus interprets what he said, and strengthens her opinion by some of Dr Bartlett's late intimations that he really loves me ; but not being at liberty to avow his love, he knew not what to say, and so went as near to a declaration as was possible to do in his circumstances.

But might I not expect, from such a profession of friendship in Sir Charles, an offer of correspondence in absence ? And if he made the offer, ought I to decline it ? Would it not indicate too much on *my* side were I to do so ?—And does it not on *his*,
if

if he make not the offer? He corresponds with Mrs Beaumont: No body thinks that any thing can be meant by that correspondence on *either* side, because Mrs Beaumont must be at least forty: Sir Charles but six or seven and twenty: But if he makes not the request to Harriet, who is but little more than twenty, what, after such professions of a friendship so tender, will be inferred from his forbearance?

But I shall puzzle myself, and you too, Lucy, if I go on with this sort of reasoning, because I shall not know how to put all I mean into words. Have I not already puzzled you? I think my expression is weak and perplexed—But this offered and accepted friendship between two persons not indelicate, must be perplexing, since he is the only young man in the world, from whom a woman has no dishonour to fear—Ah, Lucy!—It would be vanity in me (would it not?) to suppose that he had more to fear from Harriet than she has from him, as the virtue of either, I hope, is not questionable? But the event of his Italian visit will explain and reconcile every thing.

I will encourage a drowsy fit that seems to be stealing upon me. If I have not written with the perspicuity I always aim at, allow, Lucy, for the time of night; for spirits not high; and for the subject, which having its delicacies, as well as uncertainties, I am not able to write clearly upon it.

L E T T E R

LETTER II.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Saturday Night, April 9.

SIR Charles is already returned: He arrived at Windsor on Friday morning; but found that Lord W. had set out the afternoon of the day before, for the house of his friend Sir Joseph Lawrence, which is but fifteen miles from Mansfield-house.

Upon this intelligence, Sir Charles, wanting to return to town as soon as he could, followed him to the knight's: And having time enough himself to reach Mansfield-house that night, he, by his uncle's consent, pursued his journey thither, to the great joy of the family, who wished for his personal introduction of my lord to Miss Mansfield.

My lord arrived by breakfast-time unfatigued, and in high spirits; staid at Mansfield-house all day, and promised so to manage, as to be in town to-morrow, in order to be present at his niece's nuptials on Tuesday.

As for Sir Charles, he made the Mansfield family happy in his company the whole Friday evening; enquiring into their affairs relating to the oppression they lay under, pointing out measures for redress, encouraging Miss Mansfield, and informing the brothers, that the lawyers he had consulted on their deeds told him, that a new trial might be hoped for; the result of which, probably, would be a means to do them justice, so powerfully protected and assisted as they would be now; for new lights had broken in upon them, and they wanted but to recover a deed, which they understood was in the hands of two gentlemen, named Hartley, who were but lately returned from the Indies. Thus prepared, the Mansfields also were in high spirits.

spirits the next morning, and looked, Sir Charles said, on each other, when they met, as if they wanted to tell each other their agreeable dreams.

Sir Charles, in his way, had looked in upon Sir Harry Beauchamp and his lady. He found Sir Harry in high spirits, expecting the arrival of his son, who was actually landed from Calais, having met there his father's letter, allowing him to return to England, and wishing in his own, and in Lady Beauchamp's name, his speedy arrival.

Sir Charles's impatience to see his friend permitted him only to breakfast with my lord and the Mansfields, and to know the opinion each party formed of the other on this first interview, and then he set out to Sir Harry Beauchamp's. What an activity!—Heaven reward him with the grant of his own wishes, whatever they be, and make him the happiest of men!

My lord is greatly taken with the lady, and her whole family. Well he may, Sir Charles says. He blessed him, and called himself blessed in his sister's son, for his recommendation of each to the other. The lady thinks better of him, as her mother owned to Sir Charles, than she thought she should from report.

I begin to think, Lucy, that those who set out for happiness are most likely to find it, when they live single till the age of *fancy* is over. Those who marry while it lasts, are often disappointed of that which they propose so largely to themselves: While those who wed for convenience, and deal with tolerable honesty by each other, are at a greater certainty. *Tolerable*, I repeat, since it seems we are to expect, that both parties will turn the best side of the old garment outward. Hence arises consolation to old maidens, and cautions against precipitation—Expatiate, my dear, on this fruitful subject: I would, were I at leisure.

Sir Charles says, that he doubts not but Lord W. will be as happy a man as he wishes to be, in less than a month.

The duce is in this brother of mine, whispered Miss Grandison to me, for huddling up of marriages! He don't consider, that there may be two chances for one, that his honest folks may, in half a year's time, bless him the contrary way.

Sir Charles told us, that he had desired Lord W. to give out every-where (that the adversaries of the Mansfield family might know it) his intended alliance, and that he and his nephew were both determined to procure a retrospection of all former proceedings.

Sir Charles got to Sir Harry Beauchamp's a little before his friend arrived. Sir Harry took him aside at his alighting, and told him that Lady Beauchamp had had clouds on her brow all the day; and, he was afraid, would not receive his son with the graciousness that once he hoped for from her: But that he left *him* to manage with her. She never, said he, had so high an opinion either of man or woman as she has of you.

Sir Charles addressed himself to her, as not doubting her goodness upon the foot of their former conversation, and praised her for the graces that however appeared but faintly in her countenance, till his compliments lighted them up, and made them shine full out in it. He told her, that his sister and Lord G. were to be married on the following Tuesday. He himself, he said, should set out for Paris on Friday after; but hoped to see a family-intimacy begun between his sisters and Lady Beauchamp, and between their lords and Sir Harry and Mr Beauchamp. He applauded her on the generosity of her intentions, as declared to him in their former conference, and congratulated her on the power she had, of which she made so noble a use, of laying at the same time an obligation

tion on the tenderest of husbands, and the most deserving of sons; whose duty to her he engaged for.

All this set her in high good humour; and she took to herself, and *bridled* upon it, to express myself in Charlotte's manner, the praises and graces this adroit manager gave her, as if they were her unquestionable due.

This agreeable way they were all in, Sir Harry transported with his lady's goodness, when Mr Beauchamp arrived.

The young gentleman bent his knee to his step-mother, as well as to his father, and thanked her for the high favours which, his father had signified to him by letter, he owed to her goodness. She confirmed them; but, Sir Charles observed, with an ostentation that shewed she thought very highly of her own generosity.

They had a very chearful evening. Not one cloud would hang on Lady Beauchamp's brow, though once or twice it seemed a little overshadowed, as Mr Beauchamp displayed qualities for which his father was too ready to admire him. Sir Charles thought it necessary to caution Sir Harry on this subject; putting it in this light, that Lady Beauchamp loved her husband so well, that she would be too likely to dread a rivalry in his affections from a son so very accomplished. Sir Harry took the hint kindly.

Mr Beauchamp was under a good deal of concern at Sir Charles's engagements to leave England so soon after his arrival, and asked his father's leave to attend him. Sir Harry declared that he could not part with him. Sir Charles chid his friend, and said, it was not quite so handsome a return as might have been expected from his Beauchamp, to the joyful reception he had met with from his father and Lady Beauchamp. But she excused the young gentleman, and said, she won-

dered not that any body who was favoured with *his* friendship, should be unwilling to be separated from him.

Sir Charles expresses great satisfaction in Mr Beauchamp's being arrived before his departure, that he may present to us himself a man with whom he is sure we shall all be delighted, and leave *him* happy in the beloved society which he himself is obliged to quit.

A repining temper, Lucy, would consider only the hardship of meeting a long-absent friend, just to feel the uneasiness of a second parting: But this man views every thing in a right light. When his own happiness is not to be attained, he lays it out of his thoughts, and, as I have heretofore observed, rejoices in that of others. It is a pleasure to see how Sir Charles seems to enjoy the love which Dr Bartlett expresses for this friend of them both.

Sir Charles addressed himself to me, on several occasions, in so polite, in so tender a manner, that every one told me afterwards, they are sure he loves me. Dr Bartlett at the time, as he sat next me, whispered, on the regret expressed by all on losing him so soon—Ah, madam!—I know and pity my patron's struggles!—*Struggles*, Lucy! What could the doctor mean by this whisper to *me*!—But I hope he guesses not at mine! If he does, would he have whispered his pity of Sir Charles to me?—Come, Lucy, this is some comfort, however; and I will endeavour to be brave upon it, that I may not, by my weakness, lessen myself in the doctor's good opinion.

It was agreed for Charlotte (whose assent was given in these words—"Do as you will—or, rather, as my brother will—What signifies opposing *him*?"") that the nuptials shall be solemnized, as privately as possible, at St George's-church. The company is to drop in at different doors, and
with

with as few attendants as may be. Lord W. the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, Lord and Lady L. Miss Jervois, and your Harriet, are to be present at the ceremony. I was very earnest to be excused, till Miss Grandison, when we were alone, dropt down on one knee, and held up her hands, to beg me to accompany her. Mr Everard Grandison, if he can be found, is to be also there, at Sir Charles's desire.

Dr Bartlett, as I before hinted, at *her* earnest request, is to perform the ceremony. Sir Charles wished it to be at his own parish-church: But Miss Grandison thought it too near to be private. He was indifferent as to the place, he said—So it was at *church*; for he had been told of the difficulty we had to get Charlotte to desist from having it performed in her chamber; and seemed surprised—Fie, Charlotte! said he—An office so solemn!—Vows to receive and pay as in the divine presence—

She was glad, she told me, that she had not left that battle to be fought with *him*.

Monday, April 10.

LORD W. is come. Lord and Lady L. are here. They, and Miss Grandison, received him with great respect. He embraced his niece in a very affectionate manner. Sir Charles was absent. Lord W. is in person and behaviour a much more agreeable man than I expected him to be. Nor is he so decrepid with the gout as I had supposed. He is very careful of himself, it seems. This world has been kind to him; and I fancy he makes a great deal of a little pain, for want of stronger exercises to his patience; and so is a sufferer by self-indulgence. Had I not been made acquainted with his free living, and with the insults he bore from Mrs Giffard, with a spirit so poor and so low, I should have believed I saw not

only the man of quality, but the man of sense, in his countenance. I endeavoured, however, as much as I could, to look upon him as the brother of the late Lady Grandison. Had he been worthy of that relation, how should I have revered him!

But whatever I thought of *him*, he expressed himself highly in *my* favour. He particularly praised me for the modesty which he said was visibly in my countenance. Free-livers, Lucy, taken with that grace in a woman, which they make it their pride to destroy! But all men, good and bad, admire modesty in a woman: And I am sometimes out of humour with our sex, that they do not as generally like modesty in men. I am sure that this grace in Sir Charles Grandison is one of his principal glories with me. It emboldens one's heart, and permits one to behave before him with ease; and, as I may say, with *security*, in the consciousness of a right intention.

But what were Lord W.'s praises of his nephew! He called him the glory of his sex, and of human nature. How the cheeks of the dear Emily glowed at the praises given to her guardian!—She was the taller for them: When she moved, it was on tiptoe; stealing, as it were, across the floor, lest she should lose any thing that was said on a subject so delightful to her.

My lord was also greatly pleased with her. He complimented her as the beloved ward of the best of guardians. He lamented, with us, the occasion that called his nephew abroad. He was full of his own engagements with Miss Mansfield, and declared that his nephew should guide and govern him as he pleased in every material case, respecting either the conduct of his future life, or the management and disposition of his estate; adding, that he had made his will, and, excepting only his
lady's

lady's jointure, and a few legacies, had left every thing to him.

How right a thing, even in policy, is it, my dear, to be good and generous!

I must not forget, that my lord wished, *with all his soul* (that was his expression), that he might have the honour of giving to his nephew *my* hand in marriage.

I could feel myself blush. I half-suppressed a sigh: I would have wholly suppressed it, if I could. I recovered the little confusion his too plainly expressed wish gave me, by repeating to myself the word CLEMENTINA.

This Charlotte is a great coward. But I dare not tell her so, for fear of a retort. I believe I should be as great a one in her circumstances, so few hours to one of the greatest events of one's life? But I *pretend* not to bravery: Yet hope, that in the cause of virtue or honour I should be found to have a soul.

I write now at my cousins. I came hither to make an alteration in my dress. I have promised to be with the sweet bully early in the morning of her important day.

LETTER III.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Tuesday Night,

Wednesday Morning,

} *April 11. 12.*

MISS Grandison is no longer to be called by that name. She is Lady G. May she make Lord G. as happy as I dare say he will make her, if it be not her own fault!

I was early with her, according to promise. I found her more affected than she was even last night.

night with her approaching change of condition. Her brother had been talking to her, she said; and had laid down the duties of the state she was about to enter into, in such a serious manner, and made the performance of them of so much importance to her happiness, both here and hereafter, that she was terrified at the thoughts of what she was about to undertake. She had never considered matrimony in that formidable light before. He had told her, that he was afraid of her vivacity; yet was loth to discourage her cheerfulness, or to say any thing that should lower her spirits. All he besought of her was, to regard times, tempers, and occasions; and then it would be impossible but her lively humour must give delight not only to the man whom she favoured with her hand, but to every one who had the pleasure of approaching her. If, Charlotte, said he, you would have the world around you respect your husband, *you* must set the example. While the wife gives the least room to suspect, that she despises her husband, she will find, that she subjects him to double contempt, if he resents it not; and if he does, can you be happy? Aggressors lay themselves open to severe reprisals. If you differ, you will be apt to make by-standers judges over you. They will remember when you are willing to forget; and your fame will be the sport of those beneath you, as well in understanding as degree.

She believed, she told me, that Lord G. had been making some complaints of her. *If he had—*

Hush, my dear, said I—Not one word of threatening: Are you more solicitous to conceal your fault than to amend it?

No—But you know, Harriet, for a man, before he has experienced what sort of a wife I shall make, to complain against me for foibles in courtship.

ship, when he can help himself if he *will*, has something so very little—

Your conscience, Charlotte, tells you, that he had *reason* for complaint; and therefore you think he *has* complained. Think the best of Lord G. for *your own* reputation's sake, since you thought fit to go thus far with him. You have borne nothing from *him*: He has borne a great deal from *you*.

I am fretful, Harriet; I won't be chidden: I will be comforted by you: You *shall* soothe me: Are you not my sister? She threw her arms around me, and kissed my cheek.

I ventured to rally her, though I was afraid of her retort, and met with it: But I thought it would divert her. I am glad, my dear, said I, that you are capable of this tenderness of temper: You blustering girls—But fear, I believe, will make cowards loving.

Harriet, said she, and flung from me to the window, remember *this*: May I soon see you in the same situation! I will then have no mercy upon you.

THE subject, which Sir Charles led to at breakfast, was the three weddings of Thursday last. He spoke honourably of marriage, and made some just compliments to Lord and Lady L.; concluding them with wishes, that his sister Charlotte and Lord G. might be neither more nor less happy than they were. Then turning to Lord W. he said, he questioned not his lordship's happiness with the lady he had so lately seen; for I cannot doubt, said he, of your lordship's affectionate gratitude to her, if she behaves as I am sure she will.

My lord had tears in his eyes. Never man had such a nephew as I have, said he. All the joy of
my

my present prospects, all the comforts of my future life, are and will be owing to you.

Here had he stopt, it would have been well : But turning to me, he unexpectedly said, Would to God, madam, that *you* could reward him ! I cannot ; and nobody *else* can.

All were alarmed for me ; every one was upon me. A sickness came over my heart—I know not how to describe it. My head sunk upon my bosom. I could hardly sit ; yet was less able to rise.

Sir Charles's face was overspread with blushes. He bowed to my lord. May the man, said he, who shall have the honour to call Miss Byron his, be, if *possible*, as deserving as *she* is ! Then will they live together the life of angels.

He gracefully looked down ; not at me ; and I got a little courage to look up : Yet Lady L. was concerned for me : So was Lord L. : Emily's eye dropt a tear upon her blushing cheek.

Was it not, Lucy, a severe trial ?—Indeed it was.

My lord, to mend the matter, lamented very pathetically, that Sir Charles was under an obligation to go abroad ; and still more, that he could not stay to be present at the celebration of his nuptials with Miss Mansfield.

The Earl, Lord G. Lady Gertrude, and the Doctor, were to meet the bride and us at the church. Lord and Lady L. Sir Charles, and Emily, went in one coach : Miss Grandison and I in another.

As we went, I don't like this affair at all, Harriet, said she. My brother has long made all other men indifferent to me. Such an infinite difference !

Can any-body be happier than Lord and Lady L. Charlotte ? Yet Lady L. admires her brother as much as you can do.

They

They happy!—And so they are. But Lady L. soft soul! fell in love with Lord L. before my brother came over. So the foundation was laid: And it being a first flame with her, she, in compliment to *herself*, could not but persevere. But the sorry creature Anderson, proving a sorry creature, made me despise the sex: And my brother's perfections contributed to my contempt of all other men.

Indeed, my dear, you are wrong. Lord G. loves you: But were Sir Charles *not* your brother, it is not very certain that he would have returned your love.

Why, that's true. I believe he would not, in that case, have chosen *me*. I am sure he would not, if he had known *you*: But for the man one loves, one can *do* any-thing, *be* every-thing, that he would wish one to be.

Do you think you cannot love Lord G.?—For heaven's sake, Charlotte, tho' you are now almost within sight of the church, do not think of giving your hand, if you cannot resolve to make Lord G. as happy as I have no doubt he will make you, if it be not your own fault.

What will my brother say?—What will—

Leave that to me. I will engage Sir Charles and Dr Bartlett to lend me their ear in the vestry; and I am sure your brother, if he knows that you have an antipathy to Lord G. or that you think you cannot be happy with him, will undertake your cause, and bring you off.

Antipathy! That's a strong word, Harriet. The man is a good-natured silly man—

Silly! Charlotte!—Silly then he must be for loving you so well, who really have never yet given him an opportunity to shew his importance with you.

I do pity him sometimes.

The coach stopt:—Ah, Lord! Harriet! The church! The church!

Say,

Say, Charlotte, before you step out—Shall I speak to your brother, and Dr Bartlett, in the vestry?

I shall look like a fool either way.

Don't *act* like one, Charlotte, on this solemn occasion. Say, you will deserve, that you will *try* to deserve Lord G.'s love.

Sir Charles appeared. Lord help me!—My brother!—I'll try, I'll try, what can be done.

He gave each his hand in turn: In he flew: The people began to gather about us. Lord G. all rapture, received her at the entrance. Sir Charles led me: And the Earl and Lady Gertrude received us with joy in their countenances. I overheard the naughty one say, as Lord G. led her up to the altar, You don't know what you are about, man. I expect to have all my way: Remember that's one of my articles before marriage.

He returned her an answer of fond assent to her condition. I am afraid, thought I, poor Lord G. you will be more than *once* reminded of this previous article.

When she was led to the altar, and Lord G. and she stood together, she trembled. Leave me not, Harriet, said she.—Brother! Lady L.!

I am sure she looked *sillier* than Lord G. at that instant.

The good Doctor began the office. *No dearly beloveds*, Harriet! whispered she, as I had said, on a really terrible occasion. I was offended with her in my heart: Again, she whispered something against the office, as the Doctor proceeded to give the reasons for the institution. Her levity did not forsake her even at that solemn moment.

When the service was over, every one (Sir Charles in a solemn and most affectionate manner) wished her happy. My Lord G. kissed her hand with a bent knee.

She

She took my hand. Ah! Lord, what have I done?—And am I married? whispered she—And can it never be undone?—And is that the man to whom I am to be obedient?—Is *he* to be my lord and master?

Ah, Lady G. said I, it is a solemn office. *You* have vowed: *He* has vowed.—It is a solemn office.

Lord G. led her to the first coach. Sir Charles led me into the same. The people, to my great confusion, whispered, That's the bride! What a charming couple! Sir Charles handed Miss Emily next. Lord G. came in: As he was entering, Harkee, friend, said Charlotte, and put out her hand, You mistake the coach: You are not of our company.

The whole world, replied my Lord, shall not now divide us: And took his seat on the same side with Emily.

The man's a rogue, Harriet, whispered she: See! He gives himself airs already!

This, said Lord G. as the coach drove on, taking one hand and eagerly kissing it, is the hand that blessed me.

And that, said she, pushing him from her with the other, is the hand that repulses your forwardness. What came you in here for?—Don't be silly.

He was in raptures all the way.

When we came home, every one embraced and wished joy to the bride. The Earl and Lady Gertrude were in high spirits. The Lady re-saluted her niece, as her *dear* niece: The Earl recognized his beloved daughter.

But prepare to hear a noble action of Lord W.

When he came up to compliment her—My dearest niece, said he, I wish you joy with all my soul. I have not been a kind uncle. There is no fastening any thing on your brother. Accept of this [and he put a little paper into her hand—It was a

bank-note of 1000*l.*]: *My* sister's daughter, and *your* brother's sister, merits more than this.

Was not this handsomely presented, Lucy?

He then, in a manner becoming Lady Grandison's brother, stepped to Lady L. My niece Charlotte is not the *only* niece. I wish you, my dear, as if this was *your* day of marriage, all happiness: Accept these two papers [The one, Lucy, was a note for 1000*l.* and the other for 100*l.*]: And he said, The lesser note is due to you for interest on the greater.

When the ladies opened their notes, and saw what they were, they were at first at a loss what to say.

It was most gracefully done: But see, Lucy, the example of a good and generous man can sometimes alter natures; and covetous men, I have heard it observed, when their hearts are opened, often act nobly.

As soon as Lady G. (so now I must call her) recovered herself from the surprize into which my Lord's present and address had put her, she went to him: Allow me, my Lord, said she, and bent one knee to him, to crave your blessing; and at the same time to thank you for your paternal present to your ever obliged Charlotte.

God bless you, my dear! saluting her—But thank your noble brother: You delight me with your graceful acceptance.

Lady L. came up. My Lord, you overcome me by your bounty.—How shall I—

Your brother's princely spirit, Lady L. said he, makes this present look mean. Forgive me only that it was not done before. And he saluted her.

Lord L. came up. Lady L. shewed him the opened notes—See here, my Lord, said she, what Lord W. has done: And he calls this the interest due on that.

Your lordship oppresses me with your goodness to your niece, said Lord L. May health, long-life, and happiness, attend you in your own nuptials!

There

There, there, said Lord W. pointing to Sir Charles (who had withdrawn, and then entered), make your acknowledgment: His noble spirit has awakened mine: It was only asleep. My late sister's brother wanted but the force of such an example. That son is all his mother.

Sir Charles joining them, having heard only the last words—If I am thought a son not unworthy of the most excellent of mothers, said he, and by *her* brother, I am happy.

Then you *are* happy, replied my lord.

Her memory, resumed Sir Charles, I cherish; and when I have been tempted to forget myself, that memory has been a means of keeping me steady in my duty. Her precepts, my lord, were the guide of my early youth. Had I not kept them in mind, how much more blameable than most young men had I been!—My Charlotte! have that mother in your memory, on this great change of your condition! You will not be called to her trials.—His eyes glistened. Tender be our remembrance of my father.—Charlotte be worthy of your mother.

He withdrew with an air *so* noble!—But soon returning, with a chearful look, he was told what Lord W. had done.—Your lordship was *before*, said he, intitled to our duty by the ties of blood; But what is the relation of body to that of mind? You have bound me for my sisters, and that still more by the manner than by the act, in a bond of gratitude that never can be broken!

Thank yourself, thank yourself, my noble nephew.

Encourage, my Lord, a family intimacy between your lady and her nieces and nephew. You will be delighted, my sisters, with Miss Mansfield; but when she obliges my Lord with her hand, you will reverence your aunt. I shall have a pleasure, when I am far distant, in contemplating the family union.

Your lordship must let me know your day in time ; and I will be joyful upon it, whatever of a contrary nature I may have to struggle with on my account.

My Lord wept—My *Lord* wept, did I say ?—Not *one* of us had a dry eye !—This was a solemn scene, you will say, for a wedding-day : But how delightfully do such scenes dilate the heart ?

The day, however, was not forgotten as a day of festivity. Sir Charles himself, by his vivacity and openness of countenance, made every one joyful : And, except that now-and-then a sigh, which could not be checked, stole from some of us, to think that he would so soon be in another country (far distant from the friends he now made happy), and engaged in difficulties, perhaps in dangers, every heart was present to the occasion of the day.

O Charlotte ! Dear Lady G. ! Hitherto it is in your power to make every *future* day worthy of *this* !—“ Have your mother, your noble mother, in your memory, my dear : ” And give credit to the approbation of such a brother.

I should have told you, that my cousins Reeves came about two, and were received with the utmost politeness by every-body.

Sir Charles was called out just before dinner ; and returned introducing a young gentleman, dressed as if for the day—This is an earlier favour than I had hoped for, said Sir Charles ; and leading him to Lady G. this, Sir, is the Queen of the day. My dear Lady G. welcome (the house is yours—welcome) the man I love : Welcome my Beauchamp.

Every one, except Emily and me, crowded about Mr Beauchamp, as Sir Charles's avowedly beloved friend, and bid him cordially welcome ; Sir Charles presenting him to each by name.

Then leading him to me—I am half ashamed, Lucy, to repeat—But take it as he spoke it—Revere,

vere, said he, my dear friend, that excellent young lady : But let not your admiration stop at her face and person : She has a mind as exalted, my Beauchamp, as your own : Miss Byron, in honour to my sister, to us all, has gilded this day by her presence.

Mr Beauchamp approached me with polite respect. The lady whom Sir Charles Grandison admires, as he does you, madam, must be the first of women.

I might have said, that he, who was so eminently distinguished as the friend of Sir Charles Grandison, must be a most valuable man : But my spirits were not high. I courtesied to his compliment ; and was silent.

Sir Charles presented Emily to him.—My Emily, Beauchamp. I hope to live to see her happily married. The man whose heart is but half so worthy as her's, must be an excellent man.

Modesty might look up, and be sensible to compliments from the lips of such a man. Emily looked at me with pleasure, as if she had said, Do you hear, madam, what a fine thing my guardian has said of me ?

Sir Charles asked Mr Beauchamp, how he stood with my Lady Beauchamp ?

Very well, answered he. After such an introduction as you had given me to her, I must have been to blame, had I *not*. She is my father's wife : I must respect her, were she ever so unkind to me : She is not without good qualities. Were every family so happy as to have Sir Charles Grandison for a mediator when misunderstandings happened, there would be very few lasting differences among relations. My father and mother tell me, that they never sit down to table together but they bless you : And to me they have talked of nobody else : But Lady Beauchamp depends upon your promise of making her acquainted with the ladies of your family.

My sisters, and their lords, will do honour to my promise in my absence. Lady L. Lady G. let me recommend to you Lady Beauchamp as more than a common visiting acquaintance. Do you, Sir, to Mr Beauchamp, see it cultivated.

Mr Beauchamp is an agreeable, and when Sir Charles Grandison is not in company, a handsome and genteel man. I think, my dear, that I do but the same justice that every-body would do in this exception. He is chearful, lively, yet modest, and not too full of words. One sees both love and respect in every look he casts upon his friend; and that he is delighted when he hears him speak, be the subject what it will.

He once said to Lord W. who praised his nephew to him, as he does to every body near him, The universal voice, my Lord, is in his favour wherever he goes. Every one joins almost in the *same* words, in different countries, allowing for the different languages, that for sweetness of manners, and manly dignity, he hardly ever had his equal.

Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; she before him; he standing in an easy genteel attitude, leaning against the wainscot, listening, smiling, to her prattle, with looks of indulgent love, as a father might do to a child he was fond of; while she looked back every now-and-then towards me, *so* proud, poor dear! of being singled out by her guardian.

She tript to me afterwards, and leaning over my shoulder, as I sat, whispered—I have been begging of my guardian to use his interest with you, madam, to take me down with you to Northamptonshire.

And what is the result?

She paused.

Has he denied your request?

No, madam.

Has he allowed you to go, my dear, if I comply? turning half round to her with pleasure.

She

She paused, and seemed at a loss. I repeated my question.

Why, no, he has not consented neither—But he said such charming things, so obliging, so kind, both of you and of me, that I forgot to repeat my question, tho' it was so near my heart: But I will ask him again.

And thus, Lucy, can he decline complying, and yet send away a requester so much delighted with him, as to forget what her request was.

Miss Grandison—Lady G. I would say—singled me out soon after—This Beauchamp is really a very pretty fellow, Harriet.

He is an agreeable man, answered I.

So I think.

She said no more of him at that time.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L's motion, they made me play on the harpsichord; and, after one lesson, they besought Sir Charles to sing to my playing. He would not, he said, deny any request that was made him on that day.

He sung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr Beauchamp took the violin; Lord L. the bass-viol; Lord G. the German-flute; and most of the company joined in the chorus. The song was from Alexander's feast: The words,

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the good deserves the fair:

Sir Charles, though himself equally *brave* and *good*, preferring the latter word to the former.

Lady L. had always insisted upon dancing at her sister's wedding. We were not company enough for country-dances: But music having been ordered, and the performers come, it was insisted that we should have a dance, though we were engaged

in a conversation, which I thought infinitely more agreeable.

Lord G. began by dancing a minuet with his bride: She danced charmingly: But on my telling her so afterwards, she whispered me, that she should have performed better, had she danced with her brother. Lord G. danced extremely well.

Lord L. and Lady Gertrude, Mr Beauchamp and Mrs Reeves, Mr Reeves and Lady L. danced all of them very agreeably.

The Earl took me out: But we had hardly done, when, asking pardon for disgracing me, as he too modestly expressed himself; he, and all but my cousins and Emily, called out for Sir Charles to dance with me.

I was abashed at the general voice calling upon us both: But it was obeyed.

He deserved all the praises that Miss Gran—— Lady G. I would say, gave him in her letter to me.

Lord blefs me, my dear, this man is every thing: But his conversation has ever been among the politest people of different nations.

Lord W. wished himself able, from his gout, to take out Miss Jervois.

The bridegroom was called upon by Sir Charles: And he took out the good girl, who danced very prettily. I fancied that he chose to have called out Lord G. rather than Mr Beauchamp. He is the most delicate and considerate of men.

Sir Charles was afterwards called upon by the bride herself: And she danced then with a grace indeed! I was pleased that she *could* perform so well at her own wedding.

Supper was not ready till twelve. Mr Reeves's coach came about that hour; but we got not away till two.

Perhaps the company would not have broke
up.

up so soon, had not the bride been perverse, and refused to retire.

Was she not at home? she asked Lady L. who was put upon urging her: And should she leave her company?

She would make me retire with her. She took a very affectionate leave of me.

Marriage, Lucy, is an awful rite. It is supposed to be a joyful solemnity: But on the woman's side it can be only so, when she is given to the man she loves above all the men in the world; and even to *her*, the anniversary day, when doubt is turned into certainty, must be much happier than the day itself.

What a victim must that woman look upon herself to be, who is compelled, or even *over-persuaded*, to give her hand to a man who has no share in her heart? Ought not a parent or guardian, in such a circumstance, especially if the child has a *delicate*, an *honest* mind, to be chargeable with all the unhappy consequences that may follow from such a cruel compulsion?

But this is not the case with Miss Grandison. Early she cast her eye on an improper object. Her pride convinced her in time of the impropriety. And this, as she owns, gave her an indifference to all men.

She hates not Lord G. There is no man whom she prefers to him: And in this respect may, perhaps, be upon a par with eight women out of twelve, who marry, and yet make not bad wives.

As she played with her passion till she lost it, she may be happy if she will: And since she intended to be, some time or other, Lady G. her brother was kind in persuading her to shorten her days of coquetting and teasing, and to allow him to give her to Lord G. before he went abroad.

L E T T E R

LETTER IV.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Wednesday, April 12.

DR Bartlett was so good as to breakfast with my cousins and me this morning. He talks of setting out for Grandison-hall on Saturday or Monday next. We have settled a correspondence; and he gives me hope that he will make me a visit in Northamptonshire. I know you will all rejoice to see him.

Emily came in before the doctor went. She brought me the compliments of the bride, and Lord W. with their earnest request, that I, and my two cousins, would dine with them. Sir Charles was gone, she said, to make a farewell visit to the Danby set; but would be at home at dinner.

It would be better for me, I think, Lucy, to avoid all opportunities of seeing him: Don't you think so?—There is no such thing as seeing him with indifference. But, so earnestly invited, how could I deny; especially as my cousins were inclinable to go?

Miss Jervois whispered me at parting: I never before, said she, had an opportunity to observe the behaviour of the new-married couple to each other: But is it customary, madam, for the bride to be more snappish, as the bridegroom is more obliging?

Lady G. is very naughty, my dear, if she so behaves as to give you reason to ask this question.

She does: And, upon my word, I see more obedience where it was not promised than where it was. Dear madam, is not what is said at church to be thought of *afterwards*? But why did not the doctor

doctor make her speak out? What signified bowing, except a woman was so bashful that she *could* not speak?

The bowing, my dear, is an assent. It is as efficacious as words. Lord G. only bowed, you know. Could you like to be called upon, Emily, to speak out on such an occasion?

Why, no. But then I would be very civil and good natured to my husband, if it were but for fear he should be cross to me: But I should think it my duty as well.

Sweet innocent!

She went away, and left the doctor with me.

When our hearts are set upon a particular subject, how impertinent, how much beside the purpose, do we think every other! I wanted the doctor to talk of Sir Charles Grandison: But as he fell not into the subject, and as I was afraid he would think me to be always leading him into it, if I began it, I suffered him to go away at his first motion: I never knew him so shy upon it, however.

Sir Charles returned to dinner. He has told Lady L. who afterwards told us, that he had a hint from Mr Galliard senior, that if he were not engaged in his affection, he was commissioned to make him a very great proposal in behalf of one of the young ladies he had seen the Thursday before; and that from her father.

Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce without doubt, that we live in an age in which there is a great dearth of good men, that so many offers fall to the lot of one.

But, I am thinking, 'tis no small advantage to Sir Charles, that his time is so taken up, that he cannot stay long enough in any company to suffer them to cast their eyes on other objects, with distinction. He left the numerous assembly at Enfield, while they were in the height of their admiration

ration of him. Attention, love, admiration, cannot be always kept at the stretch. You will observe, Lucy, that on the return of a long-absent dear friend, the *rapture* lasts not more than an hour: Gladdened as the heart is, the friend received, and the friends receiving, perhaps in less than that time, can sit down quietly together, to hear and tell stories of what has happened to either in the long-regretted absence. It will be so with us, Lucy, when I return to the arms of *my* kind friends: And now, does not Sir Charles's proposed journey to Italy endear his company to us?

The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and two agreeable nieces of that nobleman, were here at dinner. Lady G. behaved *pretty* well to her lord before them: But I, who understood the language of her eyes, *saw* them talk very faucily to him on several occasions. My lord is a little officious in his obligingness; which takes off from that graceful, that polite frankness, which so charmingly, on all occasions, distinguishes one happy man, who was then present. Lord G. will perhaps appear more to advantage in that person's absence.

Mr Beauchamp was also present. He is indeed an agreeable, a modest young man. He appeared to great advantage, as well in his conversation, as by his behaviour: And not the less for subscribing in both to the superiority of his friend; who nevertheless endeavoured to draw him out as the first man.

After dinner, Lady L. Lady G. and I found an opportunity to be by ourselves for one half-hour. Lady G. asked Lady L. what she intended to do with the thousand pounds with which Lord W. had so generously presented her?—Do with it, my dear!—What do you think I *intend* to do with it?—It is already disposed of.

I'll

I'll be hang'd, said Lady G. if this good creature has not given it to her husband.

Indeed, Charlotte, I have. I gave it to him before I slept.

I thought so! She laughed—And Lord L. took it! Did he?

To be sure he did. I should otherwise have been displeased with him.

Dear, good soul!—And so you gave him a thousand pounds to take part of it back from him, by four or five paltry guineas at a time, at his pleasure?

Lord L. and I, Charlotte, have but one purse. You may not, perhaps, know how we manage it.

Pray, good, meek, dependent creature! how *do* you manage it?

Thus, Charlotte: My lord knows that his wife and he have but one interest; and from the first of our happy marriage, he would make me take one key, as he has another, of the private drawer, where his money and money-bills lie. There is a little memorandum-book in the drawer, in which he enters on one page the money he receives; on the opposite, the money he takes out: And when I want money, I have recourse to my key. If I see but little in the drawer, I am the more moderate; or, perhaps, if my want is not urgent, defer the supplying of it till my lord is richer: But little or much, I minute down the sum, as he himself does what he takes out: And so we know what we are about; and I never put it out of my lord's power, by my unreasonable expences, to preserve that custom of his, for which he is as much respected as well served, not to suffer a demand to be twice made upon him where he is a debtor.

Good soul!—And, pray, don't you minute down too the *use* to which you put the money you take out?

Indeed I often do: Always indeed, when I take out more than five guineas at one time: I found my lord did so; and I followed the example of my own accord.

Happy pair! said I—O Lady G. what a charming example is this!—I hope you will follow it.

Thank you, Harriet, for your advice. Why, I can't but say that this is one pretty way of coaxing each other into frugality: But don't you think, that where an honest pair are so *tender* of disobliging, and so *studious* of obliging each other, they seem to confess that the matrimonial good understanding hangs by very slender threads?

And do not the tenderest friendships, said I, hang by *as* slender? Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate observances?

Why *thou* art a good soul too, Harriet!—And so you would both have me make a present to Lord G. of my thousand pounds before we have chosen our private drawer, or before he has got two keys made to it?

Let him know, Charlotte, what Lord L. and I do, if you think the example worth following—And then—

Ay, and *then* give him my thousand pounds for a beginning, Lady L.?—But see you not that this proposal should come from *him*, and not from *me*?—And should we not let each other see a little of each other's merits first?

See, *first*, the merits of the man you have actually married, Charlotte!

Yes, Lady L.—But yesterday married, you know. Can there be a greater difference between any two men in the world, than there often is between the same man, a lover, and a husband?—And now, my *generous* advisers, be pleased to continue silent. You cannot answer me fairly. And besides, wot ye not the indelicacy of an early present, which you are not *obliged* to make!

We

We were both silent, each expecting the other to answer the strange creature.

She laughed at us both. Soft souls, and tender! said she; let me tell you, that there is more delicacy in delicacy than you *very* delicate people are aware of.

You, Charlotte, said Lady L. have odder notions than any body else. Had you been a man, you would have been a sad rake.

A rake perhaps I might have been, but not a *sad* one, Lady L.

Lady G. can't help being witty, said I: It is sometimes *her* misfortune, sometimes *ours*, that she cannot: However, I highly approve of the example set by Lord L. and followed by Lady L.

And so do I, Harriet. And when Lord G. sets the example, I shall—consider of it. I am not a bad œconomist. Had I *ten* thousand pounds in my hands, I would not be extravagant: Had I but one hundred, I would not be mean. I value not money but as it enables me to lay an obligation, instead of being under the necessity of receiving one. I am my mother's daughter, and brother's sister, and *yours*, Lady L. in this particular, and *yours* too, Harriet: Different means may be taken to arrive at the same end. Lord G. will have no reason to be dissatisfied with my prudence in money-matters, although I should not make him one of my best courtesies, as if—as if—(and she laughed, but checking herself) I were conscious—again she laughed—that I had signed and sealed to my absolute dependence on his bounty.

What a mad creature! said Lady L.: But, my Harriet, don't you think that she behaved pretty well to Lord G. at table?

Yes, answered I, as those would think who observe not her arch looks: But she gave me pain for her several times, and I believe her brother was not without his apprehensions.

He had his eyes upon you, Harriet, replied Lady G. more earnestly than he had upon me, or any-body else.

That's true, said Lady L. I looked upon both him and you, my dear, with pity. My tears were ready to start more than once, to reflect how happy you two might be in each other, and how greatly you would love each other, were it not—

Not one word more on this subject, dear Lady L. ! I cannot bear it. I thought *myself* that he often cast an eye of tenderness upon me. I cannot bear it. I am afraid of myself; of my *justice*—

His tender looks did not escape me, said Lady G. Nor yet did my dear Harriet's. But we will not touch this string: It is *too* tender a one. I, for my part, was forced, in order to divert myself, to turn my eyes on Lord G.: He got nothing by that. The most *officious*—

Nay, Lady G. interrupted I, you shall not change the discourse at the expence of the man you have vowed to honour. I will take pain to myself by the continuation of the former subject, rather than that shall be.

Charming Harriet! said Lady L. I hope your generosity will be rewarded. Yet, tell me, my dear, can you wish Lady Clementina may be his? I have no doubt but you wish her *recovery*; but can you wish her to be *his*?

I have debated the matter, my dear Lady L. with myself. I am sorry it has *admitted* of debate: So excellent a creature! Such an honour to her sex! So nobly sincere! So pious!—But I will confess the truth: I have called upon *justice* to support me in my determination: I have supposed *myself* in *her* situation, her unhappy malady excepted: I have supposed *her* in *mine*: And ought I then to have hesitated to which to give the preference?—Yet—

What yet, most frank, and most generous of
women

women? said Lady L. clasping her arms about me; what yet?—

Why, yet—Ah ladies—Why, yet, I have many a pang, many a twitch, as I may call it!—Why is your brother so tender-hearted, so modest, so faultless?—Why did he not insult me with his pity? Why does he on every occasion shew a tenderness for me, that is more affecting than pity? And why does he give me a consequence that exalts, while it depresses me?

I turned my head aside to hide my emotion—Lady G. snatched my handkerchief from me, and wiped away a starting tear, and called me by very tender names.

Am I dear, continued I, to the heart of such a man? You think I am: Allow me to say, that he is indeed dear to mine: Yet I have not a wish but for his happiness, whatever becomes of me.

Emily appeared at the door—May I come in, ladies?—I *will* come in!—My dear Miss Byron affected!—My dear Miss Byron in tears!

Her pity, without knowing the cause, sprung to her eyes. She took my hand in both hers, and repeatedly kissed it!—My guardian asks for you. O with what tenderness of voice—Where is your Miss Byron, love? He calls every one by gentle names when he speaks of *you*—His voice then is the voice of love—*Love*, said he, to *me*! Through *you*, madam, he will love his ward—And on your love will I build all my merit. But you sigh, dear Miss Byron, you sigh—Forgive your prating girl!—You must not be grieved.

I embraced her. Grief, my dear, reaches not my heart at this time. It is the merit of your guardian that affects me.

God bless you, madam, for your gratitude to my guardian!

A Clementina and a Harriet! said Lady L. two women so excellent! What a fate is *his*! How must his heart be divided!

Divided, say you, Lady L. ! resumed Lady G. The man who loves virtue for virtue's sake, loves it where-ever he finds it : Such a man may *distinguish* more virtuous women than one : And if he be of a gentle and beneficent nature, there will be tendernefs in his distinction to every one, varying only according to the difference of circumstance and situation.

Let me embrace you, my Charlotte, resumed Lady L. for that thought. Don't let me hear, for a month to come, one word from the same lips that may be unworthy of it.

You have Lord G. in your head, Lady L. : But never mind us. He must now and then be made to look about him. I'll take care to keep up my consequence with him, never fear : Nor shall he have reason to doubt the virtue of his wife.

Virtue, my dear ! said I : What is virtue only ? She who will not be virtuous for *virtue's* sake is not worthy to be called a woman : But she must be something more than virtuous for her *husband's*, nay, for her *vow's* sake. Complacency, obligingness—

Obedience too, I warrant—Hush, hush, my sweet Harriet ! putting her hand before my mouth, we will behave as well as we can : And that will be very well, if no-body minds us. And now let us go down together.

LETTER V.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thursday, April 13.

WE played at cards last night till supper-time. When that was over, every one sought to engage

gage Sir Charles in discourse. I will give you some particulars of our conversation, as I did of one before.

Lord W. began it with a complaint of the influence and profligateness of servants. What he said was only answered by Sir Charles, with the word *Example, example*, my good Lord, repeated.

You, Sir Charles, replied my Lord, may indeed insist upon the force of example; for I cannot but observe, that all those of yours, whom I have seen, are intitled to regard. They have the looks of men at ease, and of men grateful for that ease: They know their duty, and need not a reminding look. A servant of yours, Sir Charles, look as if he would one day make a figure as a master. How do you manage it?

Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate in worthy servants. There is nothing in my management deserving the attention of this company.

I am going to begin the world anew, nephew. Hitherto servants have been a continual plague to me. I must know how *you* treat them.

I treat them, my Lord, as necessary parts of my family. I have no secrets, the keeping or disclosing of which might give them self-importance. I endeavour to set them no bad example. I am never angry with them but for wilful faults: If those are not habitual, I shame them into amendment, by gentle exhortation and *forgiveness*. If they are not capable of a generous shame, and the faults are repeated, I part with them; but with such kindness, as makes their fellow-servants blame them, and take warning. I am fond of seeking occasions to praise them: And even when they mistake, if it be with a good intention, they have my approbation of the *intention*, and my endeavours to set them right as to the *act*. Sobriety is an indispensable qualification for my service; and for the rest, if we receive them not quite good, we make them better than

than they were before. Generally speaking, a master may make a servant what he pleases. Servants judge by example, rather than precept, and almost always by their feelings. One thing more permit me to add; I always insist upon my servants being kind and compassionate to one another. A compassionate heart cannot habitually be an unjust one. And thus do I make their good-nature contribute to my security, as well as quiet.

My Lord was greatly pleased with what his nephew said.

Upon some occasion, Lady G. reflected upon a lady for *prudery*; and was going on, when Sir Charles interrupting her, said, Take care, Lady G. — You, ladies, take care; for I am afraid, that *MODESTY*, under this name, will become ignominious, and be banished the hearts, at least the behaviour and conversation, of all those whose fortunes or inclinations carry them often to places of public resort.

Talk of places of public resort! said Lord L.: It is vexatious to observe at such, how men of real merit are neglected by the fine ladies of the age, while every distinction is shewn to fops and foplings.

But who, my Lord, said Sir Charles, are those women? Are they not generally of a class with those men? Flippant women love empty men, because they cannot reproach them with a superiority of understanding, but keep their folly in countenance. They are afraid of a wise man: But I would by no means have such a one turn fool to please them: For they will despise the wise man's folly more than the silly man's, and with reason; because being uncharacteristic, it must fit more awkwardly upon him than the other's can do.

Yet wisdom itself, and the truest wisdom, *goodness*, said Mrs Reeves, is sometimes thought to sit ungracefully, when it is uncharacteristic, not to the man, but to the times. She then named a person
who.

who was branded as a hypocrite for performing all his duties publicly.

He will be worse spoken of, if he declines doing so, said Dr Bartlett. His enemies will *add* the charge of cowardice ; and acquit him of the other.

Lady Gertrude being withdrawn, it was mentioned as a wonder, that so agreeable a woman as she must have been in her youth, and still was for her years, should remain single. Lord G. said, that she had had many offers : And once, before she was twenty, had like to have stolen a wedding : But her fears, he said, since that, had kept her single.

The longer, said Sir Charles, a woman remains unmarried, the more apprehensive she will be of entering into the state. At *seventeen* or *eighteen* a girl will plunge into it, sometimes without either fear or wit ; at *twenty* she will begin to think ; at *twenty-four* will weigh and discriminate ; at *twenty-eight* will be afraid of venturing ; at *thirty* will turn about, and look down the hill she has ascended ; and, as occasions offer, and instances are given, will sometimes repent, sometimes rejoice, that she has gained that summit *sola*.

Indeed, said Mrs Reeves, I believe in England many a poor girl goes up the hill with a companion she would little care for, if the state of a single woman were not here so peculiarly unprovided and helpless : For girls of slender fortunes, if they have been genteelly brought up, how can they when family-connections are dissolved, support themselves ? A man can rise in a profession, and, if he acquired wealth in a trade, can get above it, and be respected. A woman is looked upon as demeaning herself, if she gains a maintenance by her needle, or by domestic attendance on a superior ; and without them where has she a retreat ?

You speak, good Mrs Reeves, said Sir Charles, as if you would join with Dr Bartlett and me in wishing the *establishment* of a scheme we have often
talked

talked over, tho' the name of it would make many a lady start. We want to see established in every county *Protestant Nunneries*; in which single women of small or no fortunes might live with all manner of freedom, under such regulations as it would be a disgrace for a modest or good woman not to comply with, were she absolutely on her own hands; and to be allowed to quit it whenever they pleased.

Well, brother, said Lady G. and why could you not have got all this settled a fortnight ago (you that can carry every point), and have made poor me a Lady Abbess?

You are still better provided for, my sister. But let the doctor and me proceed with our scheme. The governesses or matrons of the society I would have to be women of family, of unblameable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good-nature, and gentleness of manners. The attendants, for the slighter services, should be the hopeful female children of the honest industrious poor.

Do you not, ladies, imagine, said Dr Bartlett, that such a society as this, all women of unblemished reputation, employing themselves as each (consulting her own genius) at her admission, shall undertake to employ herself, and supported genteelly, some at more, some at less expence to the foundation, according to their circumstances, might become a *national* good; and particularly a seminary for good wives, and the institution a stand for virtue, in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amusements little less than riotous?

How could it be supported? said Lord W.

Many of the persons, of which each community would consist, would be, I imagine, replied Sir Charles, no expence to it at all; as numbers of young women, joining their small fortunes, might be able, in such a society, to maintain themselves genteelly.

genteelly on their own income ; tho' each, singly in the world, would be distressed. Besides, liberty might be given for wives, in the absence of their husbands, in this maritime country ; and for widows, who, on the deaths of theirs, might wish to retire from the noise and hurry of the world, for three, six, or twelve months, more or less ; to reside in this well-regulated society : And such persons, we may suppose, would be glad, according to their respective abilities, to be benefactresses to it. No doubt but it would have besides the countenance of the well-disposed of both sexes ; since every family in Britain, in their connections and relations, near or distant, might be benefited by so reputable and useful an institution : To say nothing of the works of the ladies in it, the profits of which perhaps will be thought proper to be carried towards the support of a foundation that so genteelly supports them. Yet I would have a number of hours in each day, for the encouragement of industry, that should be called their own ; and what was produced in them to be solely appropriated to their own use.

A truly worthy divine, at the appointment of the bishop of the diocese, to direct and animate the devotion of such a society, and to guard it from that superstition and enthusiasm which soars to wild heights in almost all nunneries, would confirm it a blessing to the kingdom.

I have another scheme, my lord, proceeded Sir Charles—An hospital for female penitents : For such unhappy women, as having been once drawn in, and betrayed by the perfidy of men, find themselves, by the cruelty of the world, and principally by that of their own sex, unable to recover the path of virtue, when perhaps (convinced of the wickedness of the men in whose honour they confided) they would willingly make their first departure from it the last.

These

These, continued he, are the poor creatures who are eminently entitled to our pity, tho' they seldom meet with it. Good-nature, and *Credulity*, the child of good-nature, are generally, as I have the charity to believe, rather than viciousness, the foundation of their crime. Those men who pretend they would not be the first destroyers of a woman's innocence, look upon these as fair prize. But what a wretch is he, who, seeing a poor creature exposed on the summit of a dangerous precipice, and unable, without an assisting hand, to find her way down, would rather push her into the gulph below, than convey her down in safety?

Speaking of the force put upon a daughter's inclinations in wedlock; tyranny and ingratitude, said Sir Charles, from a man beloved, will be more supportable to a woman of strong passions, than even kindness from a man she loves not: Shall not parents then, who hope to see their children happy, avoid compelling them to give their hands to a man who has no share in their hearts?

But would you allow young ladies to be their own chusers, Sir Charles? said Mr Reeves.

Daughters, replied he, who are earnest to chuse for themselves, should be *doubly* careful that prudence justifies their choice. Every widow who marries imprudently (and very many there are who do) furnishes a strong argument in favour of a parent's authority over a maiden daughter. A designing man looks out for a woman who has an independent fortune, and has no questions to ask. He seems *assured* of finding indiscretion and rashness in such a one to befriend him. But ought not she to think herself affronted, and resolved to disappoint him?

But how, said Lady G. shall a young creature be able to judge—

By his application to *her*, rather than to her natural friends and relations; by his endeavouring to alienate

alienate her affections from them; by wishing her to favour private and clandestine meetings (conscious that his pretensions will not stand discussion); by the inequality of his fortune to her's: And has not our excellent Miss Byron, in the letters to her Lucy (bowing to me) which he has had the goodness to allow us to read, helped us to a criterion? 'Men in their addresses to young women, she very happily observes, forget not to set forward the advantages by which they are distinguished, whether hereditary or acquired; while love, love, is all the cry of him who has no other to boast of.'

And by that means, said Lady Gertrude, setting the silly creature at variance with all her friends, he makes her fight his battles for him; and become herself the cat's paw to help him to the ready-roasted chesnuts.

But, dear brother, said Lady G. do you think love is such a staid deliberate passion, as to allow a young creature to take time to ponder and weigh all the merits of the cause?

Love at first sight, answered Sir Charles, must indicate a mind *prepared* for impression, and a sudden gust of passion, and that of the least noble kind; since there could be no opportunity of knowing the *merit* of the object. What woman would have herself supposed capable of such a *tindery fit*? In a *man*, it is an indelicate paroxysm: But in a *woman*, who expects protection and instruction from a man, much more so. Love, at first, may be only fancy. Such a young love may be easily given up, and ought, to a parent's judgment. Nor is the conquest so difficult as some young creatures think it. One thing, my good Emily, let me say to *you*, as a rule of some consequence in the world you are just entering into—Young persons, on arduous occasions, especially in love-cases, should not presume to advise young persons; because they seldom can divest themselves of passion, partiality, or prejudice; that is, indeed,

of *youth*; and forbear to mix their own concerns and byasses with the question referred to them. It should not be put from young friend to young friend, What would *you* do in such a case? but, What *ought* to be done?

How the dear girl blushed, and how pleased she looked, to be particularly addressed at her guardian!

Lady Gertrude spoke of a certain father, who for interested views obliged his daughter to marry at fifteen, when she was not only indifferent to the man, but had formed no right notions of the state.

And are they not unhappy? asked Sir Charles.

They are, replied she.

I knew such an instance, returned he. The lady was handsome, and had her full share of vanity. She believed every man who said civil things to her was in love with her; and had she been single, that he would have made his addresses to her. She supposed, that she might have had *this* great man, or *that*, had she not been precipitated: And this brought her to flight the man who had, as she concluded, deprived her of better offers. They were unhappy to the end of their lives. Had the lady lived single long enough to find out the difference between compliment and sincerity, and that the man who flattered her vanity meant no more than to take advantage of her folly, she would have thought herself not unhappy with the very man with whom she was so dissatisfied.

Lady L. speaking afterwards of a certain nobleman, who is continually railing against matrimony, and who makes a very indifferent husband to an obliging wife: I have known more men than one, said Sir Charles, inveigh against matrimony, when the invective would have proceeded with a much better grace from their wives' lips than from theirs. But let us enquire, would this complainer have

have been, or deserved to be, happier in *any* state, than he now is?

A state of suffering, said Lady L. had probably humbled the spirit of the poor wife into perfect meekness and patience.

You observe rightly, replied Sir Charles: And surely a most kind disposition of providence it is, that adversity, so painful in itself, should conduce so peculiarly as it does to the improvement of the human mind: It teaches modesty, humility, and compassion.

You speak feelingly, brother, said Lady L. with a sigh. Do you think, Lucy, nobody sighed but she?

I do, said he. I speak with a sense of gratitude: I am naturally of an imperious spirit: But I have reaped advantages from the early stroke of a mother's death. Being for years, against my wishes, obliged to submit to a kind of exile from my native country, which I considered as a heavy evil, though I thought it my duty to acquiesce, I was determined, as much as my capacity would allow, to make my advantage of the compulsion, by qualifying myself to do credit, rather than discredit, to my father, my friends, and my country. And let me add, that if I have in any tolerable manner succeeded, I owe much to the example and precepts of my dear Dr Bartlett.

The doctor blushed and bowed, and was going to disclaim the merit which his patron had ascribed to him; but Sir Charles confirmed it in still stronger terms: You, my dear Dr Bartlett, said he, as I have told Miss Byron, was a second conscience to me in my earlier youth: Your precepts, your excellent life, your pure manners, your sweetness of temper, could not but open and enlarge my mind. The soil, I hope I may say, was not barren; but you, my dear paternal friend, was the cultivator: I shall ever acknowledge it—And he

bowed to the good man, who was covered with modest confusion, and could not look up.

And think you, Lucy, that this acknowledgment lessened the excellent man with any one present? No! It raised him in every eye: And I was the more pleased with it, as it helped me to account for that deep observation, which otherwise one should have been at a loss to account for, in so young a man. And yet I am convinced, that there is hardly a greater difference in intellect between angel and man, than there is between man and man.

LETTER VI.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

Thursday, April 13.

FOR heaven's sake, my dearest Harriet, dine with us to-day; for two reasons: One relates to myself, the other you shall hear by and by: To myself, first, as is most fit—This silly creature has offended me, and presumed to be fullen upon my resentment. Married but two days, and shew his airs!—Were I in fault, my dear (which, upon my honour, I am not), for the man to lose his patience with me, to forget his obligations to me, in two days!—What an ungrateful wretch is he! What a poor powerless creature your Charlotte!

Nobody knows of the matter, except he has complained to my brother—If he has! But what if he has?—Alas! my dear, I am married; and cannot help myself.

We seem, however, to be drawing up our forces on both sides—One struggle for my dying liberty, my dear!—The success of one pitched battle will determine

determine which is to be the general, which the subaltern, for the rest of the campaign. To *dare* to be fullen already!—As I hope to live, my dear, I was in high good humour within myself; and when he was *foolish*, only intended a little play with him; and he takes it in earnest. He worships you: So I shall rally him before you: But I charge you, as the man by his fullenness has taken upon him to fight his own battle, either to be on my side, or be silent. I shall take it very ill of my Harriet, if she strengthen his hands.

Well, but enough of this husband—HUSBAND! What a word!—Who do you think is arrived from abroad?—You cannot guess for your life—Lady OLIVIA!—True as you are alive! accompanied, it seems, by an aunt of hers; a widow, whose years and character are to keep the niece in countenance in this excursion. The pretence is, making the tour of Europe; and England was not to be left out of the scheme. My brother is excessively disturbed at her arrival. She came to town but last night. He had notice of it but this morning. He took Emily with him to visit her: Emily was known to her at Florence. She and her aunt are to be here at dinner. As she *is* come, Sir Charles says, he must bring her acquainted with his sisters, and their lords, in order to be at liberty to pursue the measures he has unalterably resolved upon: And this, Harriet, is my second reason for urging you to dine with us.

Now I do wish we had known her history at large. Dr Bartlett shall tell it us. Unwelcome as she is to my brother, I long to see her. I hope I shall not hear something in *her* story that will make me pity her.

Will you come?

I wonder whether she speaks English or not. I don't think I can converse in Italian.

I won't forgive you, if you refuse to come.

Lady L. and her good-man will be here. We shall therefore, if *you* come, be our whole family together.

My brother has presented this house to me till his return. He calls himself Lord G.'s guest and mine: So you can have no punctilio about it. Besides Lord W. will set out to-morrow morning for Windsor. He doats upon you: And perhaps it is in your power to make a new-married man penitent and polite.

So you must come.

Hang me, if I sign by any other name, while this man is in fits, than that of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

LETTER VII.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Thursday, April 13.

I SEND you inclosed a letter I received this morning from Lady G. I will suppose you have read it. Emily says, that the meeting between Sir Charles and the lady mentioned in it was very polite on both sides: But more cold on his than on hers. She made some difficulty, however, of dining at his house; and her aunt, Lady Maffei, more. But on Sir Charles's telling them, that he would bring his elder sister to attend them thither, they complied.

When I went to St James's-square, Sir Charles and Lady L. were gone in his coach to bring the two ladies.

Lady G. met me on the stairs-head leading into her dressing-room. Not a word, said she, of the man's fullens: He repents: A fine figure, as I told him, of a bridegroom, would he make in the eyes

eyes of foreign ladies, at dinner, were he to retain his gloomy airs. He has begged my pardon; as good as promised amendment; and I have forgiven him.

Poor Lord G. said I.

Hush, hush! He is within: He will hear you: And then perhaps repent of his repentance.

She led me in: My lord had a glow in his cheeks, and looked as if he had been nettled; and was but just recovering a smile, to help to carry off the petulance. O how faucily did her eyes look! Well, my lord, said she, I hope—But you say, I misunderstood—

No more, madam, no more, I beseech you—

Well, Sir, not a word more, since you are—

Pray, madam—

Well, well, give me your hand—You must leave Harriet and me together.

She humorously courtesied to him as he bowed to me, taking the compliment as to herself. She nodded her head to him, as he turned back his when he was at the door; and when he was gone, If I can but make this man orderly, said she, I shall not quarrel with my brother for hurrying me as he has done.

You are wrong, excessively wrong, Charlotte. You call my lord a silly man, but can have no proof that he is so, but by his bearing this treatment from you.

None of your grave airs, my dear. The man is a good sort of man, and will be so, if you and Lady L. don't spoil him. I have a vast deal of roguery, but no ill-nature, in my heart. There is luxury in jesting with a solemn man, who wants to assume airs of privilege, and thinks he has a right to be impertinent. I'll tell you how I will manage—I believe I shall often try his patience, and when I am conscious that I have gone too far, I will be patient if he is angry with me; so we shall be

be quits. Then I'll begin again: He will resent: And if I find his aspect very solemn—Come, come, no glouting, friend, I will say, and perhaps smile in his face: I'll play you a tune, or sing you a song—Which, which! Speak in a moment, or the humour will be off.

If he was ready to cry before, he will laugh then, though against his will: And as he admires my finger, and my voice, shall we not be instantly friends?

It signified nothing to rave at her: She will have her way. Poor Lord G.!—At my first knowledge of her, I thought her very lively; but imagined not that she was indiscreetly so.

Lord G.'s fondness for his saucy bride was, as I have reason to believe, his fault. I dared not ask for particulars of their quarrel: And if I had, and *found* it so, could not, with such a rallying creature, have entered into his defence, or censured her.

I went down a few moments before her. Lord G. whispered me, that he should be the happiest man in the world, if I, who had such an influence over her, would stand his friend.

I hope, my lord, said I, that you will not want any influence but your own. She has a thousand good qualities. She has charming spirits. You will have nothing to bear with but from them. They will not last always. Think only that she can mean nothing by the exertion of them but innocent gaiety, and she will every day love your lordship the better for bearing with her. You know she is generous and noble.

I see, madam, said he, she has let you into—

She has not acquainted me with the particulars of the little misunderstanding; only has said, that there had been a slight one; which was quite made up.

I am

I am ashamed, replied he, to have it thought by Miss Byron, that there *could* have been a misunderstanding between us, especially so early. She knows her power over me. I am afraid she despises me.

Impossible, my lord: Have you not observed, that she spares nobody when she is in a lively humour?

True—But here she comes!—Not a word, madam!—I bowed assenting silence. Lord G. said she, approaching him, in a low voice, I shall be jealous of your conversations with Miss Byron.

Would to heaven, my dearest life, snatching at her withdrawn hand, that—

I were half as good as Miss Byron: I understand you:—But time and patience, Sir; nodding to him, and passing him.

Admirable creature! said he, how I adore her!

I hinted to her afterwards his fear of her despising him. Harriet, answered she, with a serious air, I will do my duty by him. I will abhor my own heart, if I ever find in it the shadow of a regard for any man in the world, inconsistent with that which he has a right to expect from me.

I was pleased with her: And found an opportunity to communicate what she said, in confidence, to my lord; and had his blessings for it.

But now for some account of Lady Olivia; with which I will begin a new letter.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

SIR Charles returned with the ladies. He presented to Lady Olivia and her aunt, Lady G. Lord L. and Lord W. I was in another apartment talking with Dr Bartlett.

Lady Olivia asked for the doctor. He left *me* to pay his respects to *her*.

Sir Charles being informed, that I was in the house, told Lady Olivia, that he hoped he should have the honour of presenting to her one of our English beauties; desiring Lady G. to request my company.

Lady G. came to me—A lovely woman, I assure you, Harriet; let me lead you to her.

Sir Charles met me at the entrance of the drawing-room: Excuse me, madam, said he, taking my hand, with profound respect, and allow me to introduce you to a very amiable Italian lady, one who does so much honour to Britain.—Miss Byron, madam, addressing himself to her, salutes you. The advantages of person are her least perfection.

Her face glowed. Miss Byron, said she, in French, is all loveliness. A relation, Sir? In Italian.

He bowed; but answered not her question.

I would sooner forgive you *here*, whispered Lady Olivia to Sir Charles in Italian, looking at me, than at Bologna.

I heard her; and by my confusion shewed that I understood her. She was in confusion too.

Mademoiselle, said she, in French, understands Italian.—I am ashamed, Monsieur.

Miss

Miss Byron does, answered Sir Charles ; and French too.

I must have the honour, said she in French, to be better known to you, Mademoiselle.

I answered her as politely as I could in the same language.

Lady OLIVIA is really a lovely woman. Her complexion is fine. Her face oval. Every feature of it is delicate. Her hair is black ; and, I think, I never saw brighter black eyes in my life : If possible, they are brighter, and shine with a more piercing lustre, than even Sir Charles Grandison's : But yet I give his the preference ; for we see in them a benignity, that her's, though a woman's, has not ; and a thoughtfulness, as if something lay upon his mind, which nothing but patience could overcome ; yet mingled with an air that shews him to be equal to any thing that can be undertaken by man. While Olivia's eyes shew more fire and impetuosity than sweetness. Had I not been *told* it, I should have been sure that she has a violent spirit : But on the whole, she is a very fine figure of a woman.

She talked of taking a house, and staying in England a year at least ; and was determined, she said, to perfect herself in the language, and to become an Englishwoman : But when Sir Charles, in the way of discourse, mentioned his obligation to leave England, as on next Friday morning, how did she and her aunt look upon each other ! And how was the sunshine that gilded her fine countenance, shut in ! Surely, Sir, said her aunt, you are not in earnest !

After dinner the two ladies retired with Sir Charles, at his motion. Dr Bartlett, at Lady G.'s request, then gave us this short sketch of her history : He said, she had a vast fortune : She had had indiscretions ; but none that had affected her character as to virtue : But her spirit could not bear

bear controul. She had shewn herself to be vindictive, even to a criminal degree. Lord bless me, my dear ! the doctor has mentioned to me in confidence, that she always carries a poniard about her ; and that once she used it. Had the person died, she would have been called to public account for it. The man, it seems, was of rank, and offered some slight affront to her. She now comes over, the doctor said, as he had reason to believe, with a resolution to sacrifice even her religion, if it were insisted upon, to the passion she had so long in vain endeavoured to conquer.

She has, he says, an utter hatred to Lady Clementina ; and will not be able to govern her passion, he is sure, when Sir Charles shall acquaint her, that he is going to attend that lady, and her family : For he has only mentioned his obligation to go abroad ; but not said whither.

Lord W. praised the person of the lady, and her majestic air. Lord L. and Lord G. wished to be within hearing of the conference between her and Sir Charles : So did Lady G. : And while they were thus wishing, in came Sir Charles, his face all in a glow ; Lady L. said he, be so good as to attend Lady Olivia.

She went to her. Sir Charles staid not with us : Yet went not to the lady ; but into his study. Dr Bartlett attended him there : The doctor returned soon after to us. His noble heart is vexed, said he : Lady Olivia has greatly disturbed him : He chuses to be alone.

Lady L. afterwards told us, that she found the lady in violent anguish of spirit ; her aunt endeavouring to calm her : She, however, politely addressed herself to Lady L. and begging her aunt to withdraw for a few moments, she owned to her, in French, her passion for her brother : She was not, she said, ashamed to own it to his sister, who must know that his merit would dignify the passion

tion of the noblest woman. She had endeavoured, she said, to conquer hers: She had been willing to give way to the prior attachments that he had pleaded for a lady of her own country, Signora Clementina della Porretta, whom she allowed to have had great merit; but who, having irrecoverably been put out of her right mind, was shut up at Naples by a brother, who vowed eternal enmity to Sir Charles; and from whom his life would be in the utmost hazard, if he went over. She owned, that her chief motive for her coming to England was, to cast her fortune at her brother's feet; and as she knew him to be a man of honour, to comply with any terms he should propose to her. He had offered to the family della Porretta to allow their daughter her religion, and her confessor, and to live with her every other year in Italy. She herself, not inferior in birth, in person, in mind, as she said, she presumed, and superior in fortune, the riches of three branches of her family, all rich, having centered in *her*, insisted not now upon such conditions. Her aunt, she said, knew not that she proposed, on conviction, a change of her religion; but she was resolved not to conceal any thing from Lady L. She left her to judge how much she must be affected when he declared his obligation to leave England; and especially when he owned, that it was to go to Bologna, and that so suddenly, as if, as she apprehended at first, it was to avoid *her*. She had been in tears, she said, and even would have kneeled to him, to induce him to suspend his journey for one month, and then to have taken her over with him, and seen her safe in her own palace, if he *would* go upon so hated, and so fruitless, as well as so hazardous an errand: But he had denied her this poor favour.

This refusal, she owned, had put her out of all patience. She was unhappily passionate; but was

the most placable of her sex. What, madam, said she, can affect a woman, if slight, indignity, and repulse, from a favoured person, is not able to do it? A woman of my condition to come over to England to solicit—how can I support the thought—and to be refused the protection of the man she prefers to all men; and her request to see her safe back again, though but as the fool she came over!—You may blame me, madam—but you must pity me, even were you to have a heart the sister-heart of your inflexible brother.

In vain did Lady L. plead to her Lady Clementina's deplorable situation; the reluctance of his own relations to part with him; and the magnanimity of his self-denial in a hundred instances, on the bare possibility of being an instrument to restore her: She could not bear to hear her speak highly of the unhappy lady. She charged Clementina with the pride of her family, to which she attributed the deserved calamity [*Deserved!* Cruel lady! How could her pitiless heart allow her lips to utter such a word!]; and imputed meanness to the noblest of human minds, for yielding to the entreaties of a family, some of the principals of which, she said, had treated him with an arrogance that a man of his spirit ought not to bear.

Lady Maffei came in. She seems dependent upon her niece. She is her aunt by marriage only: And Lady L. speaks very favourably of her from the advice she gave, and her remonstrances to her kinswoman. Lady Maffei besought her to compose herself, and return to the company.

She could not bear, she said, to return to the company the slighted, the contemned object she must appear to be to every one in it. I am an intruder, said she, haughtily; a beggar, with a fortune that would purchase a sovereignty in some countries. Make my excuses to your sister, to the rest of the company—and to that fine young lady—whose eyes,
by

by their officious withdrawing from his, and by the consciousness that glowed in her face whenever he addressed her, betrayed, at least to a jealous eye, more than she would wish to have seen—But tell her, that all lovely and blooming as she is, she must have no hope, while Clementina lives.

I hope, Lucy, it is *only* to a jealous eye that my *heart* is so discoverable! I—thank her for her caution. But I can say what she cannot; that from my heart, cost me what it may, I do subscribe to a preference in favour of a lady who has acted, in the most arduous trials, in a greater manner than I fear either Olivia or I could have acted, in the same circumstances. We see that her reason, but not her piety, deserted her in the noble struggle between her love and her religion. In the most affecting absences of her reason, the soul of the man she loved was the object of her passion. However hard it is to prefer another to one's self, in such a case as this yet if my judgment is convinced, my acknowledgment shall follow it. Heaven will enable me to be reconciled to the event, because I pursue the dictates of that judgment, against the byasses of my more partial heart. Let that heaven, which only *can*, restore Clementina, and dispose as it pleases of Olivia and Harriet. We cannot either of us, I humbly hope, be so unhappy as the lady has been, whom I rank among the first of women; and whose whole family deserves almost equal compassion.

Lady Olivia asked Lady L. if her brother had not a very tender regard for me? He had, Lady L. answered; and told her, that he had rescued me from a very great distress; and that mine was the most grateful of human hearts.

She called me sweet young creature (supposing me, I doubt not, younger than I am); but said, that the graces of my person and mind alarmed her not as they would have done, had not this attachment to Clementina been what now she saw, but

never could have believed it was; having supposed that compassion was the only tie that bound him to her.

But compassion, Lucy, from such a heart as his, the merit so great in the lady, must be love; a love of the nobler kind—And if it were *not*, it would be unworthy of Clementina's.

Lady Maffei called upon her dignity, her birth, to carry her above a passion that met not with a grateful return. She advised her to dispose herself to stay in England some months, now she was here. And as her friends in Italy would suppose what her view was in coming to England, their censures would be obviated by her continuing here for some time, while Sir Charles was abroad, and in Italy: And that she should divert herself with visiting the court, the public places, and in seeing the principal curiosities of this kingdom, as she had done those of others; in order to give credit to an excursion that might otherwise be freely spoken of in her own country.

She seemed to listen to this advice. She bespoke, and was promised, the friendship of the two sisters; and included in her request, through their interests, mine; and Lady G. was called in, by her sister, to join in the promise.

She desired that Sir Charles might be requested to walk in; but would not suffer the sisters to withdraw, as they would have done, when he returned. He could not but be polite; but, it seems, looked still disturbed. I beg you to excuse, Sir, said she, my behaviour to you: It was passionate; it was unbecoming. But, in compliment to your own consequence, you *ought* to excuse it. I have only to request one favour of you: That you will suspend for *one* week, in regard to me, your proposed journey; *but* for one week; and I will, now I am in England, stay some months; perhaps till you return.

Excuse me, madam.

I will

I will *not* excuse you—But *one* week, Sir. Give me so much importance with myself, as for one week's suspension. You *will*. You *must*.

Indeed I cannot. My soul, I own to you, is in the distresses of the family of Porretta. Why should I repeat what I said to you before?

I have bespoken, Sir, the civilities of your sisters, of your family: You forbid them not?

You expect not an answer, madam, to that question. My sisters will be glad, and so will their lords, to attend you wherever you please, with a hope to make England agreeable to you.

How long do you propose to stay in *Italy*, Sir?

It is not possible for me to determine.

Are you not apprehensive of danger to your person?

I am not.

You *ought* to be.

No danger shall deter me from doing what I think to be right. If my motives justify me, I cannot fear.

Do you wish me, Sir, to stay in England till your return?

A question so home put disturbed him. Was it a prudent one in the lady? It must either subject her to a repulse, or him, by a polite answer, to give her hope, that her stay in England might not be fruitless as to the view she had in coming. He reddened. It is fit, answered he, that your own pleasure should determine you. It did, pardon me, madam, in your journey hither.

She reddened to her very ears. Your brother, ladies, has the reputation of being a polite man: Bear witness to this instance of it. I am ashamed of myself!

If I am unpolite, madam, my sincerity will be my excuse; at least to my own heart.

O that inflexible heart! But, ladies, if the inhospitable Englishman refuse his protection in his

own country, to a foreign woman, of no mean quality, do not you, his sisters, despise her?

They, madam, and their lords, will render you every chearful service. Let me request you, my sisters, to make England as agreeable as possible to this lady. She is of the first consideration in her own country: She will be of such wherever she goes. My Lady Maffei deserves likewise your utmost respect. Then addressing himself to them, Ladies, said he, encourage my sisters: They will think themselves honoured by your commands.

The two sisters confirmed, in an obliging manner, what their brother had said; and both ladies acknowledged themselves indebted to them for their offered friendship: But Lady Olivia seemed not at all satisfied with their brother: And it was with some difficulty he prevailed on her to return to the company, and drink coffee.

I could not help reflecting, on occasion of this lady's conduct, that fathers and mothers are great blessings, to *daughters* in particular, even when women grown. It is not every woman that will shine in a state of independency. Great fortunes are snares. If independent women escape the machinations of men, which they have often a difficulty to do, they will frequently be hurried by their own imaginations, which are said to be livelier than those of men, though their judgments are supposed less, into inconveniencies. Had Lady Olivia's parents or uncles lived, she hardly would have been permitted to make the tour of Europe: And not having so great a fortune to support vagaries, would have shone, as she is well qualified to do, in a dependent state, in Italy, and made some worthy man and herself happy.

Had she a mind great enough to induce her to pity Clementina, I should have been apt to pity her; for I saw her soul was disturbed. I saw that the man she loved was not able to return her love:

A pitiable

A pitiable case!—I saw a starting tear now-and-then with difficulty dispersed. Once she rubbed her eye, and, being conscious of observation, said something had got into it: So it had. The something was a tear. Yet she looked with haughtiness, and her bosom swelled with indignation ill concealed.

Sir Charles repeated his recommendation of her to Lord L. and Lord G. They offered their best services: Lord W. invited her and all of us to Windfor. Different parties of pleasure were talked of: But still the enlivener of every party was not to be in any one of them. She tried to look pleased; but did not always succeed in the trial: An eye of love and anger mingled was often cast upon the man whom every-body loved. Her bosom heaved as it seemed sometimes with indignation against herself: That was the construction which I made of some of her looks.

Lady Maffei, however, seemed pleased with the parties of pleasure talked of. She often directed herself to me in Italian. I answered her in it as well as I could. I do not talk it well: But as I am not an Italian, and little more than book-learned in it (for it is a long time ago since I lost my grandpapa, who used to converse with me in it and in French), I was not scrupulous to answer in it. To have forbore, because I did not excel in what I had no opportunity to excel in, would have been false modesty, nearly bordering upon pride. Were any lady to laugh at me for not speaking well *her* native tongue, I would *not* return the smile, were she to be less perfect in mine, than I am in hers. But Lady Olivia made me a compliment on my faulty accent, when I acknowledged it to be so. Signora, said she, you shew us that a pretty mouth can give beauty to a defect. A *master* teaching you, added she, would perhaps find some fault; but a *friend* conversing with you must be in love with you for the very imperfection.

Sir

Sir Charles was generously pleased with the compliment, and made her a fine one on her observation.

He attended the two ladies to their lodgings in his coach. He owned to Dr Bartlett, that Lady Olivia was in tears all the way, lamenting her disgrace in coming to England, just as he was quitting it; and wishing she had staid at Florence. She would have engaged him to correspond with her: He excused himself. It was a very afflicting thing to him, he told the doctor, to deny any request that was made to him, especially by a lady: But he thought he ought in conscience and honour to forbear giving the shadow of an expectation that might be improved into hope, where none was intended to be given. Heaven, he said, had, for laudable ends, implanted such a regard in the sexes toward each other, that both man and woman who hoped to be innocent, could not be too circumspect in relation to the friendships they were so ready to contract with each other. He thought he had gone a great way, in recommending an intimacy between her and his sisters, considering her views, her spirit, her perseverance, and the free avowal of her regard for him, and her menaces on his supposed neglect of her. And yet, as she *had* come over, and he was obliged to leave England so soon after her arrival, he thought he could not do less: And he hoped his sisters, from whose example she might be benefited, would, while she behaved prudently, cultivate her acquaintance.

The doctor tells me, that now Lady Olivia is so unexpectedly come hither in person, he thinks it best to decline giving me, as he had once intended, her history at large; but will leave so much of it as may satisfy my curiosity to be gathered from my own observation; and not only from the violence and haughtiness of her temper, but from the freedom of her declarations. He is sure, he said, that
his

his patron will be best pleased, that a veil should be thrown over the weaker part of her conduct; which, were it known, would indeed be glorious to Sir Charles, but not so to the lady; who, however, never was suspected, even by her enemies, of giving any other man reason to tax her with a thought that was not strictly virtuous: And she had engaged his pity and esteem, for the sake of her other fine qualities, though she could not his love. Before she saw *him* (which, it seems, was at the opera at Florence for the first time, when he had an opportunity to pay her some slight civilities), she set all men at defiance.

To-morrow morning Sir Charles is to breakfast with *me*. My cousins and I are to dine at Lord L.'s. The Earl and Lady Gertrude are also to be there. Lord W. has been prevailed upon to stay, and be there also, as it is his nephew's last day in England.—“Last day in England!” O my Lucy! What words are those!—Lady L. has invited Lady Olivia and her aunt, at her own motion, Sir Charles (his time being so short) not disapproving.

I thank my grandmamma and aunt for their kind summons. I will soon set my day: I will, my dear, soon set my day.

LETTER IX.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Friday Noon, April 14.

NOT five hours in bed; not one hour's rest for many uneasy nights before; I was stupid till Sir Charles came: I then was better. He enquired, with tender looks and voice, after my health, as if he thought I did not look well.

We

We had some talk about Lord and Lady G. He was anxious for their happiness. He complimented me with hopes from my advice to her. Lord G. he said, was a good natured honest man. If he thought his sister would make him unhappy, he should himself be so.

I told him, that I dared to answer for her heart. My lord must bear with some innocent foibles, and all would be well.

We then talked of Lady Olivia. *He* began the subject, by asking me my opinion of her. I said she was a very fine woman in her person; and that she had an air of grandeur in her mein.

And she has good qualities, said he, but she is violent in her passions. I am frequently grieved for her. She is a fine creature in danger of being lost, by being made too soon her own mistress.

He said not one word of his departure to-morrow morning: I could not begin it; my heart would not let me; my spirits were not high: And I am afraid, if that key had been touched, I should have been too visibly affected. My cousins forbore upon the same apprehension.

He was excessively tender and soothing to me, in his air, his voice, his manner. I thought of what Emily said; that his voice, when he spoke of me, was the voice of love. Dear flattering girl! — But *why* did she flatter me?

We talked of *her* next. He spoke of her with the tenderness of a father. He besought me to love her. He praised her heart.

Emily, said I, venerates her guardian. She never will do any-thing contrary to his advice.

She is very young, replied he. She will be happy, madam, in yours. She both loves and reverences you.

I greatly love the dear Emily, Sir. She and I shall be always sisters.

How happy am I in your goodness to her! Per-
mit

mit me, madam, to enumerate to you my own felicities in those of my dearest friends.

Mr Beauchamp is now in the agreeable situation I have long wished him to be in. His prudence and obliging behaviour to his mother-in-law have won her. His father grants him every thing through her; and she, by this means, finds that power enlarged, which she was afraid would be lessened if the son were allowed to come over. How just is this reward of his filial duty!

Thus, Lucy, did he give up the merit to his Beauchamp, which was solely due to himself.

Lord W. he hoped, would be soon one of the happiest men in England: And the whole Mansfield family had now fair prospects opening before them.

Emily [not *he*, you see] had made it the interest of her mother to be quiet.

Lord and Lady L. gave him pleasure whenever he saw them, or thought of them.

Dr Bartlett was in heaven while on earth. He would retire to his beloved Grandison-hall, and employ himself in distributing, as objects offered, at least a thousand pounds of the three thousand bequeathed to charitable uses by his late friend Mr Danby. His sister's fortune was paid. His estates in both kingdoms were improving—See, madam, said he, how like the friend of my soul I claim your attention to affairs that are of consequence to myself; and in some of which your generosity of heart has interested you.

I bowed. Had I spoken, I had burst into tears. I had something arose in my throat, I know not what. Still, thought I, excellent man, you are not yourself happy!—O pity! pity! Yet, Lucy, he plainly had been enumerating all these things, to take off from my mind that impression which I am afraid he too well knows it is affected with, from his difficult situation.

And

And now, madam, resumed he, how are all my dear and good friends, whom you more particularly call yours?—I hope to have the honour of a personal knowledge from them. When heard you of our good friend Mr Deane? He is well, I hope.

Very well, Sir.

Your grandmamma Shirley, that ornament of advanced years?

I bowed: I dared not to trust to my voice.

Your excellent aunt Selby?

I bowed again.

Your uncle, your Lucy, your Nancy: Happy family! All harmony! all love!—How do they?

I wiped my eyes.

Is there any service in my power to do them, or any of them? Command me, good Miss Byron, if there be: My Lord W. and I are one. Our influence is not small.—Make me still *more* happy in the power of serving any one favoured by you.

You oppress me, Sir, by your goodness!—I cannot speak my grateful sensibilities.

Will you, my dear Mr Reeves, will you, madam (to my cousin) employ me in any way that I can be of use to you, either abroad or at home? Your acquaintance has given me great pleasure. To what a family of worthies has this excellent young lady introduced me!

O Sir! said Mrs Reeves, tears running down her cheeks, that you were not to leave people whom you have made so happy in the knowledge of the best of men!

Indispensable calls must be obeyed, my dear Mrs Reeves. If we cannot be as happy as we wish, we will rejoice in the happiness we *can* have. We must not be our own carvers.—But I make you all serious. I was enumerating, as I told you, my present felicities! I was rejoicing in your friendships. *I have* joy, and, I presume to say, I *will* have

have joy. There is a bright side in every event ; I will not lose sight of it : And there is a dark one ; but I will endeavour to see it only with the eye of prudence, that I may not be involved by it at un-awares. Who that is not reproached by his own heart, and is blessed with health, can grieve for inevitable evils ; evils that can be only evils as we make them so ? Forgive my seriousness : My dear friends, you *make* me grave. Favour me, I beseech you, my good Miss Byron, with one lesson : We shall be too much engaged, perhaps, by-and-by.

He led me (I thought it was with a *cheerful* air, but my cousins both say his eyes glistened) to the harpsicord : He sung unasked, but with a low voice, and my mind was calmed. O Lucy ! How can I part with such a man ? How can I take my leave of him ?—But perhaps he has taken his leave of me already, as to the solemnity of it, in the manner I have recited.

L E T T E R X.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Saturday Morning, April 15.

O Lucy, Sir Charles Grandison is gone ! Gone indeed ! He set out at three this morning ; on purpose, no doubt, to spare his sisters, and friends, as well as himself, concern.

We broke not up till after two. Were I in the writing humour, which I have never known to fail me till now, I could dwell upon a hundred things, some of which I can now only briefly mention.

Dinner-time yesterday passed with tolerable cheerfulness : Every one tried to be cheerful. O

what pain attends loving too well, and being too well beloved ! He must have pain, as well as we.

Lady Olivia was the most thoughtful at dinner-time ; yet poor Emily ! Ah the poor Emily ! she went out four or five times to weep, though only I perceived it.

Nobody was chearful after dinner but Sir Charles. He seemed to exert himself to be so. He prevailed on me to give them a lesson on the harpsicord. Lady L. played : Lady G. played : We *tried* to play, I should rather say. He himself took the violin, and afterwards sat down to the harpsicord, for one short lesson. He was not known to be such a master : But he was long in Italy. Lady Olivia indeed knew him to be so. She was induced to play upon the harpsicord : She surpassed everybody. Italy is the land of harmony.

About seven at night he singled me out, and surprised me greatly by what he said. He told me, that Lady D. had made him a visit. I was before low : I was then ready to sink. She has asked me questions, madam.

Sir, Sir, was all I could say.

He himself trembled as he spoke—Alas ! my dear, he surely loves me ! Hear how solemnly he spoke—God Almighty be your director, my dear Miss Byron ! I wish not more happiness to my own soul than I do to you.—In discharge of a promise made, I mention this visit to you : I might otherwise have spared you and myself—

He stopt there—Then resumed ; for I was silent. I could not speak—Your friends will be entreated for a man that loves you ; a very worthy young nobleman.—I give you emotion, madam.—Forgive me.—I have performed my promise. He turned from me with a seeming chearful air. How *could* he appear to be chearful !

We made parties at cards. I knew not what I played. Emily sighed, and tears stole down her cheeks

cheeks as she played. O how she loves her guardian! Emily, I say—I don't know what I write!

At supper we were all very melancholy. Mr Beauchamp was urgent to go abroad with him. He changed the subject, and gave him an *indirect* denial, as I may call it, by recommending the two Italian ladies to his best services.

Sir Charles, kind, good, excellent! wished to Lord L. to have seen Mr Grandison!—unworthy as that man has made himself of his attention.

He was a few moments in private with Lady Olivia. She returned to company with red eyes.

Poor Emily watched an opportunity to be spoken to by him alone—So diligently!—He led her to the window—About one o'clock it was—He held both her hands. He called her, she says, *his* Emily. He charged her to write to him.

She could not speak; she could only sob; yet thought she had a thousand things to say to him.

He contradicted not the hope his sisters and their lords had of his breakfasting with them. They invited me; they invited the Italian ladies: Lady L. Lord L. did go, in expectation: But Lady G. when she found him gone, sent me and the Italian ladies word that he was. It would have been cruel if she had not. How *could* he steal away so! I find, that he intended that his morning visit to me (as indeed I half-suspected) should be a taking leave of my cousins and your Harriet. How many things did he say then?—How many questions ask?—In tender woe—He wanted to do us all service—He seemed not to know what to say—Surely he hates not your poor Harriet—What struggles in his noble bosom!—But a man cannot complain: A man cannot ask for compassion as a woman can. But surely his is the gentlest of manly minds!

When we broke up, he handed my cousin Reeves into her coach. He handed me. Mr Reeves said,

We see you again, Sir Charles, in the morning? He bowed. At handing me in he sighed—He pressed my hand—I think he did—That was all—He saluted nobody. He will not meet his Clementina as he parted with us.

But, I doubt not, Dr Bartlett was in the secret.

He was. He has just been here. He found my eyes swelled. I had had no rest; yet knew not, till seven o'clock, that he was gone.

It was very good of the doctor to come: His visit soothed me: Yet he took no notice of my red eyes. Nay for that matter, Mrs Reeves's eyes were swelled as well as mine. Angel of a man! How is he beloved!

The doctor says, that his sisters, their lords, Lord W. are in as much grief as if he were departed for ever—And who knows—But I will not torment myself with supposing the worst: I will endeavour to bear in mind what he said yesterday morning to us, no doubt for an instruction that he *would* have joy.

And did he then think that I should be so much grieved as to want such an instruction?—And therefore did he vouchsafe to give it? But, vanity, be quiet—Lie down, hope—Hopelessness, take place!—Clementina shall be his. He shall be hers.

Yet his emotion, Lucy, at mentioning Lady D.'s visit—O! but that was only owing to his humanity. He saw *my* emotion; and acknowledged the tenderest friendship for me! Ought I not to be satisfied with that? *I am.* *I will be* satisfied. Does he not love me with the love of mind? The poor Olivia has not this to comfort herself with. The poor Olivia! If I see her sad and afflicted, how I shall pity her! All her expectations frustrated; the expectations that engaged her to combat difficulties, to travel, to cross many waters, and to come
to

to England—to come just time enough to take leave of him; he hastening on the wings of love and compassion to a dearer, a *deservedly* dearer object, in the country she had quitted, on purpose to visit him in his—Is not hers a more grievous situation than mine?—It is. Why then do I lament?

But here, Lucy, let me in confidence hint what I have gathered from several intimations from Dr Bartlett, though as tenderly made by him as possible, that had Sir Charles Grandison been a man capable of taking advantage of the violence of a lady's passion for him, the unhappy Olivia would not have scrupled, great, haughty, and noble as she is, by birth and fortune, to have been his without conditions, if she could not have been so with: The Italian world is of this opinion at least. Had Sir Charles been a Rinaldo, Olivia had been an Armida.

O that I could hope, for the honour of the sex, and of the lady who is so fine a woman, that the Italian world is mistaken!—I will presume that it is.

My good Dr Bartlett, will you allow me to accuse you of a virtue too rigorous? That is sometimes the fault of very good people. You own, that Sir Charles has not, even to *you*, revealed a secret so disgraceful to her. You own, that he has only blamed her for having too little regard for her reputation, and for the violence of her temper: Yet how patiently, for one of such a temper, has she taken his departure, almost on the day of her arrival! *He* could not have given her an *opportunity* to indicate to him a concession so criminal: *She* could not, if he had, have made the overture. Wicked, wicked world! I will not believe you! And the less credit shall you have with me, Italian world, as I have seen the lady. The innocent heart will be a charitable one. Lady Oli-

via is only too intrepid. Prosperity, as Sir Charles observed, has been a snare to her, and set her above a proper regard to her reputation.—Merciless world! I do not love you. Dear Dr Bartlett, you are not yet absolutely perfect! These hints of yours against Olivia, gathered from the malevolence of the envious, are proofs (the first indeed that I have met with) of *your* imperfection!

Excuse me, Lucy: How have I run on! Disappointment has mortified me, and made me good-natured.—I will welcome adversity, if it enlarge my charity.

The doctor tells me, that Emily, with her half-broken heart, will be here presently. If I can be of comfort to her—But I want it myself, from the same cause. We shall only weep over each other.

As I told you, the doctor, and the doctor only, knew of his setting out so early. He took leave of him. Happy Dr Bartlett—Yet I see by his eyes, that this parting cost him some paternal tears.

Never father better loved a son than this good man loves Sir Charles Grandison.

Sir Charles, it seems, had settled all his affairs three days before. His servants were appointed.

The doctor tells me, that he had last week presented the elder Mr Oldham with a pair of colours, which he had purchased for him. Nobody had heard of this.

Lord W. he says, is preparing for Windsor, Mr Beauchamp for Hampshire for a few days, and then he returns to attend the commands of the noble Italians.

Lady Olivia will soon have her equipage ready.

She will make a great appearance.—But Sir CHARLES GRANDISON will not be with her. What is grandeur to a disturbed heart?

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude are setting
out

out for Hertfordshire. Lord and Lady L. talk of retiring for a few weeks to Colnebrook: The doctor is preparing for Grandison-hall; your poor Harriet for Northamptonshire—Bless me, my dear, what a dispersion!—But Lord W.'s nuptials will collect some of them together at Windsor.

EMILY, the dear weeping girl! is just come. She is with my cousin. She expects my permission for coming up to me. Imagine us weeping over each other; praying for, blessing the guardian of us both. Your imagination cannot form a scene too tender. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XI.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Sunday, April 16.

O WHAT a blank, my dear!—But I need not say what I was going to say. Poor Emily!—But to mention her grief is to paint my own.

Lord W. went to Windsor yesterday.

A very odd behaviour of Lady Olivia. Mr Beauchamp went yesterday, and offered to attend her to any of the public places, at her pleasure, in pursuance of Sir Charles's reference to him, to do all in his power to make England agreeable to her: And she thought fit to tell him before her aunt, that she thanked him for his civility, but she should not trouble him during her stay in England. She had *gentlemen* in her train, and one of them had been in England before—

He left her in disgust.

Lady L. making her a visit in the evening, she told her of Mr Beauchamp's offer, and of her answer. The gentleman, said she, is a polite and
very

very agreeable man, and *this* made me treat his kind offer with abruptness : For I can hardly doubt your brother's view in it. I *scorn* his view : And if I were sure of it, perhaps I should find a way to make him repent of the indignity. Lady L. was sure, she said, that neither her brother, nor Mr Beauchamp, had any other views than to make England as agreeable to her as possible.

Be this as it may, madam, said she, I have no service for Mr Beauchamp : But if your ladyship, your sister, and your two lords, will allow me to cultivate your friendship, you will do me honour. Dr Bartlett's company will be very agreeable to me likewise, as often as he will give it me. To Miss Jervois I lay some little claim. I would have had her for my companion in Italy ; but your cruel brother—No more, however, of him. Your English beauty too, I admire her : But, poor young creature, I admire her the more, because I can pity *her*. I should think myself very happy to be better acquainted with her.

Lady L. made her a very polite answer for herself and her sister, and their lords. But told her, that I was very soon to set out for my own abode in Northamptonshire ; and that Dr Bartlett had some commissions, which would oblige him, in a day or two, to go to Sir Charles's seat in the country. She herself offered to attend her to Windsor, and to every other place at her command.

LADY L. took notice of her wrist being bound round with a broad black ribband, and asked, if it were hurt ? A kind of sprain, said she. But you little imagine how it came, and must not ask.

This made Lady L. curious. And Olivia requesting that Emily be allowed to breakfast with her as this morning, she has bid the dear girl endeavour to know how it came if it fell in her way ; for Olivia reddened, and looked up, with a kind of consciousness,

consciousness, to Lady L. when she told her that she must not ask questions about it.

Lady G. is very earnest with me to give into the town-diversions for a month to come: But I have now no desire in my heart so strong as to return to all my dear Northamptonshire friends.

I am only afraid of my uncle. He will rally his Harriet; yet only, I know, in hopes to divert her, and us all: But my jesting days are over: My situation will not bear it. Yet if it will divert him, let him rally.

I shall be so much importuned to stay longer than I ought, or *will* stay, that I may as well fix a peremptory day at once. Will you, my ever indulgent friends, allow me to set out for Selby-house on Friday next? Not on a Sunday, as Lady Betty Williams advises, for fear of the *odious waggons*. But I have been in a different school. Sir Charles Grandison, I find, makes it a *tacit* rule with him, Never to *begin* a journey on a Sunday; nor, except when in pursuit of works of mercy or necessity, to travel in time of divine service. And this rule he observed last Sunday, tho' he reached us here in the evening. O my grandmamma! How much is he, what you all are, and ever have been!—But he is now pursuing a work of mercy. God succeed to him the end of his pursuit!

But why *tacit*? you will ask. Is Sir Charles Grandison ashamed to make an open appearance in behalf of his Christian duties? He is not. For instance: I have never seen him sit down at his own table, in the absence of Dr Bartlett, or some other clergyman, but he himself says grace; and that with such an easy dignity as commands every one's reverence; and which is succeeded by a cheerfulness that looks as if he were the better pleased for having shewn a thankful heart.

Dr Bartlett has also told me, that he begins and ends every day, either in his chamber, or in his study,

study, in a manner worthy of one who is in earnest in his Christian profession. But he never frights gay company with grave maxims. I remember one day, Mr Grandison asked him, in his absurd way, Why he did not *preach* to his company now-and-then? Faith, Sir Charles, said he, if you did, you would reform many a poor ignorant sinner of us; since you could do it with more weight, and more certainty of attention, than any person in Christendom.

It would be an affront, said Sir Charles, to the understanding, as well as education, of a man who took rank above a peasant, in such a country as this, to seem to question whether he *knew* his general duties or not, and the necessity of practising what he knew of them. If he should be at a loss, he *may* once a-week be reminded, and his heart kept warm. Let you and me, cousin Everard, shew our conviction by our practice; and not to invade the clergyman's province.

I remember, that Mr Grandison shewed his conviction by his blushes; and by repeating the three little words, *You and me*, Sir Charles.

Sunday Evening.

O my dear friends! I have a strange, a shocking piece of intelligence to give you! Emily has just been with me in tears: She begged to speak with me in private. When we were alone, she threw her arms about my neck: Ah, madam! said she, I am come to tell you, that there is a person in the world that I hate, and must and will hate, as long as I live. It is Lady Olivia—Take me down with you into Northamptonshire, and let me never see her more.

I was surpris'd.

O madam! I have found out, that she would, on Thursday last, have killed my guardian.

I was astonished, Lucy.

They

They retired together, you know, madam: My guardian came from her, his face in a glow; and he sent in his sister to her, and went not in himself till afterwards: She would have had him put off his journey. She was enraged because he would not; and they were high together; and at last she pulled out of her stays, in fury, a poinard, and vowed to plunge it into his heart. He should never, she said, see his Clementina more. He went to her. Her heart failed her. Well it might, you know, madam. He seized her hand. He took it from her. She struggled, and in struggling her wrist was hurt; that's the meaning of the broad black ribband!—Wicked creature! to have such a thought in her heart!—He only said, when he had got it from her, unhappy, violent woman! I return not this instrument of mischief! You will have no use for it in England—And would not let her have it again.

I shuddered. O my dear, said I, he has been a sufferer, we are told, by good women; but this is *not* a good woman. But can it be true? Who informed you of it?

Lady Maffei herself. She thought that Sir Charles must have spoken of it: And when she found *he* had not, she was sorry *she* had, and begged I would not tell any body: But I could not keep it from you. And she says, that Lady Olivia is grieved on the remembrance of it; and arraigns herself and her wicked passion; and the more, for his noble forgiveness of her on the spot, and recommending her afterwards to the civilities of his sisters, and their lords. But I hate her for all that.

Poor unhappy Olivia! said I. But what, my Emily, are we women, who should be the meekest and tenderest of the whole animal creation, when we give way to passion! But if she is so penitent, let not the shocking attempt be known to his sisters,

ters, or their lords. I may take the liberty of mentioning it, in *strict confidence* [observe that, Lucy], to those from whom I keep not any secret: But let it not be divulged to any of the relations of Sir Charles. Their detestation of her, which must follow, would not be concealed; and the unhappy creature made desperate, might—Who knows what she might do?

The dear girl ran upon what might have been the consequence, and what a loss the world would have had if the horrid fact had been perpetrated. Lady Maffei told her, however, that had not her heart relented, she might have done him mischief; for he was too rash in approaching her. She fell down on her knees to him, as soon as he had wrested the poinard from her. I forgive, and pity you, madam, said he, with an air that had, as Olivia and her aunt have recollected since, both majesty and compassion in it: But against her entreaty, he would withdraw: Yet, at her request, sent in Lady L. to her; and, going into his study, told not even Dr Bartlett of it, though he went to him there immediately.

From the consciousness of this violence, perhaps, the lady was more temperate afterwards, even to the very time of his departure.

LORD blefs me, What shall I do? Lady D. has sent a card to let me know, that she will wait upon Mrs Reeves and me to-morrow to breakfast. She comes, no doubt, to tell me, that Sir Charles having no thoughts of Harriet Byron, Lord D. may have hopes of succeeding with her: And perhaps her ladyship will plead Sir Charles's commendation and interest in Lord D's favour. But should this plea be made, good heaven, give me patience! I am afraid I shall be uncivil to this excellent woman.

L E T T E R

LETTER XII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Monday, April 17.*

THE countess is just gone. Mr Reeves was engaged before to breakfast with Lady Betty Williams; and we were only Mrs Reeves, Lady D. and I.

My heart ached at her entrance; and every moment still more, as we were at breakfast. Her looks, I thought, had such a particular kindness and meaning in them, as seemed to express, "You have no hopes, Miss Byron, any where else; and I will have you to be mine."

But my suspense was over the moment the tea-table was removed. I see your confusion, my dear, said the countess [Mrs Reeves, you must not leave us]; and I have sat in pain for you, as I saw it increase. By this I know that Sir Charles Grandison has been as good as his word. Indeed I doubted not but he would. I don't wonder, my dear, that you love him. He is the finest man in his manners, as well as person, that I ever saw. A woman of virtue and honour cannot *but* love him. But I need not praise him to you; nor to *you* neither, Mrs Reeves; I see that. Now you must know, proceeded she, that there is an alliance proposed for my son, of which I think very well; but still should have thought better, had I never seen you, my dear. I have talked to my lord about it: You know I am very desirous to have him married. His answer was: I never can think of any proposal of this nature, while I have any hope that I can make myself acceptable to Miss Byron.

What think you, my lord, said I, if I should directly apply to Sir Charles Grandison, to know his

intentions ; and whether he has any hopes of obtaining her favour ? He is said to be the most unreserved of men. He knows our characters to be as unexceptionable as his own ; and that our alliance cannot be thought a discredit to the first family in the kingdom. It is a free question, I own ; as I am unacquainted with him by person : But he is such a man, that methinks I can take pleasure in addressing myself to him on *any* subject.

My Lord smiled at the freedom of my motion ; but not disapproving it, I directly went to Sir Charles, and, after due compliments, told him my business.

The countess stopt. She is very penetrating. She looked at us both.

Well, madam, said my cousin, with an air of curiosity—Pray, your ladyship—

I could not speak for very impatience—

I never heard in my life, said the countess, such a fine character of any mortal as he gave you. He told me of his engagements to go abroad as the very next day. He highly extolled the lady for whose sake, principally, he was obliged to go abroad ; and he spoke as highly of a brother of hers, whom he loved as if he were his own brother ; and mentioned very affectionately the young lady's whole family.

“ God only knows, said he, what may be *my* destiny !—As generosity, as justice, or rather as providence, leads, I will follow.”

After he had generously opened his heart, proceeded the countess, I asked him if he had any hope, should the foreign lady recover her *health*, of her being his ?

“ I can promise myself nothing, said he. I go over without one selfish hope. If the lady recover *her* health, and her brother can be amended in *his*, by the assistance I shall carry over with me,

“me, I shall have joy inexpressible. To providence I leave the rest. The result cannot be in my own power.

Then, Sir, proceeded the countess, you cannot in honour be under any engagements to Miss Byron?

I rose from my seat. Whither, my dear?—I have *done*, if I oppress you. I moved my chair behind her, but so close to hers, that I leaned on the back of it, my face hid, and my eyes running over. She stood up. Sit down again, madam, said I, and proceed—Pray proceed. You have excited my curiosity. Only let me sit here, *unheeded*, behind you.

Pray, madam, said Mrs Reeves (burning also with curiosity, as she has since owned), go on; and indulge my cousin in her present seat. What answer did Sir Charles return?

My dear love, said the countess (sitting down, as I had requested), let me first be answered one question. I would not do mischief.

You cannot do mischief, madam, replied I. What is your ladyship’s question?

Has Sir Charles Grandison ever directly made his addressee to you, my dear?

Never, madam.

It is not for want of love, I dare aver, that he has not. But thus he answered my question: “I should have thought myself the unworthiest of men, knowing the difficulties of my own situation, how great soever were the temptation from Miss Byron’s merit, if I had sought to engage her affections.”

[O Lucy! How nobly is his whole conduct towards me justified!]

“She has, madam,” proceeded the countess in his words, “a prudence that I never knew equalled in a woman so young—With a frankness of mind, to which hardly ever young lady before
H 2 her

‘ her had pretensions : She has such a command of
 ‘ her affections, that no man, I dare say, will
 ‘ ever have a share in them, till he has courted
 ‘ her favour by assiduities which shall convince her
 ‘ that he has no heart but for *her*.”

O my Lucy ! What an honour to me would these sentiments be, if I deserved them ! And *can* Sir Charles Grandison think I *do* ?—I hope so. But if he does, how much am I indebted to his favourable, his generous opinion ! Who knows but I have reason to rejoice, rather than to regret, as I used to do, his frequent absences from Colnebrook ?

The countess proceeded.

Then, Sir, you will not take amiss, if my son, by *his* assiduities, can prevail upon Miss Byron to think that he *has* merit, and that his heart is *wholly* devoted to her.

“ Amiss, madam !—No !—In justice, in honour, I cannot. May Miss Byron be, as she deserves to be, one of the happiest women on earth in her nuptials. I have heard a great character of Lord D. He has a very large estate. He may boast of his mother—God forbid, that I, a man *divided in myself*, not knowing what I *can* do, hardly sometimes what I *ought* to do, should seek to involve in my own uncertainties the friend I revere ; the woman I so greatly admire : Her beauty so attracting ; so proper for her therefore to engage a generous protector in the married state.”

Generous man ! thought I. O how my tears ran down my cheeks, as I hid my face behind the countess’s chair !

But will you allow me, Sir, proceeded the countess, to ask you, Were you freed from all your uncertainties—

“ Permit me, madam, interrupted he, to spare you the question you were going to put. As I know

‘ know not what will be the result of my journey
 ‘ abroad, I should think myself a very *selfish* man,
 ‘ and a very dishonourable one to *two* ladies of
 ‘ equal delicacy and worthiness, if I sought to in-
 ‘ volve, as I hinted before, in my own uncertain-
 ‘ ties, a young lady whose prudence and great
 ‘ qualities must make herself and *any* man happy,
 ‘ whom she shall favour with her hand.

“ To be still more explicit, proceeded he, with
 ‘ what face could I look up to a woman of honour
 ‘ and delicacy, such a one as the lady before
 ‘ whom I now stand, if I could own a wish, that
 ‘ while my honour has laid me under obligation
 ‘ to *one lady*, if she shall be permitted to accept of
 ‘ me, I should presume to hope, that *another*, no
 ‘ less worthy, would hold her favour for me sus-
 ‘ pended, till she saw what would be the issue of
 ‘ the first obligation? No, madam; I could soo-
 ‘ ner die, than offer such indignity to BOTH! I am
 ‘ fettered, added he; but Miss Byron is free:
 ‘ And so is the lady abroad. My attendance on
 ‘ her at this time is indispensable; but I make
 ‘ not any conditions for myself—My reward will
 ‘ be in the consciousness of having discharged the
 ‘ obligations that I think myself under, as a man
 ‘ of honour.”

The countess’s voice changed in repeating this speech of his: And she stopt to praise him; and then went on.

You are *THE* man indeed, Sir!—But then give me leave to ask you, as I think it very likely that you will be married before your return to England, Whether now that you have been so good as to speak favourably of my son, and that you call Miss Byron sister, you will oblige him with a recommendation to that sister?

“ The Countess of D. shews, by this request,
 ‘ her value for a young lady who deserves it; and
 ‘ the *more*, for its being, I think (excuse me, ma-
 H 3 dam)

‘dam) a pretty extraordinary one. But what a
‘presumption would it be in me, to suppose that
‘I had *such* an interest with Miss Byron, when
‘she has relations as worthy of *her* as she is of
‘*them*?’

You may guess, my dear, said the countess, that
I should not have put this question, but as a trial
of his heart. However, I asked his pardon; and
told him, that I would not believe he gave it me,
except he would promise to mention to Miss By-
ron, that I had made him a visit on this subject.
[Methinks, Lucy, I should have been glad, that he
had not let *me* know that he was so forgiving!]

And now, my dear, said the lady, let me turn
about. She did; and put one arm round my
neck, and with my own handkerchief wiped my
eyes, and kissed my cheek; and when she saw me
a little recovered, she addressed me as follows:

Now, my good young creature [O that you
would let me call you daughter in my way! for I
think I must always call you so, whether you do
or not], let me ask you, as if I were your real
mother, “Have you any expectation that Sir
‘Charles Grandison will be yours?’”

Dear madam, is not this as hard a question to
be put to me, as that which you put to him?

Yes, my dear—full as hard. And I am as
ready to ask your pardon as I was his, if you are
really displeased with me for putting it. Are you
Miss Byron? Excuse me, Mrs Reeves, for thus
urging your lovely cousin; I am at least entitled
to the excuse Sir Charles Grandison made for
me, that it is a demonstration of my value for
her.

I have declared, madam, returned I, and it is
from my heart, that I think he ought to be the
husband of the lady abroad: And tho’ I prefer
him to all the men I ever saw, yet I have resolved,
if possible, to conquer the particular regard I have
for

for him. He has in a very noble manner offered me his friendship, so long as it may be accepted without interfering with any other attachments on my part: And I will be satisfied with that.

A friendship so pure, replied the countess, as that of such a man, is consistent with *any other* attachments. My Lord D. will, with his whole soul, contribute all in his power to strengthen it: He admires Sir Charles Grandison: He would think it a double honour to be acquainted with him through you. Dearest Miss Byron, take another worthy young man into your friendship, but with a tenderer name: I shall then claim a fourth place in it for myself. O my dear! What a quadruple knot will you tie!

Your ladyship does me too much honour, was all I could just then reply.

I *must* have an answer, my dear: I will not take up with a compliment.

This then, madam, is my answer—I hope I am an honest creature:—I have *not* a heart to give.

Then you have expectations, my dear.—Well, I will call you *mine*, if I *can*. Never did I think that I could have made the proposal, that I am going to make you: But in my eyes, as well as in my lord's, you are an incomparable young woman.—This is it.—We will not think of the alliance proposed to us (it is yet *but* a proposal, and to which we have not returned answer) till we see what turn the affair Sir Charles is gone upon takes. You once said, you could prefer my son to any of the men that had hitherto applied to you for your favour. Your affections to Sir Charles were engaged before you knew us. Will you allow my son this preference, which will be the *first* preference, if Sir Charles engages himself abroad?

Your

Your ladyship furprizes me : Shall I not improve by the example you have just now set before me ? Who was it that said (and a *man* too) “ With what face could I look up to a woman of honour and delicacy, such a one as the lady before whom I now stand, if I could own a wish, that while” my heart leaned to one person, I should think of keeping another in suspense till I saw whether I could or could not be the other’s ? “ No, madam, I would sooner die,” as Sir Charles said, “ than offer such an indignity to *both*.” But I know, madam, that you only made this proposal, as you did another to Sir Charles Grandison, as a *trial of my heart*.

Upon my word, my dear, I should, I think, be glad to be entitled to such an excuse : But I was really in earnest ; and now take a little shame to myself.

What charming ingenuousness in this lady !

She clasped her arms about me, and kissed my cheek again. I have but one plea, said she, to make for myself ; I could not have fallen into such an error (the example so recently given to the contrary) had I not wished you to be, before any woman in the world, Countess of D.—Noble creature ! No title can give you dignity. May your own wishes be granted !

The countess asked, When I returned to Northamptonshire ? I told her my intention. She charged me to see her first. But I can tell you, said she, my lord shall not be present when you come : Not once more will I trust him in your company ; and if he should steal a visit, unknown to me, let not your cousin see him, Mrs Reeves. He does *indeed* admire you, love.

I acknowledged, with a grateful heart, her goodness to me. She engaged me to correspond with her when I got home. Her commands were an honour done me, that I could not refuse myself. Her
son,

son, she smiling told me, should no more see my letters than my person.

At her going away—I will tell you one thing, said she: I never before, in a business which my heart was set upon, was so effectually silenced by a precedent produced by myself in the same conversation. I came with an assurance of success. When our *hearts* are engaged in a hope, we are apt to think every step we take for the promoting it reasonable: Our passions, my dear, will evermore run away with our judgment. But now I think of it, I must, when I say *our*, make two exceptions; one for you, and one for Sir Charles Grandison.

But, Lucy, tell me—May I, do you think, explain the meaning of the word SELFISH used by Sir Charles in the conclusion of the library conference at Colnebrook (and which puzzled me then to make out), by his disclaiming of *selfishness* in the conversation with the countess above-recited? If I may, what an opening of his heart does that word give in my favour, were he at liberty? Does it not look, my dear, as if his *Honour* checked him, when his *Love* would have prompted him to wish me to preserve my heart disengaged till his return from abroad? Nor let it be said, that it was dishonourable in him to have such a thought, as it was *checked* and *overcome*; and as it was succeeded by such an emotion, that he was obliged to depart abruptly from me.—Let me repeat the words—You may not have my letter at hand which relates that affecting address to me; and it is impossible for me, while I have memory, to forget them. He had just concluded his brief history of Clementina—“And now, madam, what can I say?—Honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous, *selfish*!”—If I may flatter myself, Lucy, that he did love me when he said this, and that he had a conflict in his noble heart between the love on one side so *hopeless* (for I could not forgive him, if he

did

did not *love*, as well as *pity*, Clementina) and on the other *not so* hopeless, were there to have been no bar between—Shall we not pity him for the arduous struggle? Shall we not see that honour carried it, even in favour of the *hopeless* against the *hopeful*, and applaud him the more for being able to overcome? How shall we call virtue by its name, if it be not tried; and if it hath no contest with inclination?

If I am a vain self-flatterer, tell me, chide me, Lucy; but allow me, however, at the same time, this praise, if I can make good my claim to it, that *my* conquest of my passion is at least as glorious for me as *his* is for him, were he to love me ever so well; since I can most sincerely, however painfully, subscribe to the preference which honour, love, compassion, unitedly, give to CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XIII.

Miss BYRON. *In continuation.*

Monday Night.

MY cousins and I, by invitation, supped with Lady G. this evening. Lord and Lady L. were there; Lady Olivia also, and Lady Maffei.

I have set them all into a consternation, as they expressed themselves, by my declaration of leaving London on my return home early on Friday morning next. I knew, that were I to pass the whole summer here, I must be peremptory at last. The two sisters vow that I shall not go so soon. They say, that I have seen so few of the town diversions—Town diversions, Lucy!—I have had diversions enough, of one sort!—But in your arms, my dear friends, I shall have consolation—And I want it.

I have

I have great regrets, and shall have hourly more, as the day approaches, on the leaving of such dear and obliging friends: But I am determined.

My cousin's coach will convey me to Dunstable; and there, I know, I shall meet with my indulgent uncle, or your brother. I would not have it publicly known, because of the officious gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Dr Bartlett intended to set out for Grandison-hall to-morrow: But from the natural kindness of his heart he has suspended his journey to Thursday next. No consideration, therefore, shall detain me, if I am well.

My cousins are grieved: They did not expect that I would be a word and a blow, as they phrase it.

Lady Olivia expressed herself concerned, that she, in particular, was to lose me. She had proposed great pleasure, she said, in the parties she should make in my company. But, after what Emily told me, she appears to me as a Medusa; and were I to be thought by her a formidable rival, I might have as much reason to be afraid of the potion, as the man she loves of the poinard. Emily has kept the secret from every-body but me. And I rely on the inviolable secrecy of all you, my friends.

Lord and Lady L. had designed to go to Colnebrook to-morrow, or at my day, having hopes of getting me with them: But now, they say, they will stay in town till they can see whether I am to be prevailed upon, or will be *obdurate*.

Lady Olivia enquired after the distance of Northamptonshire. She will make the tour of England, she says, and visit me there. I was obliged to say I should take her visit as an honour.

Wicked politeness! Of how many falsehoods dost thou make the people, who are called *polite*, guilty!

But there is one man in the world, who is remarkable for his truth, yet is unquestionably polite. He censures not others for complying with fashions established

established by custom; but he gives not in to them. He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for instance, suffers his servants to deny him, when he is at home. If he is busy, he just finds time to say he is, to unexpected visitors; and if they will stay, he turns them over to his sisters, to Dr Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them. But then he has *always* done so. Every one knows that he lives to his own heart, and they *expect* it of him; and when they *can* have his company, they have double joy in the ease and cheerfulness that attend his leisure: They then have him *wholly*. And he can be the more polite, as the company then is all his business.

Sir Charles might the better do so, as he came over so few months ago, after so long an absence; and his reputation for politeness was so well established, that people rather looked for rules from him, than a conformity to theirs.

His denials of complimenting Lady Olivia (tho' she was but just arrived in his native country, where she never was before) with the suspending of his departure for one week, or but for one day—Who but he could have given them? But he was convinced, that it was right to hasten away, for the sake of Clementina and his Jeronymo; and that it would have been wrong to shew Olivia, even for her *own* sake, that in *such* a competition she had consequence with him; and all her entreaties, all her menaces, the detested poinard in her hand, could not shake his steady soul, and make him delay his well-settled purpose.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Tuesday Morning, April 18.*

THIS naughty Lady G.—She is excessively to blame. Lord L. is out of patience with her. So is Lady L. Emily says, she loves her dearly; but she does not love her ways. Lord G. as Emily tells me, talks of coming to me; the cause of quarrel supposed to be not great: But trifles, insisted upon, make frequently the widest breaches. Whatever it be, it is between themselves; and neither cares to tell: But Lord and Lady L. are angry with her, for the ludicrous manner in which she treats him.

The misunderstanding happened after my cousin and I left them last night. I was not in spirits, and declined staying to cards. Lady Olivia and her aunt went away at the same time. Whist was the game. Lord and Lady L. Dr Bartlett and Emily, were cast in. In the midst of their play, Lady G. came hurrying down stairs to them, warbling an air: Lord G. followed her, much disturbed. Madam, I must tell you, said he—Why must, my lord? I don't bid you.

Sit still, child, said she to Emily; and took her seat behind her—Who wins? Who loses?

Lord G. walked about the room—Lord and Lady L. were unwilling to take notice, hoping it would go off; for there had been a few livelinesses on her side at dinner-time, tho' all was serene at supper.

Dr Bartlett offered her his cards. She refused them—No, doctor, said she, I will play my own cards: I shall have enough to do to play *them* well.

As you manage it, so you will, madam, said Lord G.

Don't expose yourself, my Lord: We are before company. Lady L. you have nothing but trumps in your hands.

Let me say a word or two to you, madam, said Lord G. to her.

I am all obedience, my lord.

She arose. He would have taken her hand: She put it behind her.

Not your *hand*, madam?

I can't spare it.

He flung from her, and went out of the room.

Lord blefs me, said she, returning to the card-table with a gay unconcern, what strange passionate creatures are these men!

Charlotte, said Lady L. I wonder at you.

Then I give you joy—

What do you mean, sister?—

We women love wonder, and the wonder-ful!

Surely Lady G. said Lord L. you are wrong.

I give your lordship joy too.

On what?

That my sister is always right.

Indeed, madam, were I Lord G. I should have no patience.

A good hint for you, Lady L. I hope you will take this for a warning, and continue.

When I behave as you do, Charlotte—

I understand you, Lady L. you need not speak out—Every one in their way.

You would not behave thus were my brother—

Perhaps not.

Dear Charlotte, you are excessively wrong.

So I think, returned she.

Why then do you not—

Mend, Lady L.? All in good time.

Her woman came in with a message expressing her lord's desire to see her—The duce is in these men: They will neither be satisfied with us, nor without

without us. But I am all obedience: No *vow* will I break—And out she went.

Lord G. not returning presently, and Lord and Lady L's chariot being come, they both took this opportunity, in order to shew their displeasure, to go away without taking leave of their sister. Dr Bartlett retired to his apartment. And when Lady G. came down, she was surpris'd, and a little vexed, to find only Emily there. Lord G. came in at another door—Upon my word, my lord, this is strange behaviour in you: You fright away, with your husband-like airs, all one's company.

Good God!—I am astonish'd at you, madam.

What *signifies* your astonishment—when you have scared every-body out of the house?

I, madam?

You, Sir! Yes, you!—Did you not lord it over me in my dressing-room?—To be easy and quiet, did I not fly to our company in the drawing-room? Did you not follow me there—with looks—Very pretty looks for a new-married man, I assure you! Then did not you want to take me aside—Would not any-body have suppos'd it was to express your sorrow for your odd behaviour? Was I not all obedience? Did you not, with very *mannish* airs, flight me for my compliance, and fly out of the room? All the company could witness the calmness with which I returned to them, that they might not be grieved for me, nor think our understanding a deep one. Well, then, when your stomach came down, as I suppos'd, you sent for me out: No doubt, thought I, to express his concern now.—I was all obedience again.

And did I not beseech you, madam—

Beseech me, my lord!—Yes—But with such looks—I married, Sir, let me tell you, a man with another face—See, see, Emily—He is gone again—

My lord flew out of the room in a rage—O these men, my dear! said she to Emily.

I know, said Emily, what I could have answered, if I dared: But it is ill meddling, as I have heard say, between man and wife.

Emily says, the quarrel was not made up, but was carried higher still in the morning.

She had but just finished her tale, when the following billet was brought me from Lady G.

Harriet,

Tuesday Morning.

IF you love me, if you pity me, come hither this instant: I have great need of your counsel. I am resolved to be unmarried; and therefore subscribe myself by the beloved name of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

I instantly dispatched the following:

I KNOW no such person as Charlotte Grandison. I love Lady G. but can only pity her lord. I will not come near you. I have no counsel to give you; but that you will not jest away your own happiness.

HARRIET BYRON.

Soon after came a servant from Lady G. with the following letter:

SO, then, I have made a blessed hand of wedlock! My brother gone: My man excessive unruly: Lord and Lady L. on his side, without enquiring into merits or demerits: Lectured by Dr Bartlett's grave face: Emily standing aloof, her finger in her eye: And now my Harriet renouncing me: And all in one week!

What can I do?—War seems to be declared: And will you not turn mediatrix?—You won't, you say. Let it alone. Nevertheless, I will lay the whole matter before you.

It was last night, the week from the wedding-day not completed, that Lord G. thought fit to break

break into my retirement without my leave—By the way, he was a little impertinent at dinner-time; but that I passed over.—

What boldness is this, said I?—Pray, Sir, be gone!—Why leave you your company below?

I come, my dearest life, to make a request to you.

The man began with civility enough, had he had a little less of his odious rapture; for he flung his arms about me, Jenny in presence. A husband's fondness is enough to ruin these girls. Don't you think, Harriet, that there is an immorality in it, before them?

I refuse your request, be it what it will. How dare you invade me in my retirement?—You may believe, that I intended not to stay long above, my sister below. Does the ceremony, so lately past, authorize want of breeding?

Want of breeding, madam!—And he did so stare!

Leave me this instant—I looked good-natured, I suppose, in my anger; for he declared he would not; and again throwing his arms about me as I sat, joined his sharp face to mine, and presumed to kiss me; Jenny still in the room.

Now, Harriet, you never will desert me in a point of delicacy, I am sure. You cannot defend these odious freedoms in a matrimony so young, unless you would be willing to be served so yourself.

You may suppose, that then I let loose my indignation upon him. And he stole out, daring to mutter, and be displeased. The word *devil* was in his mouth.

Did he call *me* devil, Jenny?

No, indeed, madam, said the wench—And, Harriet, see the ill example of such a free behaviour before her: She presumed to prate in favour of the

man's fit of fondness; yet, at other times, is a prude of a girl.

Before my anger was gone down, in again. [It is truth, Harriet] came the bold wretch. I will not, said he, as you are not *particularly* employed, leave you—Upon my soul, madam, you don't use me well. But if you will oblige me with your company to-morrow morning—

No where, Sir—

Only to breakfast with Miss Byron, my *dear*—As a mark of your obligingness I request it.

His dear!—Now I hate a hypocrite of all things. I knew that he had a design to make a shew of his bride, as his property, at another place; and seeing me angry, thought he would name a visit agreeable to me, and which at the same time would give him a merit with you, and preserve to himself the consequence of being obliged by his obedient wife, at the word of authority.

From this foolish beginning arose our mighty quarrel. What vexed me was, the *art* of the man, and the evident design he had to get you of his side. He, in the course of it, threatened me with appealing to you—To intend to ruin me in the love of my dearest friend! Who, that valued that friend, could forgive it? You may believe, that if *he* had not proposed it, and after such accumulated offences, it was the very visit that I should have been delighted with.

Indeed, Sir—Upon my word, my lord—I do assure you, Sir—with a moderate degree of haughtiness—was what the quarrel arose to, on my side—And, at last, to a declaration of rebellion—I *won't*.

On his side, Upon my soul, madam—Let me perish, if—and then hesitating—You use me ill, madam. I have not deserved—And give me leave to say—I *insist* upon being obliged, madam.
There

There was no bearing of this, Harriet.—It was a cool evening; but I took my fan—Hey day! said I, what language is this?—You *insist upon it*, my lord!—I think I am married; am I not?—And I took my watch, half an hour after tea on Monday night—the—What day of the month is this?—Please the Lord, I will note down this beginning moment of your authoritative demeanor.

My dear Lady G. [The wretch called me by his own name, perhaps further to insult me], if I could bear this treatment, it is impossible for me to love you as I do.

So it is in *love* to me, that you are to put on already all the husband!—Jenny! [Do you see, my lord, affecting a whisper, how you dash the poor wench: How like a fool she looks at our folly!] Remember, Jenny, that to-morrow morning you carry my wedding-suits to Mrs Arnold; and tell her, she has forgot the hanging-sleeves to the gowns. Let her put them on out of hand.

I was proceeding—But he rudely, gravely, and even with an air scorn [there was no bearing *that* you know] admonished me: A little less wit, madam, and a little more discretion, would perhaps better become you.

This was too *true* to be forgiven. *You'll* say it, Harriet, if *I* don't. And to come from a man that was not overburdened with either—But I had too great a command of myself to say so. My dependence, my lord [this I did say], is upon your *judgment*: That will always be a balance to my *wit*; and with the assistance of your *reproving love*, will in time teach me *discretion*.

Now, my dear, was not this a high compliment to him? Ought he not to have taken it as such? Especially as I looked grave, and dropt him a very fine courtesy. But either his conscience or ill nature (perhaps you'll say both) made him take it as a reflection. [True as you are alive, Harriet!] He
bit

bit his lip. Jenny, begone, said he—Jenny, don't go, said I.—Jenny knew not which to obey. Upon my word, Harriet, I began to think the man would have cuff'd me—And while he was in his airs of mock-majesty, I stole to the door, and whipt down to my company.

As married people are not to expose themselves to their friends (who, I once heard you sagely remark, would remember disagreeable things, when the honest pair had forgot them), I was determined to be prudent. You would have been charmed with me, my dear, for my discretion. I will cheat by-standers, thought I; I will make my Lord and Lady L. Dr Bartlett, and Emily, whom I had before set in at cards, think we are egregiously happy—And down I sat, intending, with a lamb-like peaceableness, to make observations on the play. But soon after, in whipt my indiscreet lord, his colour heightened, his features working: And though I cautioned him not to expose himself, yet he assumed airs that were the occasion, as you shall hear, of frightening away my company. He withdrew, *in consequence of those airs*; and, after a little while (repenting, as I hoped), he sent for me out. Some wives would have played the queen Vashti on their tyrant, and refused to go: But I, all obedience (my vow, so recently made, in my head) obeyed, at the very first word: Yet you must think that I (meek as I am naturally) could not help recriminating. He was too lordly to be expostulated with.—There was, “I tell you, madam,” and, “I won't be told, Sir;” and when I broke from the passionate creature, and hoped to find my company, behold! they were all gone! None but Emily left. And thus was poor Lady L. sent home, weeping perhaps, for such an early marriage-tyranny exerted on her meek sister.

Well, and don't you think we looked like a couple of fools at each other, when we saw ourselves

felves left alone, as I may say, to fight it out? I *did* expostulate with him as mildly as I could: He would have made it up with me afterwards; but no! there was no doing that, as a girl of your nice notions may believe, after he had, by his violent airs, exposed us both before so many witnesses. In *decency*, therefore, I was obliged to keep it up: And now our misunderstanding blazes; and is at such a comfortable height, that if we meet by accident, we run away from each other by design. We have already made two breakfast-tables: Yet I am meek; he is fullen: I make courtesies; he returns not bows.—Sullen creature, and a rustic! —I go to my harpsicord; melody enrages him. He is worse than Saul; for Saul could be gloomily pleased with the music even of the man he hated.

I would have got *you* to come to us: That I thought was *tending* to a compliance; for it would have been condescending *too much*, as he is so *very* perverse, if I had accompanied him to you. He has a great mind to appeal to you; but I have half-rallied him out of his purpose. I sent to you. What an answer did you return me!—Cruel Harriet! to deny your requested mediation in a difference that has risen between man and wife.—But let the fire glow. If it spares the house, and only blazes in the chimney, I can bear it.

Cross creature, adieu! If you know not such a woman as *Grandison*, heaven grant that I *may*; and that my wishes may be answered as to the *persons*; and then I will not know a *Byron*.

See, Lucy, how high this dear flighty creature bribes! But I will not be influenced, by her bribery, to take her part.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Tuesday Night.

I AM just returned from St James's-square. But first I should tell you, that I had a visit from Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei. Our conversation was in Italian and French. Lady Olivia and I had a quarter of an hour's discourse in private: You may guess at our subject. She is not without that tendernefs of heart, which is the indispensable characteristic of a woman. She lamented the violence of her temper, in a manner so affecting, that I cannot help pitying her, though at the instant I had in my head a certain attempt that makes me shudder whenever I think of it. She regrets my going to Northamptonshire so soon. I have promised to return her visit to-morrow in the afternoon.

She sets out on Friday next for Oxford. She wished I could accompany her. She resolves to see all that is worth seeing in the western circuit, as I may call it. She observes, she says, that Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, and their lords, are very particularly engaged at present; and are in expectation of a call to Windsor to attend Lord W.'s nuptials: She will therefore, having attendants enough, and two men of consideration in her train, one of whom is not unacquainted with England, take cursory tours over the kingdom; having a taste for travelling, and finding it a great relief to her spirits. And when Lady L. and Lady G. are more disengaged, will review the feats and places which she shall think worthy of a second visit, in their company.

She professed to like the people here, and the face of the country; and talked favourably of the religion

religion of it: But, poor woman! she likes all those the better, I doubt not, for the sake of one Englishman. Love, Lucy, gilds every object which bears a relation to the person beloved.

Lady Maffei was very free in blaming her niece for this excursion. She took her chiding patiently; but yet, like a person that thought it too much in her *power* to gratify the person blaming her, to pay much regard to what she said.

I took a chair to Lady G.'s. Emily ran to meet me in the hall. She threw her arms about me: I rejoice you are come, said she. Did you not meet the house in the square?—What means my Emily?—Why, it has been flung out of the windows, as the saying is. Ah, madam! we are all to pieces. One *so* careless, the other *so* passionate!—But, hush! Here comes Lady G.

Take, Lucy, in the dialogue-way, particulars.

Lady G. Then you are come at last, Harriet. You wrote, that you would not come near me.

Harriet. I did; but I could not stay away. Ah, Lady G. you will destroy your own happiness!

Lady G. So you wrote. Not one word on the subject you hint at, that you have ever said or written before. I hate repetitions, child.

Harriet. Then I must be silent upon it.

Lady G. Not of necessity. You can say new things upon old subjects.—But hush! Here comes the man—She ran to her harpsichord—Is this it, Harriet? and touched the keys—repeating

*Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon she sooth'd—*

Enter Lord G.

Lord G. Miss Byron, I am your most obedient servant. The sight of you rejoices my soul.—
Madam

Madam (to his lady), you have not been long enough together to begin a tune. I know what this is for——

Lady G. Harmony! harmony is a charming thing! But I, poor I! know not any but what this simple instrument affords me.

Lord G. lifting up his hands. Harmony, madam! God is my witness—But I will lay every thing before Miss Byron.

Lady G. You need not, my lord: She knows as much as she can know already; except the fine colourings be added to the woeful tale, that your unbridled spirit can give it.—Have you my long letter about you, Harriet?

Lord G. And could you, madam, have the heart to write—

Lady G. Why, my lord, do you mince the matter? For *heart*, say *courage*. You may speak as plain in Miss Byron's presence as you did before she came: I know what you mean.

Lord G. Let it be *courage* then.

Harriet. Fie fie, Lord G. Fie, fie, Lady G. What lengths do you run? If I understand the matter right, you have both, like children, been at play, till you have fallen out.

Lord G. If, Miss Byron, you know the truth, and can blame me—

Harriet. I blame you only, my lord, for being in a passion. You see my lady is serene: She keeps her temper: She looks as if she wanted to be friends with you.

Lord G. O that cursed serenity!—When my soul is torn by a whirlwind—

Lady G. A good tragedy rant—But, Harriet, you are mistaken: My Lord G. is a very passionate man. So humble, so—what shall I call it? before marriage—Did not the man see what a creature I was.—To bear with me, when he had no obligation to me; and not now, when he has the

the highest—A miserable sinking!—O Harriet! Harriet! Never, never marry!

Harriet. Dear Lady G. you know in your own heart you are wrong—*Indeed* you are wrong—

Lord G. God for ever reward you, madam!—I will tell you how it began—

Lady G. “Began!” She knows *that* already, I tell you, my lord. But what has passed within these *four hours* she knows not: You may entertain her with *that*, if you please.—It was just about the time this day is a week, that we were all together, mighty comfortable, at St George’s, Hanover-square—

Lord G. Every tittle of what you promised there, madam—

Lady G. And I, my lord, could be your echo in this, were I not resolved to keep my temper; as you cannot but say I have done all along.

Lord G. You could not, madam, if you did not despise me.

Lady G. You are wrong, my lord, to think so: But you don’t believe yourself: If you *did*, the pride of your heart ought not to permit you to own it.

Lord G. Miss Byron, give me leave—

Lady G. Lord blefs me! that people are so fond of exposing themselves! Had you taken my advice, when you pursued me out of my dressing-room into company—My lord, said I, as mildly as I now speak, *don’t* expose yourself. But he was not at all the wiser for my advice.

Lord G. Miss Byron, you see—But I had not come down, but to make my compliments to you. He bowed, and was about to withdraw.

I took him by the sleeve—My lord, you must not go. *Lady G.* if your own heart justifies you for your part in this misunderstanding, say so; I challenge you to say so.—She was silent.

Harriet. If otherwise, own your fault, promise amendment—Ask excuse.

Lady G. Hey day!

Harriet. And my lord will ask yours, for mistaking you—For being too easily provoked—

Lord G. Too easily, madam—

Harriet. What generous man would not smile at the foibles of a woman, whose heart is only gay with prosperity and lively youth; but has not the least malice in it? Has not she made choice of your lordship in preference of any other man? She rallies every one; she can't help it: She is to blame.—Indeed, Lady G. you are. Your *brother* felt your edge; he once smarted by it, and was angry with you.—But afterwards, observing that it was her way, my lord; that it was a kind of constitutional gaiety of heart, and exercised on those she loved best; he forgave, rallied her again, and turned her own weapons upon her; and every one in company was delighted with the spirit of *both*.—You love her, my lord—

Lord G. Never man more loved a woman. I am not an ill-natured man—

Lady G. But a captious, a passionate one, Lord G.—Who'd have thought it?

Lord G. Never was there, my dear Miss Byron, such a strangely-aggravating creature! She *could* not be so, if she did not despise me.

Lady G. Fiddle-faddle, silly man! And so you said before. If you thought so, you take the way (don't you?) to mend the matter, by dancing and capering about, and putting yourself into all manner of disagreeable attitudes, and even sometimes being ready to foam at the mouth?—I told him, Miss Byron, there he stands, let him deny it if he can, that I married a man with another face. Would not any other man have taken this for a compliment to his natural undistorted face, and instantly have pulled off the ugly mask of passion, and shewn his own?—

Lord G.

Lord G. You see, you see, the air, Miss Byron!—How ludicrously does she now, even now—

Lady G. See, Miss Byron!—How captious!—
Lord G. ought to have a termagant wife: One who could return rage for rage. Meekness is *my* crime.—I cannot be put out of temper.—Meekness was never before attributed to woman as a fault.

Lord G. Good God!—Meekness!—Good God!

Lady G. But, Harriet, do you judge on which side the grievance lies.—*Lord G.* presents me with a face for his, that I never saw him wear before marriage: He has cheated me therefore: I shew him the same face that I ever wore, and treat him pretty much in the same manner (or I am mistaken) that I ever did: And what reason can he give, that will not demonstrate him to be the most ungrateful of men, for the airs he gives himself? Airs that he would not have presumed to put on eight days ago. Who then, Harriet, has reason to complain of grievance; my lord, or I?

Lord G. You see, Miss Byron—Can there be any arguing with a woman who knows herself to be in jest in all she says?

Harriet. Why then, my lord, make a jest of it. What will not bear an argument will not be worth one's anger.

Lord G. I leave it to Miss Byron, *Lady G.* to decide between us as she pleases.

Lady G. You'd better leave it to me, Sir.

Harriet. Do, my lord.

Lord G. Well, madam!—And what is your decree?

Lady G. You, Miss Byron, had best be lady chancellor, after all. I should not bear to have my decree disputed after it is pronounced.

Harriet. If I must, my decree is this:—You, *Lady G.* shall own yourself in fault, and promise amendment. My lord shall forgive you, and pro-

mise that he will, for the future, endeavour to distinguish between your good and your ill-nature : That he will sit down to jest with your jest, and never be disturbed at what you say, when he sees it accompanied with that archness of eye and lip which you put on to your brother, and to every one whom you best love, when you are disposed to be teasingly facetious.

Lady G. Why, Harriet, you have given Lord G. a clue to find me out, and spoil all my sport.

Harriet. What say you, my lord ?

Lord G. Will Lady G. own herself in fault, as you propose ?

Lady G. Odious recrimination !—I leave you together. I never was in fault in my life. Am I not a *woman* ? If my lord will ask pardon for his froppishness, as we say of children—

She stopt, and pretended to be going—

Harriet. That my lord shall not do, Charlotte. You have carried the jest too far already. My lord shall preserve his dignity for his *wife's* sake. My lord, you will not permit Lady G. to leave us, however ?

He took her hand, and pressed it with his lips : For God's sake, madam, let us be happy : It is in your power to make us both so : It ever *shall* be in your power. If I have been in fault, impute it to my love. I cannot bear your contempt, and I never will deserve it.

Lady G. Why could not this have been said some hours ago ?—Why, flighting my early caution, would you *expose* yourself ?

I took her aside. Be generous, Lady G. Let not your *husband* be the only person to whom you are not so.

Lady G. (*whispering*). Our quarrel has not run half its length. If we make up here, we shall make up clumsily. One of the silliest things in the world is, a quarrel that ends not, as a coachman

man after a journey comes in with a spirit. We shall certainly renew it.

Harriet. Take the caution you gave to my lord: Don't *expose* yourself. And another, that you cannot more effectually do so than by exposing your husband. I am more than half-ashamed of you. You are not the Charlotte I once thought you were. Let me see, if you have any regard to *my* good opinion of you, that you can own an error with some grace.

Lady G. I am a meek, humble, docile creature. She turned to me, and made me a rustic courtesy, her hands before her: I'll try for it; tell me if I am right. Then stepping towards my lord, who was with his back to us looking out of the window—and he turning about to her bowing—My lord, said she, Miss Byron has been telling me more than I knew before of my duty. She proposes herself one day to make a wonderful obedient wife. It would have been well for you, perhaps, had I had *her* example to walk by. She seems to say, that, now I am married, I must be grave, sage, and passive: That *smiles* will hardly become me: That I must be prim and formal, and reverence my husband. If you think this behaviour will become a married woman, and expect it from me, pray, my lord, put me right by your *frowns*, whenever I shall be wrong. For the future, if I ever find myself disposed to be very light-hearted, I will ask your leave before I give way to it. And now, what is next to be done? humorously courtesying, her hands before her.

He clasped her in his arms: Dear provoking creature! This, this is next to be done—I ask you but to love me half as much as I love you, and I shall be the happiest man on earth.

My lord, said I, you ruin all by this condescension on a speech and air so ungracious. If this is all you get by it, never, never my lord, fall out

again. O Charlotte! If you are not generous, you come off much, *much* too easily.

Well, now, my lord, said she, holding out her hand, as if threatening me, let you and me, man and wife like, join against the interposer in our quarrels—Harriet, I will not forgive you, for this last part of your lecture.

And thus was this idle quarrel made up. All that vexes me on the occasion is, that it was not made up with dignity on my lord's part. His honest heart so overflowed with joy at his lips, that the haughty creature, by her arch leers, every now and then, shewed, that she was sensible of her consequence to his happiness. But, Lucy, don't let her sink *too* low in your esteem: She has many fine qualities.

They prevailed on me to stay supper. Emily rejoiced in the reconciliation: Her heart was, as I may say, visible in her joy. *Can* I love her better than I do? If I *could*, she would, every time I see her, give me reason for it.

LETTER XV.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Wednesday, Noon, April 19.

IT would puzzle you to guess at a visitor I had this morning.—Honest Mr Fowler. I was very glad to see him. He brought me a letter from his worthy uncle. Good Sir Rowland! I had a joy that I thought I should not have had while I staid in London, on its being put into my hand, though the contents gave me sensible pain. I inclose it. It is dated from Caermarthen. Be pleased to read it here.

Caermarthen,

Caermarthen, April 11.

HOW shall I, in fit manner, inscribe my letter to the loveliest of women. I don't mean *because* of your loveliness; but whether as *daughter* or not, as you did me the honour to call yourself. Really and truly I must say, that I had rather call you by *another* name, though a little more remote as to consanguinity. Lord have mercy upon me, how have I talked of you! How many of our fine Caermarthen girls have I filled with envy of your peerless perfections!

Here am I settled to my heart's content, could I but obtain—You know whom I mean—A town of gentry: A fine country round us—A fine estate of our own. Esteemed, nay, for that matter, *beloved* by all our neighbours and tenants. Who so happy as Rowland Meredith, if his poor boy could be happy!—Ah, madam!—And can't it be so? I am *afraid* of asking. Yet I understand, that, notwithstanding all the Jack-a-dandies that have been fluttering about you, you are what you were when I left town. Some whispers have gone out of a fine gentleman indeed, who had a great kindness for you; but yet that something was in the way between you. The Lord bless and prosper my dear *daughter*, as I must then call you, and not *niece*, if you have any kindness for him. And if as how you have, it would be wonderfully gracious if you would but give half a hint of it to my nephew, or if so be you will not to him, to me, your *father* you know, under your own precious hand. The Lord be good unto me! But I shall never see the *she* that will strike my fancy as you have done. But what a dreadful thing would it be, if you, who are so much courted and admired by many fine gallants, should at last be taken with a man who could not be yours! God forbid that such a disastrous thing should happen! I profess to you, madam, that a tear or two have strayed down my cheeks

cheeks at the thoughts of it. For why? Because you played no tricks with any man: You never were a coquet, as they call 'em. You dealt plainly, sincerely, and tenderly too, to all men, of which my nephew and I can bear witness.

Well, but what now is the end of my writing?—Lord love you, cannot, cannot you at last give comfort to two honest hearts? Honefter you never knew! And yet, if you could, I dare say you would. Well then, and if you can't, we must sit down as contented as we can; that's all we have for it.—But, poor young man! Look at him, if you read this before him. *Strangely* altered! Poor young man!—And if as how you cannot, why then God blefs my *daughter*; that's all. And I do assure you, that you have our prayers every Lord's day, from the bottom of our hearts.

And now, if you will keep a secret, I will tell it you; and yet, when I began, I did not intend it: The poor youth must not know I do. It is done in the singleness of our hearts; and if you think we mean to gain your love for us by it, I do assure you, that you wrong us.—My nephew declares, that he never will marry, if it be not *somebody*: And he has made his will, and so have I his uncle; and, let me tell you, that if as how I cannot have a *niece*, my *daughter* shall be the better for having known, and treated as kindly as power was lent her,

*Her true friend, loving father,
and obedient servant,*

ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Love and service to Mr and Mrs Reeves, and all friends who enquire after me. Farewell. God blefs you! Amen.

Have you, could you, Lucy, read this letter with dry eyes? Generous, worthy, honest man! I
read

read but half way before Mr Fowler—Glad I was that I read no further. I should not have been able to have kept his uncle's secret if I had; had it been but to disclaim the acceptance of the generous purpose. The carrying it into effect would exceedingly distress me, *besides* the pain the demise of the honest man would give me; and the more, as I bespoke the fatherly relation from him myself. If such a thing were to be, Sir Charles Grandison's behaviour to the Danbys should be my example.

Do you know, Mr Fowler, said I, the contents of the letter you have put into my hand?

No further than that my uncle told me, it contained professions of fatherly love, and with *wishes only*—But without so much as expressing his *hopes*.

Sir Rowland is a good man, said I: I have not read above half his letter. There seems to be too much of the *father* in it for me to read further, before my *brother*. God bless my *brother* Fowler, and reward the *fatherly* love of Sir Rowland to his *daughter* Byron!—I must write to him.

Mr Fowler, poor man! profoundly sighed, bowed, with *such* a look of respectful acquiescence—Bless me, my dear, how am I to be distressed on all sides! by *good* men too, as Sir Charles could say he was by good women.

Is there nothing less than giving myself to either, that I can do to shew Mr Orme and Mr Fowler my true value for them?

Poor Mr Fowler!—Indeed he looks to be, as Sir Rowland hints, not well.—Such a modest, such an humble, such a silent lover!—He cost me tears at parting: I could not hide them. He heaped praises and good wishes upon me, and hurried away at last, to hide his emotion, with a sentence unfinished—God preserve you, dear and worthy Sir! was all I could *try* to say. The last words stuck in my throat till he was out of hearing; and then

then I prayed for blessings upon him and his uncle: And repeated them with fresh tears, on reading the rest of the affecting letter.

Mr Fowler told Mr Reeves, before I saw him, that he is to go to Caermarthen for the benefit of his native air in a week. He let him know where he lodged in town. He had been riding for his health and diversion about the country ever since his uncle went, and has not been yet at Caermarthen.

I wish Mr Fowler had once, if *but* once, called me *sister*: It would have been such a *kind* acquiescence, as would have given me some little pleasure on recollection. Methinks I don't know how to have done writing of Sir Rowland and Mr Fowler.

I sat down, however, while the uncle and nephew filled my thoughts, and wrote to the former. I have inclosed the copy of my letter. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XVI.

Miss BYRON, To Sir ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Wednesday, April 19.

IT was with great pleasure that I received, this day, the kindest letter that ever was written by a real father to his dearest child. I was resolved that I would not go to rest till I had acknowledged the favour.

How sweet is the name of *father* to a young person who, out of near one-and-twenty years of life, has for more than half the time been bereaved of hers; and who was also one of the best of men!

You gave me an additional pleasure in causing this remembrance of your promised paternal goodness

ness to be given me by Mr Fowler in person. Till I knew you and him, I had no father, no brother.

How good you are in your apprehensions that there may be a man on whom your daughter has cast her eye, and who cannot look upon *her* with the same distinction—O that I had been near you when you wrote that sweetly-compassionating, that indulgent passage! I would have wiped the tears from your eyes myself, and revered you as my true father.

You demand of me, *as* my father, a hint, or half a hint, as you call it, to be given to my brother Fowler; or, if not to him, to you. To him, whom I call father, I *mean* all the duty of a child. I call him not father *nominally* only: I will, irksome as the subject is, own without reserve, the truth to *you* (In tenderness to my brother, how could I to *him*?)—There *is* a man whom, and whom only, I could love as a good wife ought to love her husband. He is the best of men. O my good Sir Rowland Meredith! if you knew him, you would love him yourself, and own him for your son. I will not conceal his name from my father: Sir Charles Grandison is the man. Enquire about him. His character will rise upon you from every mouth. He engaged first all your daughter's gratitude, by rescuing her from a great danger and oppression; for he is as brave as he is good: And how could she help suffering a tenderness to spring up from her gratitude, of which she was never before sensible to any man in the world? There *is* something in the way, my good Sir; but not that proceeds from his flights or contempts. Your daughter could not live, if it were so. A glorious creature is in the way! who has suffered for him, who *does* suffer for him: He ought to be hers, and only hers; and if she can be recovered from a fearful malady that has seized her mind, he probably will. My daily prayers are, that God will restore her!

But

But yet, my dear Sir, my friend, my father! my esteem for this noblest of men is of such a nature, that I cannot give my hand to any other: My father Meredith would not wish me to give a hand without a heart.

This, Sir, is the case. Let it, I beseech you, rest within your own breast, and my brother Fowler's. How few minds are there delicate and candid enough to see circumstances of this kind in the light they ought to appear in! And pray for me, my good Sir Rowland, not that the way may be smoothed to what once would have crowned my wishes as to this life; but that Sir Charles Grandison may be happy with the lady that is, and ought to be, dearest to his heart; and that your daughter may be enabled to rejoice in their felicity. What, my good Sir, is this span of life, that a passenger through it should seek to overturn the interests of others to establish her own? And can the single life be a grievance? Can it be destitute of the noblest tenderneſſes? No, Sir. You that have lived to an advanced age, in a fair fame, surrounded with comforts, and as tender to a worthy nephew as the most indulgent father could be to the worthiest of sons, can testify for me, that it is not.

But now, Sir, one word—I disclaim, but yet in all thankfulness, the acceptance of the favour signified to be intended me in the latter part of the paternal letter before me. Our acquaintance began with a hope, on your side, that I could not encourage. As I could not, Shall I accept of the benefit from you, to which I could have only been intitled (and that as I had behaved) had I been able to oblige you?—No, Sir! I will not, in this case, be benefited, when I cannot benefit. Put me not therefore, I beseech you, Sir, if such an event (deplored by me, as it would be!) should happen, upon the necessity of enquiring after your other relations and friends. Sir Rowland Meredith my father, and
Mr

Mr Fowler my brother, are all to me of the family they distinguish by their relation, that I know at present. Let me not be made known to the rest by a distinction that would be unjust to them, and to yourself, as it must deprive you of the grace of obliging those who have more than a stranger's claim; and must, in the event, lay them under the appearance of an obligation to that stranger for doing them common justice.

I use the word *stranger* with reference to those of your family and friends, to whom I must really appear in that light. But laying these considerations aside, in which I am determined not to interfere with *them*, I am, with the tenderest regard, dear and good Sir,

*Your ever dutiful and
affectionate Daughter,*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVII.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Wednesday, April 19.

I SHALL dispatch this by your Gibson early in the morning. It was kind in you to bid him call in his way down; for now I shall be almost sure of meeting (if not my uncle) your brother, and who knows but my Lucy herself, at Dunstable? Where, barring accidents, I shall be on Friday night.

You will see some of the worthiest people in the world, my dear, if you come, all prepared to love you; but let not any-body be put to inconvenience to meet me at Dunstable. My noble friends here will proceed with me to Stratford, or even to Northampton, they say; but they will see me safe in the

protection of Somebody I love, and whom they must love for my sake.

I don't wonder that Sir Charles Grandison loves Mr Beauchamp: He is a very worthy and sensible man. He, as every-body else, idolizes Sir Charles. It is some pleasure to me, Lucy, that I stand high in his esteem. To be respected by the worthy is one of the greatest felicities in this life; since it is to be ranked as one of them. Sir Harry and his lady are come to town. All, it seems, is harmony in that family. They cannot bear Mr Beauchamp's absence from them for three days together. All the neighbouring gentlemen are in love with him. His manners are so gentle; his temper so even; so desirous to oblige; so genteel in his person; so pleasing in his address; he must undoubtedly make a good woman very happy.

But Emily, poor girl! sees only Sir Charles Grandison with eyes of love. Mr Beauchamp is, however, greatly pleased with Emily. He told Lady G. that he thought her a fine young creature; and that her mind was still more amiable than her person. But his behaviour to her is extremely prudent. He says finer things *of* her, than *to* her: Yet surely I am mistaken if he meditates not in her his future wife.

Mr Beauchamp will be one of my escorte.

Emily has made it her request, to go to Colnebrook with Lady L. after I am gone.

Mr Reeves will ride. Lord L. and Lord G. will also oblige me with their company on horseback.

Mrs Reeves is forbidden to venture; but Lady L. and Lady G. will not be denied coming with me.

I shall take leave of Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to-morrow morning; when they will set out for their projected tour. To-morrow we and the whole Grandison family are to dine together at Lord L.'s,
for

for the last time. It will be a mournful dining time, on that account.

Lady Betty Williams, her daughter, and Miss Clements, supped with us this night, and took leave of me in the tenderest manner. They greatly regretted my going down so soon as they call it.

As to the public diversions, which they wish me to stay and give into, to be sure I should have been glad to have been better qualified to have entertained you with the performances of this or that actor, this or that musician, and the like: But, frightened by the vile plot upon me at the masquerade, I was thrown out of that course of diversion, and indeed into more affecting, more interesting engagements; into the knowledge of a family that had no need to look out of itself for entertainments: And, besides, Are not all the company we see, as visitors or guests, full of these things? I have seen the principal performers, in every way, often enough to give me a notion of their performances, though I have not troubled you with such common things as revolve every season.

You know I am far from slighting the innocent pleasures in which others delight—It would have been happier for me, perhaps, had I had more leisure to attend those amusements, than I have found. Yet I am not sure either: For methinks, with all the pangs that my suspences have cost me, I would not but have known Sir Charles Grandison, his sisters, his Emily, and Dr Bartlett.

I could only have wished to have been spared Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's vile attempt: Then, if I had come acquainted with this family, it would have been as I came acquainted with others: My gratitude had not been engaged so deeply.

Well—But what signify I's?—What has been, has; what must be, must. Only love me, my dear friend, as you *used* to love me. If I was a good girl when I left you, I hope I am not a bad one now

that I am returning to you. My heart is not corrupted by the vanities of the great town: I have a little more experience than I had: And if I have severely paid for it, it is not at the price of my reputation. And I hope, if no-body has benefited by me, since I have been in town, that no one has suffered by me. Poor Mr Fowler!—I could not help it, you know. Had I, by little snares, follies, coquetries, sought to draw him on, and entangle him, his future welfare would with reason be more the subject of my solicitude, than it is now *necessary* it should be; though indeed I cannot *help* making it a good deal so.

Thursday Morning.

DR BARTLETT has just now taken leave of me, in my own dressing-room. The parting scene between us was tender.

I have not given you my opinion of Miss Williams. Had I seen her at my first coming to town, I should have taken as much notice of her, in my letters to you, as I did of the two Miss Brambers, Miss Darlington, Miss Cantillon, Miss Allestree, and others of my own sex; and of Mr Somner, Mr Barnett, Mr Walden, of the other; who took my first notice, as they fell early in my way; and with whom it is possible, as well as with the town diversions, I had been more intimate, had not Sir Hargrave's vile attempt carried me out of their acquaintance into a much higher; which of necessity, as well as choice, entirely engrossed my attention. But *now* how insipid would any new characters appear to you, if they were but of a like cast with those I have mentioned, were I to make *such* the subjects of my pen, and had I time before me; which I cannot have, to write again, before I embrace you all, my dear, my ever-dear and indulgent friends!

I will only say, that Miss Williams is a genteel girl; but will hardly be more than one of the *better* fort

fort of modern women of condition ; and that she is to be classed so *high*, will be more owing to Miss Clements' lessons, than, I am afraid, to her mother's example.

Is it, Lucy, that I have more experience and discernment now, or less charity and good nature, than when I first came to town ? for then I thought well, in the main, of Lady Betty Williams. But though she is a good-natured, obliging woman, she is so immersed in the love of public diversions ! so fond of routs, drums, hurricanes—Bless me, my dear ! how learned should I have been in all the gaieties of the modern life ; what a fine lady, possibly ; had I not been carried into more rational (however to me they have been more painful) scenes ; and had I followed the lead of this lady, as she (kindly, as to her intention) had designed I should !

In the afternoon Mr Beauchamp is to introduce Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp, on their first visit to the two sisters.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that my cousins and I are to attend the good Countess of D. for one half hour, after we have taken leave of Lady Olivia and her aunt.

And now, my Lucy, do I shut up my correspondence with you from London. My heart beats high with the hope of being as indulgently received by all you, my dearest friends, as I used to be after a shorter absence : For I am, and ever will be,

The grateful, dutiful, and affectionate,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVIII.

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Selby-house, Monday, April 24.

THOUGH the kind friends with whom I parted at Dunstable were pleased, one and all, to allow that the correspondence which is to pass between my dear Lady G. and their Harriet, should answer the just expectations of each upon her, in the writing way; and though (at *your* motion, remember, not at mine) they promised to be contented with hearing read to them such parts of my letters as you shall think proper to communicate; yet cannot I dispense with my duty to Lady L. my Emily, my cousin Reeves, and Dr Bartlett. Accordingly, I write to them by this post; and I charge *you*, my dear, with my sincere and thankful compliments to your lord, and to Mr Beauchamp, for their favours.

What an agreeable night, in the main, was Friday night! Had we not been to separate next morning, it would have been an agreeable one indeed!

Is not my aunt Selby an excellent woman? But you all admired her. She admires you all. I will tell you, another time, what she said of *you*, my dear, in particular.

My cousin Lucy, too—is she not an amiable creature?—Indeed you all were delighted with her. But I take pleasure in recollecting your approbations of one I so dearly love. She is as prudent as Lady L. and now our Nancy is so well recovered, as chearful as Lady G. You said, you would provide a good husband for her: Don't forget. The man, whoever he be, cannot be too good for my Lucy. Nancy is such another good girl: But so I told you.

Well,

Well, and pray, did you ever meet with so pleasant a man as my uncle Selby? What should we have done, when we talked of your brother, when we talked of our parting, had it not been for him? You looked upon me every now-and-then, when he returned your smartness upon him, as if you thought I had let him know some of your perverseness to Lord G.—And do you think I did not? Indeed I did. Can you imagine that your frank-hearted Harriet, who hides not from her friends her own faults, should conceal yours?—But what a particular character is yours! Every body blames you, that knows of your over-livelinesses; yet every body loves you—I think, for your very faults. Had it not been so, do you imagine I could ever have loved you, after you had led Lady L. to join with you, on a certain teasing occasion?—My uncle doats upon you.

But don't tell Emily that my cousin James Selby is in love with her. That he may not, on the score of the dear girl's fortune, be thought presumptuous, let me tell you, that he is almost of age; and, when he is, comes into possession of an handsome estate. He has many good qualities. I have, in short, a very great value for him; but not enough, though he is my relation, to wish him my still more beloved Emily. Dear creature! methinks I still feel her parting tears on my cheek!

You charge me to be as minute, in the letters I write to you, as I used to be to my friends here: And you promise to be as circumstantial in yours. I will set you the example: Do you be sure to follow it.

We bated at Stoney Stratford. I was *afraid* how it would be: There were the two bold creatures, Mr Greville and Mr Fenwick, ready to receive us. A handsome collation, as at our setting out, so now, bespoke by them, was set on the table. How they came by their intelligence, no body knows:

knows : We were all concerned to see them. They seemed half-mad for joy. My cousin James had alighted to hand us out ; but Mr Greville was so earnest to offer his hand, and though my cousin was equally ready, I thought I could not deny to his solicitude for the poor favour such a mark of civility. Besides, if I had, it would have been distinguishing him for more than a common neighbour, you know. Mr Fenwick took the other hand, when I had stepped out of the coach, and then (with so much pride, as made me ashamed of myself) they hurried me between them through the inn-yard, and into the room they had engaged for us ; blessing themselves, all the way, for my coming down Harriet Byron.

I looked about, as if for the dear friends I had parted with at Dunstable. This is not, thought I, so delightful an inn as they made that—Now *they*, thought I, are pursuing their road to London, as we are ours to Northampton. But ah ! where, where is Sir Charles Grandison at this time ? And I sighed ! But don't read this, and such strokes as this, to any body but Lord and Lady L.—You won't, you say—Thank you, Charlotte—I will call you *Charlotte*, when I think of it, as you commanded me.

The joy we had at Dunstable was easy, serene, deep, full, as I may say ; it was the joy of sensible people : But the joy here was made by the two gentlemen, mad, loud, and even noisy. They hardly were able to contain themselves ; and my uncle, and cousin James, were forced to be loud, to be heard.

Mr Orme, good Mr Orme, when we came near his park, was on the highway-side, perhaps near the very spot where he stood to see me pass to London so many weeks ago—Poor man !—When I first saw him (which was before the coach came near, for I looked out only, as thinking I would
mark

mark the place where I last beheld him), he looked with so *disconsolate* an air, and so fixed, that I compassionately said to myself, surely the worthy man has not been there ever since!

I twitched the string just in time: The coach stopt. Mr Orme, said I, how do you? Well, I hope?—How does Miss Orme?

I had my hand on the coach-door. He snatched it. It was not an unwilling hand. He pressed it with his lips. God be praised, said he (with a countenance, O how altered for the better!) for permitting me once more to behold that face—that *angelic* face, he said.

God bless you, Mr Orme! said I: I am glad to see you. Adieu.

The coach drove on. Poor Mr Orme! said my aunt.

Mr Orme, Lucy, said I, don't look so ill as you wrote he was.

His joy to see you, returned she—But Mr Orme is in a declining way.

Mr Greville, on the coach stopping, rode back just as it was going on again—And with a loud laugh—How the d—l came Orme to know of your coming, madam!—Poor fellow! It was very kind of you to stop your coach to speak to the statue. And he laughed again.—Nonfensical: At what!

My grandmamma Shirley, dearest of parents! her youth, as she was pleased to say, renewed by the expectation of so soon seeing her darling child, came (as my aunt told us, you know) on Thursday night to Selby-house, to charge her and Lucy with her blessing to me; and resolving to stay there to receive me. Our beloved Nancy was also to be there; so were two other cousins, Kitty and Patty Holles, *good* young creatures; who, in my absence, had attended my grandmamma at every convenient opportunity, and whom I also found here.

When

When we came within sight of this house, Now, Harriet, said Lucy, I see the same kind of emotions beginning to arise in your face and bosom, as Lady G. told us you shewed when you first saw your aunt at Dunstable. My grandmamma! said I, I am in sight of the dear house that holds her: I hope she is here. But I will not surprise her with my joy to see her. Lie still, throbbing, impatient heart.

But when the coach set us down at the inner-gate, *there*, in the outward-hall, sat my blessed grandmamma. The moment I beheld her, my intended caution forsook me: I sprang by my aunt, and before the foot-step could be put down, flew, as it were, out of the coach, and threw myself at her feet, wrapping my arms about her; Bless, bless, said I, your Harriet! I could not, at the moment, say another word.

Great God! said the pious parent, her hands and eyes lifted up, Great God! I thank thee! Then folding her arms about my neck, she kissed my forehead, my cheek, my lips—God bless my love! Pride of my life! the most precious of a hundred daughters! How does my child—My Harriet—O my love!—After such dangers, such trials, such harassings—Once more. God be praised that I clasp to my fond heart my Harriet!

Separate them, separate them, said my facetious uncle (yet he had tears in his eyes), before they grow together?—Madam, to my grandmamma, she's *our* Harriet as well as *yours*: Let us welcome the *saucy* girl, on her re-entrance into these doors!—Saucy, I suppose, I shall soon find her.

My grandmamma withdrew her fond arms: Take her, take her, said she, each in turn: But I think I never can part with her again.

My uncle saluted me, and bid me very kindly welcome home—So did every one.

How

How can I return the obligations which the love of all my friends lays upon me? To be good, to be grateful, is not enough; since *that* one ought to be for one's own sake. Yet how can I be even grateful to them with half a heart. Ah Lady G. don't you think I look silly to myself? You bid me be free in my confessions. You promise to look my letters over before you read them to any body; and to mark passages proper to be kept to yourself—Pray do.

Mr Greville and Mr Fenwick were here separately, an hour ago: I thanked them for their civility on the road, and not *ungraciously*, as Mr Greville told my uncle, as to him. He was not, he said, without hopes yet; since I knew not how to be ungrateful. Mr Greville builds, as he always did, a merit on his civility; and by that means sinks, in the narrower lover, the claim he might otherwise make to the title of the generous neighbour.

MISS ORME has just been here. She could not help throwing in a word of her brother.

You will guess, my dear Lady G. at the subject of our conversations here, and what they *will be*, morning, noon, and night, for a week to come. My grandmamma is better in health than I have known her for a year or two past. The health of people in years *can* mend but slowly; and they are slow to acknowledge it in their own favour. My grandmamma, however, allows that she is better within these few days past; but attributes the amendment to her Harriet's return.

How do they all bless, revere, extol your noble brother!—How do they wish—And how do they regret—You know what—Yet how ready are they to applaud your Harriet, if she can hold her magnanimity, in preferring the happiness of Clementina to her own!—My grandmamma and aunt are
of

of opinion that I *should*, and they praise me for the generosity of my effort, whether the superior merits of the man will or will not allow me to succeed in it. But my uncle, my Lucy, and my Nancy, from their unbounded love of me, think a little, and *but* a little narrower; and, believing it will go hard with me, say it is hard. My uncle, in particular, says, the very pretension is flight and nonsense: But, however, if the girl, added he, can *parade* away her passion for an object so worthy, with all my heart: It will be but just, that the romancing elevations, which so often drive headstrong girls into difficulties, should now and then help a more discreet one out of them.

Adieu, my beloved Lady G. *Repeated* compliments, love, thanks to my Lord and Lady L. to my Emily, to Dr Bartlett, to Mr Beauchamp, and particularly to my Lord G. Dear, dear Charlotte, be good! Let me beseech you be good! If you are *not*, you will have every one of *my* friends against you; for those of them who met you at Dunstable find but one fault in my lord: It is, that he seems too fond of a wife, who, by her archness of looks, and half-faucy turns upon him, even before them, evidently shewed—Shall I say what?

But I stand up for you, my dear. Your gratitude, your generosity, your honour, I say (and why should I not add your *duty*?) will certainly make you one of the most obliging of wives to the most affectionate of husbands.

My uncle says, he hopes so: But though he adores you for a friend, and the companion of a lively hour, yet he does not know but his *Dame* Selby is *still* the woman whom a man should prefer for a wife: And she, said he, is full as faucy as a wife need to be, though I think, Harriet, that she has not been the less dutiful of late for *your* absence.

Once

Once more, adieu, my dear Lady G. and continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

Thursday, April 27.

EVERY one of the Dunstable party says, that you are a grateful and good girl. Beauchamp can talk of nobody else of our sex: I believe in my conscience he is in love with you. I think all the unprovided-for young women, wherever you come, must hate you. Were you never by surprize carried into the chamber of a friend labouring with the small-pox in the infectious stage of it?—O, but I think you once said you had had that distemper. But your mind, Harriet, were your face to be ruined, would make you admirers. The fellows who could think of preferring even such a face to such a heart, may be turned over to the class of insignificants.

Is not your aunt Selby, you ask, an excellent woman?—She is. I admire her. But I am very angry with you for deferring to another time acquainting me with what she said of *me*. When we are taken with any body, we love they should be taken with us. Teazing Harriet! You know what an immoderate quantity of curiosity I have. Never serve me so again!

I am in love with your cousin Lucy. Were either Fenwick or Greville good enough—But they are not. I think she shall have Mr Orme. Nancy, you say, is such another good girl. I don't doubt it. Is she not your cousin, and Lucy's sister? But I cannot undertake for every good girl who wants

a husband. I wish I had seen Lucy a fortnight ago: Then Nancy might have had Mr Orme, and Lucy should have had Lord G. He admires her greatly. And do you think that a man, who at that time professed for me so much love and service, and all that, would have scrupled to oblige me, had I (as I easily should) proved to him, that he would have been a much happier man than he could hope to be with somebody else?

Your uncle is a pleasant man: But tell him I say, that the man would be out of his wits, that did not make the preference he does in favour of his *dame* Selby, as he calls her. Tell him also, if you please, in return for his plain dealing, that I say, he *studies* too much for his pleasantries: He is continually hunting for occasions to be smart. I have heard my father say, that this was the fault of some wits of his acquaintance, whom he ranked among the wit-lings for it. If you think it will mortify him more, you may tell him (for I am very revengeful when I think myself affronted), that were I at liberty, which, God help me! I am not, I would sooner chuse for a husband the man I *have* (poor soul, as I now and then think him) than such a teasing creature as himself, were *both* in my power, and both of an age. And I should have this good reason for my preference: Your uncle and I should have been too much alike, and so been jealous of each other's wit; whereas I can make my honest Lord G. look about him, and admire me strangely whenever I please.

But I am, it seems, a person of a particular character. Every one, you say, loves me, yet blames me. Odd characters, my dear, are needful to make even characters shine. You good girls would not be valued as you are, if there were not bad ones. Have you not heard it said, that all human excellence is but comparative? Pray allow of the contrast. You, I am sure, ought. You are an
ungrateful

ungrateful creature, if, whenever you think of my over-livelinesses, as you call 'em, you don't drop a courtesy, and say, you are obliged to me.

But still the attack made upon you in your dressing-room at Colnebrook, by my sister and me, sticks in your stomach—And why so? We were willing to shew you, that we were *not* the silly people you must have thought us, had we not been able to distinguish light from darkness. You, who ever were, I believe, one of the frankest-hearted girls in Britain, and admired for the ease and dignity given you by that frankness, were growing awkward, nay dishonest. Your gratitude! your gratitude! was the dust you wanted to throw into our eyes, that we might not see that you were governed by a stronger motive. You called us your friends, your sisters, but treated us not as either; and this man, and that, and t'other, you could refuse; and why? No reason given for it; and we were to be popt off with your gratitude, truly!—We were to believe just what you said, and no more; nay, not so much as you said. But we were not so implicit. Nor would *you*, in our case, have been so.

But “you, perhaps, would not have violently broken in upon a poor thing, who thought we were blind, because she was not willing we should see.”—May be not: But then, in that case, we were *honest*er than you would have been; that's all. Here, said I, Lady L. is this poor girl awkwardly struggling to conceal what every body sees; and, seeing, applauds her for, the man considered [yes, Harriet, the man considered; be pleased to take that in]: Let us, in pity, relieve her. She is thought to be frank, open-hearted, communicative; nay, she passes herself upon us in those characters: She sees we keep nothing from her. She has been acquainted with *your* love before wedlock; with *my* folly, in relation to Anderson: She had carried her head above a score or two of men.

not contemptible. She sits inthroned among *us*, while *we* make but common figures at her footstool: She calls us sisters, friends, and twenty pretty names. Let us acquaint her, that we see into her heart; and why Lord D. and others are so indifferent with her. If she is ingenuous, let us spare her; if not, leave *me* to punish her—Yet we will keep up her punctilio as to our brother; we will leave him to make his own discoveries. She may confide in his politeness; and the result will be happier for her; because she will then be under no restraint to us, and her native freedom of heart may again take its course.

Agreed, agreed, said Lady L.—And arm in arm we entered your dressing-room, dismissed the maid, and began the attack—And, O Harriet! how you hesitated, paraded, fooled on with us, before you came to a confession! Indeed you deserved not the mercy we shewed you—So, child, you had better to have let this part of your story sleep in peace.

You bid me not tell Emily, that your cousin is in love with her: But I think I will. Girls begin very early to look out for admirers. It is better, in order to stay her stomach, to find out one for her, than that she should find out one for herself; especially when the man is among ourselves, as I may say, and both in our own management, and at distance from each other. Emily is a good girl; but she has susceptibilities already: And though I would not encourage her as yet, to look out of herself for happiness, yet I would give her consequence with herself, and at the same time let her see, that there could be no mention made of anything that related to *her*, but what she should be acquainted with. Dear girl! I love her as well as you; and I pity her too: For she, as well as somebody else, will have difficulties to contend with, which she will not know easily how to get over; though

though she can in a flame so young, generously prefer the interest of a more excellent woman to her own.—There, Harriet, is a grave paragraph: You'll like me for it.

You are a very reflecting girl, in mentioning to me, so particularly, your behaviour to your Grevilles, Fenwicks, and Ormes. What is that but saying, See Charlotte! I am a much more complaisant creature to the men, no one of which I intend to have, than you are to your husband!

What a pious woman, indeed, must be your grandmamma, that she could suspend her joy, her long absent darling at her feet, till she had first thanked God for restoring her to her arms! But in this instance we see the force of habitual piety. Though not so good as I should be myself, I revere those who are so, and that I hope you will own is no bad sign.

Well, but now for ourselves, and those about us.

Lady Olivia has written a letter from Windsor to Lady L. It is in French; extremely polite. She promises to write to me from Oxford.

Lady Anne S. made me a visit this morning. She was more concerned than I wished to see her, on my confirming the report she had heard of my brother's being gone abroad. I rallied her a little too freely, as it was before Lord G. and Lord L. I never was better rebuked than by her; for she took out her pencil, and on the cover of a letter wrote these lines from Shakespeare, and slid them into my hand:

*And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Tho' I alone do feel the injury.*

I never, my dear, told you how freely this lady and I had talked of love: But, freely as we had talked, I was not aware that the matter lay so deep in her heart. I know not how to tell her that my brother had said, *it could not be*. I could have wept over her when I read this paper; and I owned myself by a whisper justly rebuked. She charged me not to let any man see this; particularly not either of those present: And do *you*, Harriet, keep what I have written of Lady Anne to yourself.

My aunt Eleanor has written a congratulatory letter to me from York. Sir Charles, it seems, had acquainted her with Lord G.'s day [not my day, Harriet! that is not the phrase, I hope!] as soon as he knew it himself; and she writes, supposing that I was actually *offered* on it. Women are victims on these occasions: I hope you'll allow me that. My brother has made it a point of duty to acquaint his father's sister with every matter of consequence to the family; and now, she says, that both her nieces are so well disposed of, she will come to town very quickly to see her new relations and us; and desires we will make room for her. And yet she owns, that my brother has informed her of his being obliged to go abroad; and she supposes him gone. As he is the beloved of her heart, I wonder she thinks of making this visit now he is absent: But we shall all be glad to see my aunt Nell. She is a good creature, tho' an old maid. I hope the old lady has not utterly lost either her invention, or memory; and then, between both, I shall be entertained with a great number of love stories of the last age; and perhaps of some dangers and escapes; which may serve for warnings for Emily. Alas! alas! they will come too late for your Charlotte!

I have written already the longest letter that I ever wrote in my life: Yet is prating; and to
you,

you, to whom I love to prate. I have not *near* done.

You bid me be good; and you threaten me, if I am not, with the ill opinion of all your friends: But I have such an unaccountable bias for roguery, or what shall I call it? that I believe it is impossible for me to take your advice. I have been examining myself. What a duce is the matter with me, that I cannot see my honest man in the same advantageous light in which he appears to every body else? Yet I do not, in my heart, dislike him. On the contrary, I know not, were I to look about me, far and wide, the man I would have wished to have called mine, rather than him. But he is so important about trifles; so nimble, yet so slow: He is so sensible of his own *intention* to please, and has so many antic motions in his obligingness, that I cannot forbear laughing at the very time that I ought perhaps to reward him with a gracious approbation.

I must fool on a little while longer, I believe: Permit me, Harriet, so to do, as occasions arise.

AN instance, an instance in point, Harriet. Let me laugh as I write. I did at the time.—What do you laugh at, Charlotte?—Why this poor man, or, as I should rather say, this lord and master of mine, has just left me. He has been making me both a compliment, and a present. And what do you think the compliment is? Why, if I please, he will give away to a virtuoso friend his collection of moths and butterflies: I once, he remembered, rallied him upon them. And by what study, thought I, wilt thou, honest man, supply their place? If thou hast a talent this way, pursue it; since perhaps thou wilt not shine in any other. And the *best* any thing, you know, Harriet, carries with it the appearance of excellence.

Nay,

Nay, he would also part with his collection of shells, if I had no objection.

To whom, my lord?—He had not resolved.—Why then, only as Emily is too little of a child, or you might give them to her. “Too little of a child, madam!” and a great deal of bustle and importance took possession of his features—Let me tell you, madam—I *won't* let you, my lord; and I laughed.

Well, madam, I hope here is something coming up that you will not disdain to accept of yourself.

Up came groaning under the weight, or rather under the *care*, two servants with baskets: A fine set of old japan china with brown edges, believe me. They set down their baskets, and withdrew.

Would you not have been delighted, Harriet, to see my lord busying himself with taking out, and putting in the windows, one at a time, the cups, plates, jars, and saucers, rejoicing and parading over them, and shewing his connoisseurship to his motionless admiring wife, in commending this and the other piece as a beauty? And when he had done, taking the *liberty*, as he had phrased it, half fearful, half resolute, to salute his bride for his reward; and then pacing backwards several steps, with such a strut and a crow—I see him yet!—Indulge me, Harriet!—I burst into a hearty laugh; I could not help it: And he, reddening, looked round himself, and round himself, to see if any thing was amiss in his garb. The *man*, the *man*! honest friend, I *could* have said, but had too much reverence for my husband, is the oddity! Nothing amiss in the garb. I quickly recollected myself, however, and put him in a good humour, by proper marks of my gracious acceptance. On reflection, I could not bear myself for vexing the honest man when he had meant to oblige me.

How soon I may relapse again, I know not.—O Harriet! Why did you beseech me to be good? I think

think in my heart I have the stronger inclination to be bad for it! You call me *perverse*: If you think me so, bid me be faucy, bid me be bad; and I may then, like other good wives, take the contrary course for the sake of dear contradiction.

Shew not however (I in turn beseech you) to your grandmamma and aunt, such parts of this letter as would make them despise me. You say you stand up for me; I have need of your advocacy: Never let me want it. And do I not, after all, do a greater credit to my good-man, when I can so heartily laugh in the wedded state, than if I were to sit down with my finger in my eye?

I have taken your advice, and presented my sister with my half of the jewels. I desired her to accept them, as they were my mother's, and for her sake. This gave me a value with her, more than equal to their worth: But Lord L. is uneasy, and declares he will not suffer Lady L. long to lie under the obligation. Were every one of family in South Britain and North Britain to be as generous and disinterested as Lord L. and our family, the union of the two parts of the island would be complete.

LORD help this poor obliging man! I wish I don't love him at last. He has taken my hint, and has presented his collection of shells (a very fine one, he says, it is) to Emily; and they two are actually busied (and will be for an hour or two, I doubt not) in admiring them; the one strutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the present; the other courtesying ten times in a minute, to shew her gratitude. Poor man! When his virtuoso friend has got his butterflies and moths, I am afraid he must set up a turner's shop for employment. If he loved reading, I could, when our visiting hurries are over, set him to read me the new things that come out, while I knit or work; and, if he loved writing, to copy the letters which
pass

pass between you and me, and those for you which I expect with so much impatience from my brother by means of Dr Bartlett. I think he spells pretty well, for a lord.

I have no more to say, at present, but compliments, without number or measure, to all you so deservedly love and honour; as well those I have not seen as those I have.

Only one thing: Reveal to me all the secrets of your heart; and how that heart is from time to time affected; that I may know whether you are capable of that greatness of mind in a love-case that you shew in all others. We will allow you all to love Sir Charles Grandison. Those who do, give honour to themselves, if their eyes stop not at person, *his* having so many advantages. For the same reason, I make no apologies, and never did, for praising my brother, as any other lover of him might do.

Let me know every thing how and about your fellows, too. Ah! Harriet, you make not the use of power that I would have done in your situation. I was half-sorry when my hurrying brother made me dismiss Sir Walter; and yet, to have but two dangles after one are poor doings for a fine lady. Poorer still to have but one!

Here's a letter as long as my arm. Adieu. I was loth to come to the name: But defer it ever so long, I must subscribe, at last,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Miss JERVOIS, To Miss BYRON.**Monday, May 1.*

O MY dearest, my honoured Miss Byron, how you have shamed your Emily by sending a letter to her; such a sweet letter too! before I have paid my duty to you, in a letter of thanks for all your love to me, and for all your kind instructions. But I began once, twice, and thrice, and wrote a great deal each time, but could not please myself: You, madam, are *such* a writer, and I am such a *poor thing* at my pen!—But I know you will accept the heart. And so my very diffidence shews pride; since it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer: And yet this very letter, I foresee, will be the worse for my diffidence, and not the better: For I don't like this beginning neither.—But come, it shall go. Am I not used to your goodness? And do you not bid me prattle to you, in my letters, as I used to do in your dressing-room? O what sweet advice have you and do you return for my silly prate! And so I will begin.

And *was* you grieved at parting with your Emily on Saturday morning? I am sure I was very much concerned at parting with you. I could not help crying all the way to town; and Lady G. shed tears as well as I; and so did Lady L. several times; and said, You are the loveliest, best young lady in the world. And we all praised likewise your aunt, your cousin Lucy, and young Mr Selby. How good are all your relations! They must be good! And Lord L. and Lord G. for men, were
as

* *The letter to which this is an answer, as well as those written by Miss Byron to her cousin Reeves, Lady L. &c. and theirs in return are omitted.*

as much concerned as we at parting with you. Mr Reeves was *so* dull all the way!—Poor Mr Reeves, he was very dull. And Mr Beauchamp, *he* praised you to the very skies; and in such a pretty manner too! Next to my guardian, I think Mr Beauchamp is a very agreeable man. I fancy these noble sisters, if the truth were known, don't like him so well as their brother does: Perhaps *that* may be the reason out of jealousy, as I may say, if there be any thing in my observation. But they are vastly civil to him, nevertheless; yet they never praise him when his back is turned; as they do others, who can't say half the good things that he says.

Well, but enough of Mr Beauchamp. My guardian! my gracious, my kind, my indulgent guardian! who, that thinks of him, can praise any body else?

O madam! where is he now? God protect and guide my guardian, where-ever he goes! This is my prayer, first and last, and I can't tell how often in the day. I look for him in every place I have seen him in [and pray tell me, madam, did not *you* do so when he had left us?]; and when I can't find him, I do *so* sigh!—What a pleasure, yet what a pain, is there in sighing, when I think of him! Yet I know I am an innocent girl. And this I am sure of, that I wish him to be the husband of but one woman in the whole world; and that is you. But then my next wish is—You know what—Ah my Miss Byron! you must let me live with you and my guardian, if you should ever be Lady Grandison.

But, here, madam, are sad doings sometimes between Lord and Lady G. I am very angry at her often in my heart; yet I cannot help laughing now-and-then at her out of the way sayings. Is not her character a very new one? Or are there more such young wives? I could not do as she does, were I to be queen of the globe. Every
body

body blames her. She will make my lord not love her at last. Don't you think so? And then what will she get by her wit?

Just this moment she came into my closet—Writing, Emily? said she: To whom?—I told her.—Don't tell tales out of school, Emily.—I was so afraid that she would have asked to see what I had written: But she did not. To be sure she is very polite, and knows what belongs to herself, and every body else: To be ungenerous, as you once said, to her husband only, that is a very sad thing to think of.

Well, and I would give any thing to know if you think what I have written tolerable, before I go any farther: But I will go on this way, since I cannot do better. Bad is my best; but you shall have quantity, I warrant, since you bid me write long letters.

But I have seen my mother: It was but yesterday. She was in a mercer's shop in Covent-garden. I was in Lord L.'s chariot; only Anne was with me. Anne saw her first; I alighted, and asked her blessing in the shop: I am sure I did right. She blessed me, and called me dear love. I staid till she had bought what she wanted, and then I slid down the money, as if it were her own doing; and glad I was I had so much about me; It came but to four guineas. I begged her, speaking low, to forgive me for so doing: And finding she was to go home as far as Soho, and had thoughts of having a hackney-coach called, I gave Anne money for a coach for herself, and waited on my mother to her own lodgings; and it being Lord L.'s chariot, she was so good as to dispense with my alighting.

She blessed my guardian all the way, and blessed me. She said, she would not ask me to come to see her, because it might not be thought proper, as

my guardian was abroad: But she hoped she might be allowed to come and see me sometimes.—Was she not very good, madam? But my guardian's goodness makes every body good.—O that my mamma had been always the same! I should have been but too happy.

God bless my guardian, for putting me on enlarging her power to live handsomely. Only as a coach brings on other charges, and people must live accordingly, or be discredited, instead of credited, by it, or I should hope the additional two hundred a-year might afford her one. Yet one does not know but Mr O'Hara may have been in debt before he married her; and I fancy he has people who hang upon him. But if it pleases God, I will not, when I am at age, and have a coach of my own, suffer my mother to walk on foot. What a blessing is it to have a guardian that will second every good purpose of one's heart!

Lady Olivia is rambling about; and I suppose she will wait here in England till Sir Charles return: But I am sure he never will have her. A wicked wretch, with her poinards! Yet it is pity! She is a fine woman. But I hate her for her expectation, as well as for her poinard. And a woman to leave her own country to seek for a husband! I could die before I could do so! though to such a man as my guardian. Yet once I thought I could have liked to have lived with her at Florence. She had some good qualities, and is very generous, and in the main well esteemed in her own country; every body knew she loved my guardian: But I don't know how it is; no body blamed her for it, vast as the difference in fortune then was. But that is the glory of being a virtuous man; to love him is a credit, instead of a shame. O madam! Who would not be virtuous? And that not only for their own, but for their friends'

friends' fakes, if they loved their friends, and wished them to be well thought of?

Lord W. is very desirous to hasten his wedding.

Mr Beauchamp says, that all the Mansfields (he knows them) bless my guardian every day of their lives; and their enemies tremble. He has commissions from my guardian to enquire and act in their cause, that no time may be lost to do them service, against his return.

We have had another visit from Lady Beauchamp, and have returned it. She is very much pleased with us: You see I say *us*. Indeed my two dear ladies are very good to me: but I have no merit: It is all for their brother's sake.

Mr Beauchamp tells us, just now, that his mother-in-law has joined with his father, at their own motion, to settle 1000 *l.* a-year upon him. I am glad of it, with all my heart: Are not you? He is all gratitude upon it. He says, that he will redouble his endeavours to oblige her: and that his gratitude to her, as well as his duty to his father, will engage his utmost regard for her.

Mr Beauchamp, Sir Harry himself and my lady, are continually blessing my guardian: Every body, in short, blesses him.—But, ah! madam, where is he at this moment? O that I were a bird! that might hover over his head, and sometimes bring tidings to his friends of his motions and good deeds. I would often flap my wings, dear Miss Byron, at your chamber-window, as a signal of his welfare, and then fly back again, and perch as near him as I could.

I am very happy, as I said before, in the favour of Lady and Lord L. and Lady and Lord G.; but I never shall be so happy, as when I had the addition of your charming company. I miss you and my guardian: O how I miss you both! But, dearest Miss Byron, love me not the less, though

now I have put pen to paper, and you see what a poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in conversation; but when they are so silly as to put pen to paper, they expose themselves; as I have done, in this long piece of scribble. But accept it, nevertheless, for the true love I bear you; and a truer love never flamed in any bosom, to any one the most dearly beloved, than does in mine for you.

I am afraid I have written arrant nonsense, because I knew not how to express half the love that is in the heart of

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XXI.

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Tuesday, May 2.

I HAVE no patience with you, Lady G. You are ungenerously playful. Thank heaven, if this be wit, that I have none of it. But what signifies expostulating with one who knows herself to be faulty, and will not amend? How many stripes, Charlotte, do you deserve?—But you never spared any body, not even your brother, when the humour was upon you. So make haste; and since you will lay in stores of repentance, fill up your measure as fast as you can.

“Reveal to you the state of my heart:”—Ah, my dear! it is an unmanageable one. “Greatness of mind!”—I don’t know what it is.—All his excellencies, his greatness, his goodness, his modesty, his chearfulness under such afflictions as would weigh down every other heart that had but half the compassion in it with which his overflows
—Must

—Must not all other men appear little, and, less than little, nothing, in my eyes?—It is an instance of patience in me, that I can endure any of them who pretend to regard me out of my own family.

I thought, that when I got down to my dear friends here, I should be the better enabled, by their prudent counsels, to attain the desirable frame of mind which I had promised myself: But I find myself mistaken. My grandmamma and aunt are such admirers of him, take such a share in the disappointment, that their advice has not the effect I had hoped it would have. Lucy, Nancy, are perpetually reminding me of his excellencies, by calling upon me to tell them something of Sir Charles Grandison; and when I begin, I know not how to leave off. My uncle rallies me, laughs at me, sometimes reminds me of what he calls my former brags. I did not brag, my dear: I only hoped, that respecting as I did *every* man according to his merit, I should never be greatly taken with *any* one, before duty added force to the inclination. Methinks the company of the friends I am with does not satisfy me; yet they never were dearer to me than they now are. I want to have Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. Dr Bartlett, my Emily with me. To lose you all at once!—is hard!—There seems to be a strange void in my heart—And so much, at present, for that state of that heart.

I always had reason to think myself greatly obliged to my friends and neighbours all around us; but never, till my return, after these few months absence, knew how much. So many kind visiters; such unaffected expressions of joy on my return; that, had I not a very great counterbalance on my heart, would be enough to make me proud.

My grandmamma went to Shirley manor on Saturday; on Monday I was with her all day: But

she would have it that I should be melancholy if I staid with her. And she is *so* self-denyingly careful of her Harriet! There never was a more noble heart in woman. But her *solitary* moments, as my uncle calls them, are her moments of joy. And why? Because she then divests herself of all that is either painful or pleasurable to her in this life: For she says, that her cares for her Harriet, and especially *now*, are at least a balance for the delight she takes in her.

You command me to acquaint you with what passes between me and the gentlemen in my neighbourhood; in your stile, *my fellows*.

Mr Fenwick invited himself to breakfast with my aunt Selby yesterday morning. I would not avoid him.

I will not trouble you with the particulars: You know well enough what men will say on the subject upon which you will suppose he wanted to talk to me. He was extremely earnest. I besought him to accept my thanks for his good opinion of me, as all the return I could make him for it; and this in so very serious a manner, that my heart was fretted, when he declared, with warmth, his determined perseverance.

Mr Greville made us a tea-visit in the afternoon. My uncle and he joined to rally us poor women, as usual. I left the defence of the sex to my aunt and Lucy. How poor appears to me every conversation now with these men!—But hold, saucy Harriet, was not your uncle Selby one of the ralliers?—But he does not believe all he says; and therefore cannot wish to be so much regarded, on this topic, as he ought to be by me, on others.

After the run of raillery was over, in which Mr Greville made exceptions favourable to the women present, he applied to every one for their interest with me, and to me to countenance his address. He set forth his pretensions very pompously, and
mentioned

mentioned a considerable increase of his fortune, which before was a handsome one. He offered our own terms. He declared his love for me above all women, and made his happiness in the next world, as well as in this, depend upon my favour to him.

It was easy to answer all he said; and is equally so for you to guess in what manner I answered him: And he finding me determined, began to grow vehement, and even affrontive. He hinted to me, that he *knew* what had made me so very resolute. He threw out threatnings against the man, be he who he would, and should stand in the way of his success with me; at the same time intimating saucily, as I may say (for his manner had insult in it), that it was impossible a certain event could ever take place.

My uncle was angry with him; so was my aunt: Lucy was still more angry than they: But I, standing up, said, Pray, my dear friends, take nothing amiss that Mr Greville has said.—He once told me, that he would set spies upon my conduct in town. If, Sir, your spies have been just, I fear nothing they can say. But the hints you have thrown out shew such a total want of all delicacy of mind, that you must not wonder if my *heart* rejects you. Yet I am not angry: I reproach you not: Every one has his peculiar way. All that is left me to say or do, is to thank you for your favourable opinion of me, as I have thanked Mr Fenwick: And to desire that you will allow me to look upon you as my neighbour, and *only* as my neighbour.

I courtesied to him, and withdrew.

But my great difficulty had been before with Mr Orme.

His sister had desired that I would see her brother. He and she were invited by my aunt to dinner on Tuesday. They came. Poor man! He is not well! I am sorry for it. Poor Mr Orme is not well! He made me such *honest* compliments, as I may say: His *heart* was too much in his civilities to

to raise them above the civilities that justice and truth might warrant in favour of a person highly esteemed. Mine was filled with compassion for him; and that compassion would have shewed itself in tokens of tendernefs, more than once, had I not restrained myself for *his* sake.

How you, my dear Lady G. can delight in giving pain to an honest heart, I cannot imagine. I would make all God Almighty's creatures happy, if I could; and so would your noble brother. Is he not crossing dangerous seas, and ascending, through almost perpetual snows, those dangerous Alps which I have heard described with such terror, for the generous end of relieving distress?

I made Mr Orme sit next me. I was assiduous to help him, and do to him all the little offices which I thought would light up pleasure in his modest countenance; and he was quite another man. It gave delight to his sister, and to all my friends, to see him smile, and look happy.

I think, my dear Lady G. that when Mr Orme looks pleasant, and at ease, he resembles a little the good-natured Lord G.—O that you would take half the pains to oblige him, that I do to relieve Mr Orme!—*Half the pains*, did I say! That you would not take pains to *dis*-oblige him; and he would be, of course, obliged. Don't be afraid, my dear, that, in such a world as this, things will not happen to make you uneasy without your studying for them.

Excuse my seriousness. I am indeed *too* serious at times.

But when Mr Orme requested a few minutes audience of me, as he called it, and I walked with him into the cedar parlour, which you have heard me mention, and with which I hope you will be one day acquainted; he paid, poor man! for his too transient pleasure. Why would he urge a denial that he could not but know I must give?

His

His sister and I had afterwards a conference. I was greatly affected by it; and at last besought her, if she valued my friendship as I did hers, never more to mention to me a subject which gave me a pain too sensible for my peace.

She requested me to assure her, that neither Mr Greville, nor Mr Fenwick, might be the man. They both took upon them, she said, to ridicule her brother for the profound respect, even to reverence, that he bore me; which, if he knew, might be attended with consequences: For that her brother, mild and gentle as was his passion for me, had courage to resent any indignities that might be cast upon him by spirits boisterous as were those of the two gentlemen she had named; she never therefore told her brother of their scoffs. But it would go to her heart, if either of them should succeed, or have reason but for a distant hope.

I made her heart easy on that score.

I have just now heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is come from abroad already. What can be the meaning of it? He is so low-minded, so malicious a man, and I have suffered so much from him—What can be the meaning of this sudden return? I am told that he is actually in London. Pray, my dear Lady G. inform yourself about him; and whether he thinks of coming into these parts.

Mr Greville, when he met us at Stoney-Stratford, threw out menaces against Sir Hargrave, on my account; and said, It was well he was gone abroad. I told him then, that he had no business, even were Sir Hargrave present, to engage himself in my quarrels.

Mr Greville is an impetuous man; a man of rough manners; and makes many people afraid of him. He has, I believe, *indeed*, had his spies about me; for he seems to know every thing that has befallen me in my absence from Selby-house.

He

He has dared also to threaten somebody else. Insolent wretch! But he hinted to me yesterday, that he was exceedingly pleased with the news, that a certain gentleman was gone abroad, in order to prosecute a *former amour*, was the light wretch's as light expression. If my indignant eyes could have killed him, he would have fallen dead at my foot.

Let the constant and true respects of all my friends to you and yours, and to my beloved Emily, be always, for the future, considered as very affectionately expressed, whether the variety of other subjects leave room for a particular expression of them, or not, by, my dearest Lady G.

Your faithful, and over-obliged
HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXII.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

Saturday, May 6.

I THANK you, Harriet, for yours. What must your fellows think of you? In this gross age, your delicacy must astonish them. There used to be more of it formerly. But how should men know any thing of it, when women have forgot it? Lord be thanked, we females, since we have been admitted into so constant a share of the public diversions, want not courage. We can give the men stare for stare wherever we meet them. The next age, nay, the rising generation, must surely be all heroes and heroines. But whither has this word *delicacy* carried me; me who, it seems, have faults to be corrected for, of another sort; and who want not the *courage* for which I congratulate others?

But

But to other subjects. I could write a vast deal of stuff about my lord and self, and Lord and Lady L. who assume parts which I know not how to allow them : And sometimes they threaten me with my brother's resentments, sometimes with my Harriet's ; so that I must really have leading-strings fastened to my shoulders. O my dear ! a fond husband is a surfeiting thing ; and yet I believe most women love to be made monkeys of.

BUT all other subjects must now give way. We have heard *of*, though not *from* my brother. A particular friend of Mr Lowther was here with a letter from that gentleman, acquainting us, that Sir Charles and he were arrived at Paris.

Mr Beauchamp was with us when Mr Lowther's friend came. He borrowed the letter on account of the extraordinary adventure mentioned in it.

Make your heart easy in the first place about Sir Hargrave. He is indeed in town, but very ill. He was frightened into England, and intends not ever again to quit it. In all probability he owes it to my brother that he exists.

Mr Beauchamp went directly to Cavendish-square, and informed himself there of other particulars relating to the affair, from the very servant who was present, and acting in it ; and from those particulars, and Mr Lowther's letter, wrote one for Dr Bartlett. Mr Beauchamp obliged me with the perusal of what he wrote ; whence I have extracted the following account : For his letter is long and circumstantial ; and I did not ask his leave to take a copy, as he seemed desirous to hasten it to the doctor.

ON Wednesday the 29-30th of April, in the evening, as my brother was pursuing his journey to Paris, and was within two miles of that capital, a servant-man rode up, in visible terror, to his post-chaise, in

in which were Mr Lowther and himself, and besought them to hear his dreadful tale. The gentlemen stopt, and he told them, that his master, who was an Englishman, and his friend of the same nation, had been but a little while before attacked, and forced out of the road in their post-chaise, as he doubted not, to be murdered, by no less than seven armed horsemen; and he pointed to a hill at a distance, called Mont Matre, behind which they were at that moment perpetrating their bloody purpose. He had just before, he said, addressed himself to two other gentlemen, and their retinue, who drove on the faster for it.

The servant's great coat was open; and Sir Charles observing his livery, asked him, if he were not a servant of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? and was answered in the affirmative.

There are, it seems, trees planted on each side the road from St Denis to Paris, but which, as France is an open and uninclosed country, would not, but for the hill, have hindered the seeing a great way off the scuffling of so many men on horseback. There is also a ditch on either hand; but places left for owners to come at their grounds with their carts and other carriages. Sir Charles ordered the post-boy to drive to one of those passages, saying, he could not forgive himself, if he did not endeavour to save Sir Hargrave and his friend, whose name the man told him was Merceda.

His own servants were three in number, besides one of Mr Lowther's. My brother made Mr Lowther's servant dismount; and, getting himself on his horse, ordered the others to follow him. He begged Mr Lowther to continue in the chaise, bidding the dismounted servant stay and attend his master, and galloped away towards the hill. His ears were soon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches; and presently he saw two men on horseback holding the horses of four others, who had
under

under them the two gentlemen, struggling, groaning, and crying out for mercy.

Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his servants, calling out to spare the gentlemen, and bending his course to relieve the prostrate sufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horsemen, and advanced to meet him, with a shew of supporting the two men on foot in their violence, who continued laying on the wretches with the but-ends of their whips unmercifully.

As the assailants offered not to fly, and as they had more than time enough to execute their purpose, had it been robbery and murder, Sir Charles concluded, it was likely that these men were actuated by a private revenge. He was confirmed in this surmise, when the four men on horseback, tho' each had his pistol ready drawn, as Sir Charles also had his, demanded a conference; warning Sir Charles how he provoked his fate by his rashness, and declaring, that he was a dead man if he fired.

Forbear then, said Sir Charles, all further violence to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to say.

He then put his pistol into his holster; and one of his servants being come up, and the two others at hand (to whom he called out not to fire till they had his orders), he gave him his horse's reins, bidding him have an eye on the holsters of both, and leapt down, and drawing his sword, made towards the two men who were so cruelly exercising their whips, and who, on his approach, retired to some little distance, drawing their hangers.

The four men on horseback joined the two on foot, just as they were quitting the objects of their fury; and one of them said, Forbear, for the present, further violence, brother; the gentleman shall be told the cause of all this.—Murder, Sir, said he, is not intended, nor are we robbers: The men

whom you are solicitous to save from our vengeance are villains.

Be the cause what it will, answered Sir Charles, you are in a country noted for doing *speedy* justice, upon proper application to the magistrates. In the same instant he raised first one groaning man, then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were so much bruised, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which lay near them, nor put them on without Sir Charles's help.

The men on foot by this time had mounted their horses, and all six stood upon their defence; but one of them was so furious, crying out, that his vengeance should be yet more complete, that two of the others could hardly restrain him.

Sir Charles asked Sir Hargrave and Mr Merceda, whether they had reason to look upon themselves as injured men, or injurers? One of the assailants answered, that they both knew themselves to be villains.

Either from consciousness or terror, perhaps from both, they could not speak for themselves but by groans; nor could either of them stand or sit upright.

Just then came up in the chaise, Mr Lowther and his servant, each a pistol in his hand. He quitted the chaise when he came near the suffering men; and Sir Charles desired him instantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerously hurt or not.

The most enraged of the assailants having slipped by the two who were earnest to restrain him, would again have attacked Mr Merceda, offering a stroke at him with his hanger: But Sir Charles (his drawn sword still in his hand) caught hold of his bridle; and, turning his horse's head aside, diverted a stroke, which, in all probability, would otherwise have been a finishing one.

They

They all came about Sir Charles, bidding him at his peril use his sword upon their friend: And Sir Charles's servants were coming up to their master's support, had there been occasion. At that instant Mr Lowther, assisted by his own servant, was examining the wounds and bruises of the two terrified men, who had yet no reason to think themselves safe from further violence.

Sir Charles repeatedly commanded his servants not to fire, nor approach nearer, without his orders. The persons, said he to the assailants, whom you have so cruelly used, are Englishmen of condition. I will protect them. Be the provocation what it will, you must know that your attempt upon them is a criminal one; and if my friend last come up, who is a very skilful surgeon, shall pronounce them in danger, you shall find it so.

Still he held the horse of the furious one; and three of them, who seemed to be principals, were beginning to express some resentment at this cavalier treatment, when Mr Lowther gave his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death: And then Sir Charles quitting the man's bridle, and putting himself between the assailants and sufferers, said, that as they had not either offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himself, his friend or servants, he was afraid they had some reason to think themselves ill used by the gentlemen. But, however, as they could not suppose they were at liberty, in a civilized country, to take their revenge on the persons of those who were intitled to the protection of that country, he should expect, that they would hold themselves to be personally answerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

The villains, said one of the men, know who we are, and the provocation, which merits a worse treatment than they have hitherto met with. You,

Sir, proceeded he, seem to be a man of honour and temper : We are men of honour as well as you. Our design, as we told you, was not to kill the miscreants, but to give them reason to remember their villainy as long as they lived, and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt, continued he, on a lady's honour at Abbeville ; and, finding themselves detected and in danger, took round-about ways, and shifted from one vehicle to another, to escape the vengeance of her friends. The gentleman whose horse you held, and who has reason to be in a passion, is the husband of the lady (a Spanish husband, surely, Harriet, not a French one, according to our notions.) *That* gentleman, and *that*, are her brothers. We have been in pursuit of them two days ; for they gave out, in order, no doubt, to put us on a wrong scent, that they were to go to Antwerp.

And it seems, my dear, that Sir Hargrave and his colleague had actually sent some of his servants that way ; which was the reason that they were themselves attended but by one.

The gentleman told Sir Charles, that there was a third villain in their plot. They had hopes, he said, that he would not escape the close pursuit of a manufacturer of Abbeville, whose daughter, a lovely young creature, he had seduced, under promises of marriage. Their government, he observed, were great countenancers of the manufacturers at Abbeville ; and he would have reason, if he were laid hold of, to think himself happy, if he came off with being obliged to perform his promises.

This third wretch must be Mr Bagenhall. The Lord grant, say I, that he may be laid hold of ; and obliged to make a ruined girl an *honest woman*, as they phrase it in LANCASHIRE. Don't you wish so, my dear ? And let me add, that had the relations of
of

of the injured lady completed their intended vengeance on those two libertines (a very proper punishment, I ween, for all libertines), it might have helped them to pass the rest of their lives with great tranquility; and honest girls might, for any contrivances of theirs, have passed to and from *masquerades* without molestation.

Sir Hargrave and his companions intended, it seems, at first, to make some resistance; four only, of the seven, stopping the chaise: But when the other three came up, and they saw who they were, and knew their own guilt, their courage failed them.

The seventh man was set over the post-boy, whom he had led about half a mile from the spot they had chosen as a convenient one for their purpose.

Sir Hargrave's servant was secured by them at their first attack; but after they had disarmed him and his masters, he found an opportunity to slip from them, and made the best of his way to the road, in hopes of procuring assistance for them.

While Sir Charles was busy in helping the bruised wretches on their feet, the seventh man came up to the others, followed by Sir Hargrave's chaise. The assailants had retired to some distance, and, after a consultation together, they all advanced towards Sir Charles; who, bidding his servants be on their guard, leapt on his horse with that agility and presence of mind, for which, Mr Beauchamp says, he excels most men; and leading towards them, Do you advance, gentlemen, said he, as friends, or otherwise?—Mr Lowther took a pistol in each hand, and held himself ready to support him; and the servants disposed themselves to obey their master's orders.

Our enmity, answered one of them, is only to these two *inhospitable* villains: Murder, as we told you, was not our design. They know where we are to be found; and that they are the vilest of men, and

have not been punished equal to their demerits. Let them on their knees ask this gentleman's pardon; pointing to the husband of the insulted lady. We insist upon this satisfaction; and upon their promise, that they never more will come within two leagues of Abbeville; and we will leave them in your protection.

I fancy, Harriet, that these women-frightening heroes needed not to have been urged to make this promise.

Sir Charles, turning towards them, said, If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to scruple asking pardon. If you know yourselves to be innocent, though I should be loth to risque the lives of my friend and servants, yet shall not my countrymen make so undue a submission.

The wretches kneeled; and the seven men, civilly saluting Sir Charles and Mr Lowther, rode off; to the joy of the two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth blessings upon the man whose life, so lately, one of them sought; and whose preservation he had now so much reason to rejoice in, for the sake of his own safety.

My brother himself could not but be well pleased that he was not obliged to come to extremities, which might have ended fatally on both sides.

By this time Sir Hargrave's post-chaise was come up. He and his colleague were with difficulty lifted into it. My brother and Mr Lowther went into theirs; and being but a small distance from Paris, they proceeded thither in company; the poor wretches blessing them all the way; and at Paris found their other servants waiting for them.

Sir Charles and Mr Lowther saw them in bed in the lodgings that had been taken for them. They were so stiff with the bastinado they had met with, that they were unable to help themselves. Mr Merceda had been more severely (I cannot call it more cruelly) treated than the other; for he, it seems,
was

was the greatest malefactor in the attempt made upon the lady: And he had, besides, two or three gashes, which, but for his struggles, would have been but one.

As you, my dear, always turn pale when the word *Masquerade* is mentioned; so, I warrant, will ABBEVILLE be a word of terror to these wretches as long as they live.

Their enemies, it seems, carried off their arms; perhaps, in the true spirit of French chivalry, with a view to lay them, as so many trophies, at the feet of the insulted lady.

Mr Lowther writes, that my brother and he are lodged in the hotel of a man of quality, a dear friend of the late Mr Danby, and one of the three whom he has remembered in his will; and that Sir Charles is extremely busy in relation to the executorship; and having not a moment to spare, desired Mr Lowther to engage his friend to whom he wrote, to let us know as much; and that he was hastening every-thing for his journey onwards.

Mr Beauchamp's narrative of this affair is, as I told you, very circumstantial. I thought to have shortened it more than I have done. I wish I have not made my abstract confused, in several material places: But I have not time to clear it up. Adieu, my dear.

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXIII.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

Sunday, May 7.

I BELIEVE I shall become as arrant a scribbler as somebody else. I begin to like writing. A great compliment to you, I assure you. I see one may bring one's mind to any-thing—I thought I must

must have had recourse, when you and my brother left us, and when I was married, to the public amusements, to fill up my leisure : And as I have seen every thing worth seeing of those, many times over (masquerades excepted, and them I despise) ; time, you know, in that case, would have passed a little heavily, after having shewn myself, and, by seeing Who and Who was together, laid in a little store of the right sort of conversation for the tea-table. For you know, Harriet, that among us modern fine people, the company, and not the entertainment, is the principal part of the Rarée-show. Pretty enough ! to *make* the entertainment, and *pay* for it too, to the honest fellows, who have nothing to do but to project schemes to get us together.

I don't know what to do with this man. I little thought that I was to be considered as such a doll, such a toy, as he would make me. I want to drive him out of the house without me, were it but to purvey for me news and scandal. What are your fine gentlemen fit for else ? You know, that with all my faults I have a domestic and managing turn. A man should encourage that in a wife, and not be perpetually teasing her for her company abroad, unless he did it with a view to keep her at home. Our sex don't love to be prescribed to, even in the things to which they are not naturally averse : And for *this* very reason, perhaps, because it *becomes* us to submit to prescription. Human nature, Harriet, is a perverse thing. I believe, if my good-man wished me stay at home, I should torture my brain, as other good wives do, for inventions to go abroad.

It was but yesterday, that in order to give him a hint, I pinned my apron to his coat, without considering who was likely to be a sufferer by it ; and he, getting up, in his usual nimble way, gave it a rent, and then looked behind him with *so* much

much apprehension—Hands folded, bag in motion from shoulder to shoulder. I was vexed too much to make the use of the trick which I had defined, and huffed him. He made excuses, and looked pitifully; bringing in his soul to testify that he knew not how it could be.—How it could be! Wretch! When you are always squatting upon one's cloaths, in defiance of hoop, or distance.

He went out directly, and brought me in two aprons, either of which was worth twenty of that he so carelessly rent. Who could be angry with him?—I was, indeed, thinking to chide him for *this*—As if I were not to be trusted to buy my own cloaths; but he looked at me with so good-natured an eye, that I relented, and accepted, with a bow of graciousness, his present; only calling him an odd creature—And that he *is*, you know, my dear.

We live very whimsically, in the main: Not above four quarrels, however, and as many other chidings, in a day. What does this man stay at home for them so much, when I am at home?—Married people, by frequent absences, may have a chance for a little happiness. How many debates, if not direct quarrels, are saved by the good-man's and his meek wife's seeing each other but once or twice a-week! In what can men and women, who are much together, employ themselves, but in proving and defending, quarrelling and making up? Especially if they both chance to marry for love (which, thank Heaven, is not altogether my case); for then both honest souls, having promised more happiness to each other than they can possibly meet with, have nothing to do but reproach each other, at least tacitly, for their disappointment—A great deal of free-masonry in love, my dear, believe me! The secret, like *that*, when found out, is hardly worth the knowing.

Well,

Well, but what silly tattle is this, Charlotte! methinks you say, and put on one of your wisest looks.

No matter, Harriet! There may be some wisdom in much folly. Every one speaks not out so plainly as I do. But when the novelty of an acquisition or change of condition is over, be the change or the acquisition what it will, the principal pleasure is over, and other novelties are hunted after, to keep the pool of life from stagnating.

This is a *serious* truth, my dear, and I expect you to praise me for it. You are very sparing of your praise to poor me; and yet I had rather have your good word than any woman's in the world: Or man's either, I was going to say; but I should then have forgot my *brother*. As for Lord G. were I to accustom him to obligingness, I should destroy my own consequence: For then it would be no novelty; and he would be hunting after a new folly.—Very true, Harriet.

Well, but we have had a good *serious* falling out; and it still subsists. I began on Friday night; *present* Lord and Lady L. and Emily. I was very angry with him for bringing it on before them. The man has no discretion, my dear; none at all. And what about? Why, we have not made our *appearance at court* forsooth.

A very confident thing, this same appearance, I think! A compliment made to fine cloaths and jewels at the expence of modesty.

Lord G. pleads decorum—Decorum against modesty, my dear!—But if by decorum is meant fashion, I have in a hundred instances found decorum beat modesty out of the house. And as my brother, who would have been our principal honour on such an occasion, is gone abroad; and as *ours* is an *elderly novelty*, as I may say [Our *fineries* were

were not ready, you know, before my brother went], I was fervent against it.

“I was the only woman of condition in England who would be against it.”

I told my lord, that was a reflection on my sex: But Lord and Lady L. who had been spoken to, I believe, by Lady Gertrude, were both on his side [I shall have this man utterly ruined for a husband among you]—When there were three to one, it would have looked cowardly to yield, you know. I was brave. But it being proposed for Sunday, and that being at a little distance, it was not doubted but I would comply. So the night past off, with prayings, hopings, and a little *mut-teration* [Allow me that word, or find me a better]. The entreaty was renewed in the morning; but, no!—“I was ashamed of him,” he said. I asked him, if he really thought so?—“He *should* think so, if I refused him.” Heaven forbid, my lord, that I, who contend for the liberty of acting, should hinder you from the liberty of thinking! Only one piece of advice, honest friend, said I: Don’t imagine the worst against yourself: And another, if you have a mind to carry a point with me, don’t bring on the cause before any body else: For that would be to doubt either my duty, or your own reasonableness.

As sure as your alive, Harriet, the man made an exception against being called *honest friend*; as if, as I told him, either of the words were incompatible with *quality*. So, once, he was as froppish as a child, on my calling him *the man*: a higher distinction, I think, than if I had called him a king, or a prince. THE MAN!—Strange creature! To except to a distinction that implies that he is the man of men!—You see what a captious mortal I have been forced to call *my lord*. But *lord* and *master* do not always go together; though they

they do *too* often, for the happiness of many a meek soul of our sex.

Well, this debate seemed suspended, by my telling him, that if I were presented at court, I would not have either the Earl or Lady Gertrude go with us, the very people who were most desirous to be there—But I *might* not think of that, at the time, you know.—I would not be thought *very* perverse; only a little whimsical, or so. And I wanted not an excellent reason for excluding them—“Are their *consents* to our past affair *doubted*, my lord, said I, that you think it necessary for them to appear to justify us?”

He could say nothing to this, you know. And I should never forgive the husband, as I told him, on another occasion, who would pretend to argue, when he had nothing to say.

Then (for the baby will be always craving something) he wanted me to go abroad with him—I forget whither—But to some place that he supposed (poor man!) I should *like* to visit. I told him, I dared to say, he wished to be thought a *modern* husband, and a *fashionable* man; and he would get a bad name, if he could never stir out without his wife. *Neither* could he answer *that*, you know.

Well, he went on, mutter, mutter, grumble, grumble, the thunder rolling at a distance; a little impatience now and then, however, portending that it would come nearer. But, as yet, it was only, pray, my dear, oblige me; and, pray, my lord, excuse me; till this morning, when he had the assurance to be pretty peremptory; hinting, that the lord in waiting had been spoke to. A fine time of it would a wife have, if she were not at liberty to dress herself as she pleases. Were I to chuse again, I do assure you, my dear, it should not be a man, who by his taste for moths and butterflies, shells, china, and such-like trifles, would

would give me warning, that he would presume to dress his baby, and when he had done, would perhaps admire his own fancy more than his person. I believe, my Harriet, I shall make you a afraid of matrimony: But I will pursue my subject for all that.—

When the insolent saw that I did not dress as he would have had me, he drew out his face, glouting, to half the length of my arm; but was silent. Soon after Lady L. sending to know whether her Lord and she were to attend us to the drawing-room, and I returning for answer, that I should be glad of their company at dinner, he was in violent wrath. True, as you are alive! and dressing himself in a great hurry, left the house, without saying by your leave, with your leave, or whether he would return to dinner or not. Very pretty doings, Harriet!

Lord and Lady L. came to dinner, however. I thought they were very kind, and, till they opened their lips, was going to thank them: For then, it was all *elder* sister, and insolent brother-in-law, I do assure you. Upon my word, Harriet, they took upon them.

Lady L. told me, I might be the happiest creature in the world, if—and there was so good as to stop.

One of the happiest only, Lady L.! Who can be happier than you?

But I, said she, should neither *be* so, nor *deserve* to be so, *if*——Good of her again, to stop at *if*.

We cannot be all of one mind, replied I. I shall be wiser in time.

Where was poor Lord G. gone?

Poor Lord G. is gone to seek his fortune, I believe.

What did I mean?

I told them the airs he had given himself; and that he was gone without leave, or notice of return.

He had served me right, *ab-*solutely right, Lord L. said.

I believed so myself. Lord G. was a very good sort of man, and ought not to bear with me so much as he had done: But it would be kind in them not to tell him what I had owned.

The earl lifted up one hand, the countess both. They had not come to dine with me, they said, after the answer I had returned, but they were afraid something was wrong between us.

Mediators are not to be of one side only, I said: And as they had been so kindly free in blaming *me*, I hoped they would be as free with *him*, when they saw him.

And then it was, for *God's* sake, Charlotte; and, let me *entreat* you, Lady G. And let *me*, too, *beseech* you, madam, said Emily, with tears stealing down her cheeks.

You are both very good: You are a sweet girl, Emily. I have a too-playful heart. It will give me some pain, and some pleasure; but if I had not more pleasure than pain from my play, I should not be so silly.

My lord not coming in, and the dinner being ready, I ordered it to be served.—Won't you wait a little longer for Lord G.?—No. I hope he is safe, and well. He is his own master, as well as mine (I sighed, I believe!); and, no doubt, has a paramount pleasure in pursuing his own choice.

They raved. I begged that they would let us eat our dinner with *comfort*. My Lord, I hoped, would come in with a keen appetite, and Nelthorpe should get a supper for him that he liked.

When we had dined, and retired into the adjoining drawing-room, I had another schooling-bout: Emily was even saucy. But I took it all: Yet, in my heart, was vexed at Lord G.'s perverseness.

At

At last in came the *honest* man. He does not read this, and so cannot take exceptions, and I hope *you* will not, at the word *honest*.

So lordly! so stiff! so solemn!—Upon my word!—Had it not been Sunday, I would have gone to my harpsichord directly. He bowed to Lord and Lady L. and to Emily, very obligingly; to me he nodded.—I nodded again; but like a good-natured fool smiled. He stalked to the chimney; turned his back towards it, buttoned up his mouth, held up his glowing face, as if he were disposed to crow; yet had not won the battle. One hand in his bosom; the other under the skirt of his waistcoat, and his posture firmer than his mind.—Yet was my heart so devoid of malice, that I thought his attitude very genteel; and, had we not been man and wife, agreeable.

We hoped to have found your lordship at home, said Lord L. or we should not have dined here.

If Lord G. is as polite a *husband* as a *man*, said I, he will not thank your lordship for this compliment to his wife.

Lord G. swelled, and reared himself up. His complexion, which before was in a glow, was heightened.

Poor man! thought I.—But why should my tender heart pity obstinate people?—Yet I could not help being dutiful—Have you dined, my lord? said I, with a sweet smile, and very courteous.

He stalked to the window, and never a word answered he.

Pray, Lady L. be so good as to ask my Lord G. if he has dined? Was not this very condescending, on such a behaviour?

Lady L. *asked* him; and as gently voiced as if she were asking the same question of her own lord. Lady L. is a kind hearted soul, Harriet. She is *my* sister.

I have *not*, madam, to Lady L. turning rudely from me, and not very civilly from her. Ah! thought I, these men! The more they are courted—Wretches! to find their consequence in a woman's meekness—Yet I could not forbear shewing mine.—Nature, Harriet! Who can resist constitution?

What stiff airs are these! approaching him.—I do assure you, my lord, I shall not take this behaviour well; and put my hand on his arm.

I was served right. Would you believe it? The man shook off my condescending hand, by raising his elbow scornfully. He really did!

Nay, then!—I left him, and retired to my former seat. I was vexed that it was Sunday: I wanted a little harmony.

Lord and Lady L. both blamed me by their looks; and my lady took my hand, and was leading me towards him. I shewed a little reluctance: And, would you have thought it? out of the drawing room whipt my nimble lord, as if on purpose to avoid being moved by my concession.

I took my place again.

I beg you, Charlotte, said Lady L. go to my lord. You have used him ill.

When I think so, I will follow your advice, Lady L.

And *don't* you think so, Lady G.? said Lord L.

What! for taking my own option how I would be dressed to-day? *What!* for deferring—That moment in came my bluff lord—Have I not, proceeded I, been forced to dine without him to-day? Did he let me know what account I should give of his absence? Or when he would return?—And see, *now*, how angry he looks.

He traversed the room—I went on—Did he not shake off my hand, when I laid it, smiling, on his arm? Would he answer me a question, which I kindly put to him, fearing he had not dined,
and

and might be sick for want of eating? Was I not forced to apply to Lady L. for an answer to my *careful* question, on his scornfully turning from me in silence?—Might we not, if he had not gone out so abruptly, nobody knows where, have made the *appearance* his heart is so set upon?—But now, indeed, it is too late.

Oons, madam! said he, and he kimboed his arms, and strutted up to me. Now for a cuff, thought I. I was half afraid of it: But out of the room again capered he.

Lord bless me, said I, what a passionate creature is this!

Lord and Lady L. both turned from me with indignation. But no wonder if *one*, and they *both* did. They are a silly pair; and I believe have agreed to keep each other in countenance in all they do.

But Emily affected me. She sat before me in one corner of the room weeping; and just then ran to me, and wrapping her arms about me, Dear, dear Lady G. said she, for heaven's sake think of what our Miss Byron said; "Don't jest away 'your own happiness.'" I don't say who is in fault: But, my dear lady, do *you* condescend. It looks pretty in a woman to condescend. Forgive me; I will run to my lord, and I will beg of him—

Away she ran, without waiting for an answer—and bringing in the passionate wretch, hanging on his arm—You must not, my lord, *indeed* you must not be so passionate. Why, my lord, you frightened *me*; indeed you did. Such a word I never heard from your lordship's mouth—

Ah, my lord, said I, you give yourself pretty airs! Don't you? and use pretty words; that a child shall be terrified at them! But come, come, ask my pardon for leaving me to *dine without* you.

Was not that tender?—Yet out went Lord and Lady L. To be sure they did right, if they withdrew, in hopes these kind words would have been received as reconciliatory ones; and not in displeasure with *me*, as I am half afraid they did: For their good-nature (worthy souls!) does sometimes lead them into misapprehensions. I kindly laid my hand on his arm again.—He was ungracious.—Nay, my lord, don't once more reject me with disdain—If you do—I then smiled most courteously. Carry not your absurdities, my lord, too far: And I took his hand [There, Harriet, was condescension!]:—I protest, Sir, if you give yourself any more of these airs, you will not find me so condescending.—Come, come, tell me you are sorry, and I will forgive you.

Sorry! madam; *sorry!*—I am indeed sorry for your provoking airs!

Why that's not ill said.—But kimboed arms, my lord! are you not sorry for such an air? And *Oons!* are you not sorry for such a word? and for such looks too? and for quarrelling with your dinner?—I protest, my lord, you make one of us look like a child who flings away his bread and butter because it has not glass windows upon it.—

Not for one moment forbear, madam!—

Pr'ythee, pr'ythee—[I profess I had like to have said *honest friend*] No more of these airs; and, I tell you, I will forgive you.

But, madam, I cannot, I will not—

Hush, hush; no more in that strain, and so loud, as if we had lost each other in a wood—If you will let us be friends, say so—In an instant—If not, I am gone—gone this moment—casting off from him, as I may say, intending to mount up stairs.

Angel, or demon, shall I call you? said he.—Yet I receive your hand as offered. But, for God's sake, madam, let us be happy! And he kissed

fed my hand, but not so cordially as it became him to do; and in came Lord and Lady L. with countenances a little ungracious.

I took my seat next my own man, with an air of officiousness, hoping to oblige him by it. He *was* obliged; and another day, not yet quite agreed upon, this parade is to be made.

And thus began, proceeded, and ended, this doughty quarrel. And who knows but, before the day is absolutely resolved upon, we may have half a score more? Four, five, six days, as it may happen, is a great space of time for people to agree, who are so much together; and one of whom is playful, and the other will not be played with. But these kimbo and oons airs, Harriet, stick a little in my stomach; and the man seems not to be quite come to neither. He is fullen and gloomy, and don't prate away as he used to do, when we have made up before.

But I will sing him a song to-morrow: I will please the *honest* man, if I can. But really he should not have had for a wife a woman of so sweet a temper as

Your CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXIV.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

Monday, May 8.

MY LORD and I have had another little—*tiff*, shall I call it? It came not up to a quarrel. Married people would have enough to do, if they were to trouble their friends every time they misunderstood one another. And now a word or two of other people: Not always scribbling of ourselves.

We

We have just heard, that our cousin Everard has added another fool of our sex to the number of the weak ones who disgrace it: A sorry fellow! He has been seen with her, by one whom he would not know, at Cuper's gardens; dressed like a sea officer, and skulking like a thief, into the privatest walks of the place. When he is tired of the poor wretch, he will want to accommodate with us by promises of penitence and reformation, as once or twice before. Rakes are not only odious, but they are despicable creatures. You will the more clearly see this, when I assure you, from those who know, that this silly creature our cousin is looked upon, among his brother libertines, and smart, as a man of the *first* consideration.

He has also been seen in a gayer habit, at a certain gaming-table near Covent-garden; where he did not content himself with being an idle spectator. Col. Winwood, our informant, shook his head, but made no other answer to some of our enquiries. May he suffer! say I.—A sorry fellow!

Preparations are going on, all *so fast*, at Windsor. We are all invited. God grant that Miss Mansfield may be as happy as Lady W. as we all conclude she will be! But I never was fond of matches between sober young women and battered old rakes. Much good may do the adventurers, drawn in by gewgaw and title?—Poor things!—But convenience, when that's the motive, whatever foolish girls think, will hold out its comforts, while a gratified love quickly evaporates.

Beauchamp, who is acquainted with the Mansfields, is intrusted by my brother, in his absence, with the management of the law affairs. He hopes, he says, to give a good account of them. The base steward of the uncle Calvert, who lived as a husband with the woman who had been forced upon his superannuated master in a doting fit, has been brought, by the death of one of the children born in Mr Calvert's

vert's life-time, and by the precarious health of the posthumous one, to make overtures of accommodation. A new hearing of the cause between them and the Keelings is granted; and great things are expected from it in their favour, from some new lights thrown in upon that suit. The Keelings are frightened out of their wits, it seems; and are applying to Sir John Lambton, a disinterested neighbour, to offer himself as a mediator between them. The Mansfields will so soon be related to us, that I make no apology for interesting you in their affairs.

Be sure you chide me for my whimsical behaviour to Lord G. I know you will. But don't blame my *heart*: My *head* only is wrong.

A LITTLE more from fresh informations of this sorry varlot Everard. I wished him to suffer; but I wished him not to be so very great a sufferer as it seems he is. Sharpers have bit his head off, quite close to his shoulders: They have not left it him to carry under his arm, as the honest patron of France did his. They lend it him, however, now-and-then, to repent with, and curse himself. The creature he attended to Cuper's Gardens, instead of a country innocent, as he expected her to be, comes out to be a cast mistress, experienced in all the arts of such, and acting under the secret influences of a man of quality; who, wanting to get rid of her, supports her in a prosecution commenced against him (poor devil!) for performance of covenants. He is extremely mortified on finding my brother gone abroad: He intends to apply to him for his pity and help. Sorry wretch! He boasted to us, on our expectation of our brother's arrival from abroad, that he would enter his cousin Charles into the ways of the town. Now he wants to avail himself against the practices of the sons of that town, by his cousin's character and consequence.

A combination of sharpers, it seems, had long set him as a man of fortune : But, on his taking refuge with my brother, gave over for a time their designs upon him, till he threw himself again in their way.

The worthless fellow had been often liberal of his promises of marriage to young creatures of more innocence than *this* ; and thinks it very hard that he should be prosecuted for a crime that he had so frequently committed with impunity. Can you pity him ? I cannot, I assure you. The man who can betray and ruin an innocent woman, who loves him, ought to be abhorred by *men*. Would he scruple to betray and ruin *them*, if he were not afraid of the law ?—Yet there are women who can forgive such wretches, and herd with them.—

My aunt Eleanor is arrived : A good, plump, bonny-faced old virgin. She has chosen her apartment. At present we are most prodigiously civil to each other : But I already suspect she likes Lord G. better than I would have her. She will, perhaps, if a party should be formed against your poor Charlotte, make one of it.

Will you think it time thrown away, to read a further account of what is come to hand about the wretches who lately, in the double sense of the word, were *overtaken* between St Denis and Paris ?

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, it seems, still keeps his chamber : He is thought not to be out of danger from some inward hurt, which often makes him bring up blood in quantities. He is miserably oppressed by lowness of spirits ; and when he is a little better in that respect, his impatience makes his friends apprehensive for his head. But has he intellects strong enough to give apprehensions of that nature ! Fool and madman we often join as terms of reproach ; but I believe fools seldom run really mad.

Merceda is in a still more dangerous way. Besides his bruises, and a fractured skull, he has, it seems,

seems, a wound in his thigh, which in the delirium he was thrown into by the fracture, was not duly attended to ; and which, but for his *valiant* struggles against the knife which gave the wound, was designed for a still greater mischief. His recovery is despaired of ; and the poor wretch is continually offering up vows of penitence and reformation, if his life may be spared.

Bagenhall *was* the person who had seduced, by promises of marriage, and fled for it, the manufacturer's daughter of Abbeville. He was overtaken by his pursuers at Douay. The incensed father and friends of the young woman, would not otherwise be pacified than by his performing his promise ; which, with infinite reluctance, he complied with, principally thro' the threats of the brother, who is noted for his fierceness and resolution ; and who once made the sorry creature feel an argument which greatly terrified him. Bagenhall is at present at Abbeville, living as well as he can with his new wife, cursing his fate, no doubt, in secret. He is obliged to appear fond of her before her brother and father ; the latter being also a stout man, a Gascon, always boasting of his family, and valuing himself upon a *De*, affixed by *himself* to his name, and jealous of indignity offered to it. The fierce brother is resolved to accompany his sister to England, when Bagenhall goes thither, in order, as he declares, to secure to her good usage, and see her owned and visited by all Bagenhall's friends and relations. And thus much of these fine gentlemen.

How different a man is Beauchamp ! But it is injuring him to think of those wretches and him at the same time. He certainly has an eye to Emily, but behaves with great prudence towards her : Yet every-body but *she* sees his regard for her : Nobody but her guardian runs in her head ; and the more, as she really thinks it is a glory to love him, because
of

of his goodness. Every-body, she says, has the *same* admiration of him that she has.

Mrs Reeves desires me to acquaint you that Miss Clements, having, by the death of her mother and aunt, come into a pretty fortune, is addressed to by a Yorkshire gentleman of easy circumstances, and is preparing to leave the town, having other connections in that country; but that she intends to write to you before she goes, and to beg you to favour her now-and-then with a letter.

I think Miss Clements is a good sort of young woman: But I imagined she would have been one of those nuns at large, who need not make vows of living and dying aunt Eleanors, or Lady Gertrudes; all three of them, good honest souls! chaste, pious, and plain. It is a charming situation, when a woman is arrived at such a height of perfection, as to be above giving or receiving temptation. Sweet innocents! They have my reverence, if not my love. How would they be affronted, if I were to say *pity*!—I think only of my two good aunts, at the present writing. Miss Clements, you know, is a *youngish* woman; and I respect her much. One would not jest upon the unsightliness of person, or plainness of feature: But think you she will not be one of those, who twenty years hence may put in her boast of her quondam beauty?

How I run on! I think I ought to be ashamed of myself.

“Very true, Charlotte.”

And so it is, Harriet. I have done—Adieu!—Lord G. will be silly again, I doubt; but I am prepared. I wish he had half my patience.

“Be quiet, Lord G! What a fool you are!”—The man, my dear, under pretence of being friends, run his sharp nose in my eye. No bearing his fondness: It is *worse* than insolence. How my eye waters!—I can tell him—But I will tell *him*, and not *you*.—Adieu, once more.

CHARLOTTE G.
L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXV.

*Mr LOWTHER, To JOHN ARNOLD, Esq; (his
Brother-in-law) in London.*

Belogna, May 5.-16.

I WILL now, my dear brother, give you a circumstantial account of our short, but flying journey. The 20th of April, O. S. early in the morning, we left Paris, and reached Lyons the 24th at night.

Resting but a few hours, we set out for Pont Beauvoilin, where we arrived the following evening: There we bid adieu to France, and found ourselves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed it was a total change of the scene. We had left behind us a blooming spring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges on the road we passed, and the meadows already smiled with flowers. The chearful inhabitants were busy in adjusting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields: But when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I must own, that my spirits were great sufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and snow, notwithstanding the advanced season, the rigid winter, in frozen majesty, still preserving its domains: And arriving at St Jean Maurienne the night of the 26th, the snow seemed as if it would dispute with us our passage; and horrible was the force of the boisterous winds, which sat full in our faces.

Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unseasonable coldness of the weather, and the sight of one of the worst countries under heaven, still cloathed in snow, and deformed by continual hurricanes; I was here taken ill. Sir Charles was greatly concerned for my

indisposition, which was increased by a great low-ness of spirits. He attended upon me in person; and never had a more kind and indulgent friend. Here we staid two days; and then, my illness being principally owing to fatigue, I found myself enabled to proceed. At two of the clock in the morning of the 28th, we prosecuted our journey, in palpable darkness, and dismal weather, though the winds were somewhat laid; and reaching the foot of Mount Cenis by break of day, arrived at Lanebourg, a poor little village, so environed by high mountains, that for three months in the twelve it is hardly visited by the chearing rays of the sun. Every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable. The people are generally of an olive complexion, with wens under their chins; some so monstrous, especially women, as quite disfigure them.

Here it is usual to unscrew and take in pieces the chaises, in order to carry them on mules over the mountain, and to put them together on the other side: For the Savoy side of the mountain is much more difficult to pass than the other. But Sir Charles chose not to lose time; and therefore left the chaise to the care of the inn-keeper; proceeding with all expedition to gain the top of the hill.

The way we were carried was as follows: A kind of horse, as it is called with you, with two poles like those of chairmen, was the vehicle, on which is secured a sort of elbow chair, in which the traveller sits. A man before, another behind, carry this open machine with so much swiftness, that they are continually running and skipping, like wild goats, from rock to rock, the four miles of that ascent. If a traveller were not prepossessed that these mountaineers are the surest-footed carriers in the universe, he would be in continual apprehensions of being overturned. I, who never undertook this journey before, must own that
I could

I could not be so fearless on this occasion as Sir Charles was, though he had very exactly described to me how every thing would be. Then, though the sky was clear when we passed this mountain, yet the cold wind blew quantities of frozen snow in our faces; infomuch that it seemed to be just as if people were employed, all the time we were passing, to wound us with the sharpest needles. They indeed call the wind that brings this sharp-pointed snow, *The Tormenta*.

An adventure, which any-where else might have appeared ridiculous, I was afraid would have proved fatal to one of our chairmen, as I will call them. I had flapt down my hat to screen my eyes from the fury of that deluge of sharp-pointed frozen snow; and it was blown off my head, by a sudden gust, down the precipices: I gave it for lost, and was about to bind a handkerchief over the woolen cap, which those people provide to tie under the chin, when one of the assisting carriers (for they are always six in number to every chair, in order to relieve one another) undertook to recover it. I thought it impossible to be done; the passage being, as I imagined, only practicable for birds: However, I promised him a crown reward if he did. Never could the leaps of the most dextrous of rope-dancers be compared to those of this daring fellow: I saw him sometimes jumping from rock to rock, sometimes rolling down a declivity of snow like a ninepin, sometimes running, sometimes hopping, skipping; in short, he descended like lightning to the verge of a torrent, where he found the hat. He came up almost as quick, and appeared as little fatigued as if he had never left us.

We arrived at the top in two hours from Lanebourg, and the sun was pretty high above the horizon. Out of a hut half-buried in snow, came some mountaineers, with two poor sledges drawn by mules, to carry us through the *Plain of Mount Ce-*

nis, as it is called, which is about four Italian miles in length, to the descent of the Italian side of the mountain. These sledges are not much different from the chairs, or sedans, or horse, we then quitted; only the two under-poles are flat, and not so long as the others, and turning up a little at the end, to hinder them from sticking fast in the snow. To the fore-ends of the poles are fixed two round sticks, about two feet and a half long, which serve for a support and help to the man who guides the mule, who running on the snow between the mule and the sledge, holds the sticks with each hand.

It was diverting to see the two sledgemen striving to outrun each other.

Encouraged by Sir Charles's generosity, we very soon arrived at the other end of the plain. The man who walked, or rather ran, between the sledge and the mule, made a continual noise, hallooing and beating the stubborn beast with his fists, which otherwise would be very slow in its motion.

At the end of this plain we found such another hut as that on the Lanebourg side. Here they took off the smoking mules from the sledges to give them rest.

And now began the most extraordinary way of travelling that can be imagined. The descent of the mountain from the top of this side, to a small village called Novalesa, is four Italian miles. When the snow has filled up all the inequalities of the mountain, it looks, in many parts, as smooth and equal as a sugar-loaf. It is on the brink of this rapid descent that they put the sledge. The man who is to guide it sits between the feet of the traveller, who is seated in the elbow-chair, with his legs at the outside of the sticks fixed at the fore-ends of the flat poles, and holds the two sticks with his hands; and when the sledge has gained the declivity, its own weight carries it down with
surprising

surprising celerity. But as the immense irregular rocks under the snow make now and then some edges in the declivity, which, if not avoided, would overturn the sledge, the guide, who foresees the danger, by putting his foot strongly and dexterously in the snow next to the precipice, turns the machine, by help of the above-mentioned sticks, the contrary way, and by way of zig-zag goes to the bottom. Such was the velocity of this motion, that we dispatched these four miles in less than five minutes; and, when we arrived at Novalesa, hearing that the snow was very deep most of the way to Susa, and being pleased with our way of travelling, we had some mules put again to the sledges, and ran all the way to the very gates of that city, which is seven miles distant from Mount Cenis.

In our way we had a cursory view of the impregnable fortrefs of Brunetta, the greatest part of which is cut out of the solid rock, and commands that important pass.

We rested all night at Susa; and, having bought a very commodious post-chaise, we proceeded to Turin, where we dined; and from thence, the evening of May 2. O. S. got to Parma by way of Alexandria and Placentia, having purposely avoided the high road through Milan, as it would have cost us a few hours more time.

Sir Charles observed to me, when we were on the plain or flat top of Mount Cenis, that had not the winter been particularly long and severe, we should have had, instead of this terrible appearance of snow there, flowers starting up, as it were, under our feet, of various kinds, which are hardly to be met with anywhere else. One of the greatest dangers, he told me, in passing this mount in winter, arises from a ball of snow, which is blown down from the top by the wind, or falls down by some other accident; which, gathering all the way in its descent, becomes instantly of such

a prodigious bigness, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beast, and smothered in it. One of these balls we saw rolling down; but as it took another course than ours, we had no apprehensions of danger from it.

At Parma we found expecting us, the bishop of Nocera, and a very reverend father, Marefcotti by name, who expressed the utmost joy at the arrival of Sir Charles Grandison, and received me, at his recommendation, with a politeness which seems natural to them. I will not repeat what I have written before of this excellent young gentleman; intrepidity, bravery, discretion, as well as generosity, are conspicuous parts of his character. He is studious to avoid danger, but is unappalled in it. For humanity, benevolence, providence for others, to his very servants, I never met with his equal.

My reception from the noble family to which he has introduced me, the patient's case (a very unhappy one!), and a description of this noble city, and the fine country about it, shall be the subject of my next. Assure all my friends of my health and good wishes for them; and, my dear Arnold, believe me to be

Ever Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Bologna, Wednesday, May 10.-21.

I TOLD you, my dear and reverend friend, that I should hardly write to you till I arrived in this city.

The affair of my executorship obliged me to stay a day longer at Paris than I intended; but I have put every thing relating to that trust in such a way as to answer all my wishes.

Mr

Mr Lowther wrote to Mr Arnold, a friend of his in London, the particulars of the extraordinary affair we were engaged in between St Denis and Paris, with desire that he would inform my friends of our arrival at that capital.

We were obliged to stop two days at St Jean de Maurienne: The expedition we travelled with was too much for Mr Lowther; and I expected, and was not disappointed, from the unusual backwardness of the season, to find the passage over Mount Cenis less agreeable than it usually is in the beginning of May.

The bishop of Nocera had offered to meet me anywhere on his side of the mountains. I wrote to him from Lyons, that I hoped to see him at Parma, on or about the very day that I was so fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of Belvedere in that city; where I found, that he and father Marefcotti had arrived the evening before. They, as well as the Count, expressed great joy to see me; and when I presented Mr Lowther to them, with the praises due to his skill, and let them know the consultations I had had with eminent physicians of my own country on Lady Clementina's case, they invoked blessings upon us both, and would not be interrupted in them by my eager questions after the health and state of mind of the two dearest persons of their family—Unhappy! *very* unhappy! said the bishop. Let us give you some refreshment before we come to particulars.

To my repeated enquiries, Jeronymo, poor Jeronymo! said the bishop, is living, and that is all we can say. The sight of you will be a cordial to his heart. Clementina is on her journey to Bologna from Naples. You desired to find her with us, and not at Naples. She is weak; is obliged to travel slowly. She will rest at Urbino two or three days. Dear creature! What has she not suffered from the cruelty of her cousin Laurana, as well

as from her malady ! The general has been, and is indulgent to her. He is married to a lady of great merit, quality, and fortune. He has at length consented that we shall try this last experiment, as the hearts of my mother, and now lately of my father, as well as mine, are in it. His lady would not be denied accompanying my sister ; and as my brother could not bear being absent from her, he travels with them. I wish he had staid at Naples. I hope, however, he will be as ready as you will find us all, to acknowledge the favour of this visit, and the fatigue and trouble you have given yourself on our account.

As to my sister's bodily health, proceeded he, it is greatly impaired. We are almost hopeless with regard to the state of her mind. She speaks not ; she answers not any questions. Camilla is with her. She seems regardless of any body else. She has been told, that the general is married. His lady makes great court to her, but she heeds her not. We are in hopes, that my mother, on her return to Bologna, will engage her attention. She never yet was so ill as to forget her duty, either to God or her parents. Sometimes Camilla thinks she pays some little attention to your name ; but then she instantly starts as in terror, looks round her with fear, puts her finger to her lips, as if she dreaded her cruel cousin Laurana should be told of her having heard it mentioned.

The bishop and father both regreted that she had been denied the requested interview. They were now, they said, convinced, that if that had been granted, and she had been left to Mrs Beaumont's friendly care, a happy issue might have been hoped for : But now, said the bishop—Then sighed, and was silent.

I dispatched Saunders early the next morning to Bologna, to procure convenient lodgings for me and Mr Lowther.

In the afternoon we set out for that city. The Count of Belvedere found an opportunity to let me know his unabated passion for Clementina, and that he had lately made overtures to marry her, notwithstanding her malady; having been advised, he said, by proper persons, that as it was not an hereditary, but an accidental disorder, it might be in time curable. He accompanied us about half way in our journey; and, at parting, Remember, Chevalier, whispered he, that Clementina is the soul of my hope: I cannot forego that hope. No other woman will I ever call mine.

I heard him in silence: I admired him for his attachment: I pitied him. He said, he would tell me more of his mind at Bologna.

We reached Bologna on the 15th, N. S. Saunders had engaged for me the lodgings I had before.

Our conversation on the road turned chiefly on the case of Signor Jeronymo. The bishop and father were highly pleased with the skill, founded on practice, which evidently appeared in all that Mr Lowther said on the subject. And the bishop once intimated, that, be the event what it would, his journey to Italy should be made the most beneficial affair to him he had ever engaged in. Mr Lowther replied, that as he was neither a necessitous nor a mean-spirited man, and had reason to be entirely satisfied with the terms I had already secured to him, he should take it unkindly if any other reward were offered him.

Think, my dear Dr Bartlett, what emotions I must have on entering, once more, the gates of the Porretta palace, though Clementina was not there.

I hastened up to my Jeronymo, who had been apprised of my arrival. The moment he saw me, do I once more, said he, behold my friend, my Grandison? Let me embrace the dearest of men.
Now

Now, now, have I lived long enough. He bowed his head upon his pillow, and meditated me; his countenance shining with pleasure, in defiance of pain.

The bishop entered: He could not be present at our first interview.

My lord, said Jeronymo, make it your care that my dear friend be treated, by every soul of our family, with the gratitude and respect which are due to his goodness. Methinks I am easier and happier this moment, than I have been for the tedious space of time since I last saw him. He named that space of time to the day, and to the very hour of the day.

The Marquis and Marchioness signifying their pleasure to see me, the bishop led me to them. My reception from the Marquis was kind; from his lady it was as that of a mother to a long absent son. I had ever been, she was pleased to say, a fourth son in her eye; and now that she had been informed that I had brought over with me a surgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent physicians of my country, the obligations I had laid on their whole family, whatever were the success, were unreturnable.

I asked leave to introduce Mr Lowther to them. They received him with great politeness, and recommended their Jeronymo to his best skill. Mr Lowther's honest heart was engaged by a reception so kind. He never, he told me afterwards, beheld so much pleasure and pain struggling in the same countenance as in that of the lady; so fixed a melancholy as in that of the Marquis.

Mr Lowther is a man of spirit, though a modest man. He is, as on every *proper* occasion I found, a man of piety, and has a heart tender as manly. Such a man, heart and hand, is qualified for a profession which is the most useful and certain in the art of healing. He is a man of sense and learning

ing *out* of his profession, and happy in his address.

The two surgeons who now attend Signor Jeronymo are both of this country. They were sent for. With the approbation, and at the request of the family, I presented Mr Lowther to them; but first gave them his character, as a modest man, as a man of skill and experience; and told them, that *he* had quitted business, and wanted not either fame or fortune.

They acquainted him with the case, and their methods of proceeding. Mr Lowther assisted in the dressings that very evening. Jeronymo would have me to be present. Mr Lowther suggested an alteration in their method, but in so easy and gentle a manner (as if he doubted not but *such* was their intention when the state of the wounds would admit of that method of treatment) that the gentlemen came readily into it. A great deal of matter had been collected, by means of the wrong methods pursued; and he proposed, if the patient's strength would bear it, to make an aperture below the principal wound, in order to discharge the matter downward; and he suggested the dressing with hollow tents and bandage, and to dismiss the large tents, with which they had been accustomed to distend the wound, to the extreme anguish of the patient, on pretence of keeping it open, to assist the discharge.

Let me now give you, my dear friend, a brief history of my Jeronymo's case, and of the circumstances which have attended it; by which you will be able to account for the difficulties of it, and how it has happened, that, in such a space of time, either the cure was not effected, or that the patient yielded not to the common destiny.

In lingering cases, patients or their friends are sometimes too apt to blame their physicians, and to listen to new recommendations. The surgeons
attending

attending this unhappy case had been more than once changed. Signor Jeronymo, it seems, was unskilfully treated by the young surgeon of Cremona, who was first engaged: He neglected the most dangerous wound; and, when he attended to it, managed it wrong, for want of experience. He is therefore very properly dismissed.

The unhappy man had at first three wounds: One in his breast, which had been for some time healed; one in his shoulder, which, through his own impatience, having been too suddenly healed up, was obliged to be laid open again: The other, which is the most dangerous, is in the hip-joint.

A surgeon of this place, and another at Padua, were next employed. The cure not advancing, a surgeon of eminence from Paris was sent for.

Mr Lowther tells me, that this man's method was by far the most eligible; but that he undertook too much; since, from the first, there could not be any hope, from the nature of the wound in the hip-joint, that the patient could ever walk, without sticks or crutches: And of this opinion were the other two surgeons: But the French gentleman was so very pragmatical, that he would neither draw with them, nor give reasons for what he did; regarding them only as his assistants. They could not long bear this usage, and gave up to him in disgust.

How cruel is punctilio, among men of this science, in cases of difficulty and danger!

The present operators, when the two others had given up, were not, but by leave of the French gentleman, called in: He valuing himself on his practice in the royal hospital of invalids at Paris, looked upon them as *theorists* only; and treated them with as little ceremony as he had shewn the others: So that at last, from their frequent differences, it became necessary to part with either him
or

or them. His pride, when he knew that this question was a subject of debate, would not allow him to leave the family an option. He made his demand: It was complied with; and he returned to Paris.

From what this gentleman threw out at parting, to the disparagement of the two others, Signor Jeronymo suspected their skill; and from a hint of this suspicion, as soon as I knew I should be welcome myself, I procured the favour of Mr Lowther's attendance.

All Mr Lowther's fear is, that Signor Jeronymo has been kept too long in hand by the different managements of the several operators; and that he will sink under the necessary process, through weakness of habit. But, however, he is of opinion, that it is requisite to confine him to strict diet, and to deny him wine and fermented liquors, in which he has hitherto been indulged, against the opinion of his own operators, who have been too complaisant to his appetite.

An operation somewhat severe was performed on his shoulder yesterday morning. The Italian surgeons complimented Mr Lowther with the lancet. They both praised his dexterity; and Signor Jeronymo, who will be consulted on every thing that he is to suffer, blessed his gentle hand.

At Mr Lowther's request, a physician was yesterday consulted; who advised some gentle aperitives, as his strength will bear it; and some balsamics, to sweeten the blood and juices.

Mr Lowther told me just now, that the fault of the gentlemen who have now the care of him, has not been want of skill, but of *critical* courage, and a too great sollicitude to oblige their patient; which, by their own account, had made them forego several opportunities which had offered to assist nature. In short, Sir, said he, your friend knows too much of his own case to be ruled, and

too little to qualify him to direct what is to be done, especially as symptoms must have been frequently changing.

Mr Lowther doubts not, he says, but he shall soon convince Jeronymo that he merits his confidence, and then he will exact it from him; and, in so doing, shall not only give weight to his own endeavours to serve him, but rid the other two gentlemen of embarrassments which have often given them diffidence when resolution was necessary.

In the mean time the family here are delighted with Mr Lowther. They *will* flatter themselves, they say, with hopes of their Jeronymo's recovery; which however Mr Lowther, for fear of disappointment, does not encourage. Jeronymo himself owns, that his spirits are much revived; and we all know the power that the mind has over the body.

Thus have I given you, my reverend friend, a general notion of Jeronymo's case, as I understand it from Mr Lowther's *as* general representation of it.

He has been prevailed upon to accept an apartment adjoining to that of his patient. Jeronymo said, that when he knows he has so skilful a friend near him, he shall go to rest with confidence; and good rest is of the highest consequence to him.

What a happiness, my dear Dr Bartlett, will fall to my share, if I may be an humble instrument, in the hand of providence, to heal this brother; and if his recovery shall lead the way to the restoration of his sister; each so known a lover of the other, that the world is more ready to attribute her malady to his misfortunes and danger than to any other cause! But how early days are these, on which my love and my compassion for
persons

persons so meritorious, emboldened me to build such forward hopes!

Lady Clementina is now impatiently expected by every one. She is at Urbino. The general and his lady are with her. His haughty spirit cannot bear to think she should see me, or that my attendance on her should be thought of so much importance to her.

The Marchioness, in a conversation that I have just now had with her, hinted this to me, and besought me to keep my temper, if his high notion of family and female honour should carry him out of his usual politeness.

I will give you, my dear friend, the particulars of this conversation.

She began with saying, that she did not, for her part, now think, that her beloved daughter, whom once she believed hardly any private man could deserve, was worthy of me, even were she to recover her reason.

I could not but guess the meaning of so high a compliment. What answer could I return that would not, on one hand, be capable of being thought *cool*; on the other, of being supposed *interested*, and as if I were looking forward to a reward that some of the family still think too high? But while I knew my own motives, I could not be displeased with a lady who was not at liberty to act, in this point, according to her own will.

I only said (and it was with truth), that the calamity of the noble lady had endeared her to me, more than it was possible the most prosperous fortune could have done.

I, my good Chevalier, may say any thing to you. We are undetermined about every thing. We know not what to propose, what to consent to. Your journey, on the first motion, though but from some of us; the dear creature continuing ill; you in possession of a considerable estate, exercising

yourself in doing good in your native country [you must think we took all opportunities of enquiring after the man once so likely to be one of us]; the first fortune in Italy, Olivia, though she is not a Clementina, pursuing you in hopes of calling herself yours (for to England we hear she went, and there you own she is); What obligations have you laid upon us!—What *can* we determine upon? What can we *wish*?

Providence and you, madam, shall direct my steps. I am in yours and your Lord's power. The same uncertainty, from the same unhappy cause, leaves me not the *thought*, because not the *power* of determination. The recovery of Lady Clementina and her brother, without a view to my own interest, fills up, at present, all the wishes of my heart.

Let me ask, said the lady (it is for my own private satisfaction), were such a happy event, as to Clementina, to take place, could you, would you, think yourself bound by your former offers?

When I made those offers, madam, the situation on your side was the same that it is now: Lady Clementina was unhappy in her mind. My fortune, it is true, is higher: It is indeed as high as I wish it to be. I then declared, that if you would give me your Clementina, without insisting on one hard, on one indispensable article, I would renounce her fortune, and trust to my father's goodness to me for a provision. Shall my accession to the estate of my ancestors alter me?—No, madam: I never yet made an offer that I receded from, the circumstances continuing the same. If, in the article of residence, the Marquis, and you, and Clementina, would relax, I would acknowledge myself indebted to your goodness; but without conditioning for it.

I told you, said she, that I put this question only for my own private satisfaction: And I told you

you truth. I never will deceive or mislead you. Whenever I speak to you, it shall be as if, even in your own concerns, I spoke to a third person; and I shall not doubt but you will have the generosity to advise, as *such*, though against yourself.

May I be enabled to act worthy of your good opinion! I, madam, look upon myself as bound; you and yours are free.

What a pleasure is it, my dear Dr Bartlett, to the proud heart of your friend, that I could say this!—Had I fought, in pursuance of my own *inclinations*, to engage the affections of the admirable Miss Byron, as I might with honour have endeavoured to do, had not the woes of this noble family, and the unhappy state of mind of their Clementina, so deeply affected me, I might have involved myself, and that loveliest of women, in difficulties which would have made such a heart as mine still more unhappy than it is.

Let me know, my dear Dr Bartlett, that Miss Byron is happy. I rejoice, whatever be my own destiny, that I have not involved her in my uncertainties. The Countess of D. is a worthy woman: The Earl her son is a good young man: Miss Byron merits such a mother; the Countess such a daughter. How dear, how important, is her welfare to me?—You know your Grandison, my good Dr Bartlett. Her friendship I presumed to ask: I dare not to wish to correspond with her. I rejoice for her sake, that I trusted not my heart with such a proposal. What difficulties, my dear friend, have I had to encounter with!—God be praised, that I have nothing, with regard to these two incomparable women, to reproach myself with. I am persuaded that our prudence, if rashly we throw not ourselves into difficulties, and if we will exert it, and make a reliance on the proper assistance, is generally proportioned to our trials.

I asked the Marchioness after Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana; and whether they were at Milan?

You have heard, no doubt, answered she, the cruel treatment that my poor child met with from her cousin Laurana. Lady Sforza justifies her in it. We are upon extreme bad terms on that account. They are both at Milan. The general has vowed, that he never will see them more, if he can avoid it. The bishop, only as a Christian, can forgive them. You, chevalier, know the reason why we cannot allow our Clementina to take the veil.

The particular reasons I have not, madam, been inquisitive about; but have always understood them to be family ones, grounded on the dying request of one of her grandfathers.

Our daughter, Sir, is intitled to a considerable estate which joins to our own domains. It was purchased for her by her two grandfathers; who vied with each other in demonstrating their love of her by solid effects. One of them (*my father*) was, in his youth, deeply in love with a young lady of great merit; and she was thought to love him: But, in a fit of *pious bravery*, as he used to call it, when every-thing between themselves, and between the friends on both sides, was concluded on, she threw herself into a convent; and passing steadily through the probationary forms, took the veil; but afterwards repented, and took pains to let it be known that she was unhappy. This gave him a disgust against the sequestered life, though he was, in other respects, a zealous Catholic. And Clementina having always a serious turn; in order to deter her from embracing it (both grandfathers being desirous of strengthening their house, as well in the female as male line), they inserted a clause in each of their wills, by which they gave the estate designed for her, in case she took the veil, to Laurana, and her descendants; Laurana to enter into possession.

possession of it on the day that Clementina should be professed. But if Clementina married, Laurana was then to be intitled only to a handsome legacy, that she might not be entirely disappointed: For the reversion, in case Clementina had no children, was to go to our eldest son; who, however, has been always generously solicitous to have his sister marry.

Both grandfathers were rich. Our son Giacomo, on my father's death, as he had willed, entered upon a considerable estate in the kingdom of Naples, which had for ages been in my family: He is therefore, and will be, greatly provided for. Our second son has great prospects before him, in the church: But you know *he* cannot marry. Poor Jeronymo! We had not, *before* his misfortune, any great hopes of strengthening the family by his means: He, alas! (as *you* well know, who took such laudable pains to reclaim him, before we knew you) with great qualities, imbibed free notions from bad company, and declared himself a despiser of marriage. This the two grandfathers knew, and often deplored; for Jeronymo and Clementina were equally their favourites. To him and the bishop he bequeathed great legacies.

We suspected not till very lately, that Laurana was deeply in love with the Count of Belvedere; and that her mother and she had views to drive our sweet child into a convent, that Laurana might enjoy the estate; which they hoped would be an inducement to the Count to marry her. Cruel Laurana! Cruel Lady Sforza! So much love as they both had pretended to our child; and, I believe, *had*, till the temptation, strengthened by power, became *too* strong for them. Unhappy the day that we put her into their hands.

Besides the estate so bequeathed to Clementina, we can do great things for her: Few Italian families are so rich as ours. Her brothers forget their

own interest, when it comes into competition with hers: She is as generous as they. Our four children never knew what a contention was, but who should give up an advantage to the other. This child, this sweet child, was ever the delight of us all, and likewise of our brother the Conte della Porretta. What joy would her recovery and nuptials give us?—Dear creature! We have sometimes thought, that she is the fonder of the sequestered life, as it is that which we wish her not to embrace.—But can Clementina be perverse? She cannot. Yet *that* was the life of her choice, when she had a *choice*, her grandfathers' wishes notwithstanding.

Will you now wonder, Chevalier, that neither our sons nor we can allow Clementina to take the veil? Can we so reward Laurana for her cruelty? Especially now, that we suspect the motives for her barbarity? Could I have thought that my sister Sforza—But what will not love and avarice do, their powers united, to compass the same end; the one reigning in the bosom of the mother, and the other in that of the daughter? Alas! alas! they have, between them, broken the spirit of my Clementina. The *very* name of Laurana gives her terror—So far is she sensible. But, O Sir, her sensibility appears only when she is harshly treated! To tenderness she had been too much accustomed, to make her think an indulgent treatment new, or unusual.

I dread, my dear Dr Bartlett, yet am impatient to see the unhappy lady. I wish the general were not to accompany her. I am afraid I shall want temper if he forget his. My own heart, when it tells me that I have not deserved ill usage (from my equals and superiors in rank especially), bids me not bear it. I am ashamed to own to you, my reverend friend, *that* pride of spirit, which, knowing it to be my fault, I ought long ago to have subdued.

Make

Make my compliments to every one I love. Mr and Mrs Reeves are of the number.

Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If she is not, it must be her own fault. Let her know, that I will not allow, when my love to both sisters is equal, that she shall give me cause to say that Lady L. is my best sister.

Lady Olivia gives me uneasiness. I am ashamed my dear Dr Bartlett, that a woman of a rank so considerable, and who has some great qualities, should lay herself under obligation to the compassion of a man who can *only* pity her. When a woman gets over that delicacy, which is the test or bulwark, as I may say, of modesty—Modesty itself may soon lie at the mercy of an enemy.

Tell my Emily, that she is never out of my mind; and that, among the other excellent examples she has before her, Miss Byron's must never be out of hers.

Lord L. and Lord G. are in full possession of my brotherly love.

I shall not at present write to my Beauchamp. In writing to you, I write to him.

You know all my heart. If in this or my future letters, any thing shall fall from my pen, that would possibly in your opinion affect or give uneasiness to any one I love and honour, were it to be communicated, I depend upon your known and unquestionable discretion to keep it to yourself.

I shall be glad you will enable yourself to inform me of the way Sir Hargrave and his friends are in. They were very ill at Paris; and, it was thought, too weak, and too much bruised, to be soon carried over to England. Men! Englishmen! thus to disgrace themselves, and their country—I am concerned for them!

I expect large packets by the next mails from my

my friends. England, which was *always* dear to me, never was half so dear as *now* to

Your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, May 11—22.

THE bishop set out yesterday for Urbino, in order to inform himself of his sister's state of health, and perhaps to qualify the general to meet me with temper and politeness. Were I sure the good prelate thought this necessary, my pride would be excited.

The Count of Belvedere arrived here yesterday. He made it his first business to see me. He acquainted me, but in confidence, that proposals of marriage with Lady Laurana had actually been made him: To which he had returned answer, that his heart, however hopelessly, was engaged; and that he never could think of any other woman than Lady Clementina.

He made no scruple, he said, of returning so short an answer, because he had been apprised of the cruelty with which one of the noblest young women in Italy had been treated by the proposers; and with their motives for it.

You see, Chevalier, said he, that I am open and unreserved to you. You will oblige me, if you will let me know what it is you propose to *yourself* in the present situation!—But, first, I should be glad to hear from your own mouth, what passed between you and Clementina, and the family, before you quitted Italy the last time. I have had *their* account.

I gave

I gave him a very faithful relation of it. He was pleased with it. Exactly as it has been represented to me! said he. Were Clementina and you of one religion, there could have been no hope for any other man. I adore her for her piety, and for her attachment to *hers*; and am not so narrow-minded a man, but I can admire you for *yours*. As her malady is accidental, I never would think of any other woman, could I flatter myself that she would not, if restored, be unhappy with me. But now tell me: I am earnest to know; Are you come over to us (I *know* you are invited) with an expectation to call her yours, in case of her recovery?

I answered him as I had done the marchioness.

He seemed as much pleased with me as I am with him. He is gone back to Parma.

Friday, May 12—23.

THE bishop is returned. Lady Clementina has been very ill: A fever. How has she been hurried about! He tells me, that the general and his lady, and also the Conte della Porretta, acknowledge themselves and their whole family obliged to me for the trouble I have been at to serve their Jeronymo.

The fever having left Lady Clementina, she will set out in a day or two. The Count and Signor Sebastiano, as well as the general and his lady, will attend her. I am impatient to see her. Yet how greatly will the sight of her afflict me! The bishop says, she is the picture of silent woe: Yet, though greatly emaciated, *looks herself*, were his words. They told her that Jeronymo was better than he had been. Your dear Jeronymo, said the general to her. The sweet echo repeated—Jeronymo—and was again silent.

They afterwards proposed to name me to her. They did. She looked quick about her, as if for somebody. Laura, her maid, was occasionally called upon. She started, and threw her arms about

bout Camilla, as terrified ; looking wildly. Camilla doubts not, but by the name Laura she apprehended the savage Laurana to be at hand.

How must she have suffered from her barbarity ! —Sweet innocent ! She, who even in her reveries thought not but of good to the *soul* of the man whom she honoured with her regard—She, who bore offence without resentment ; and by meekness only fought to calm the violence for which she had not given the least cause !

But when Camilla and she had retired, she spoke to her. The bishop gave me the following dialogue between them, as he had it from Camilla.

Did they not name to me the Chevalier Grandison ? said she.

They did, madam.

See ! see ! said she, before I name him again, if my cruel cousin hearken not at the door.

Your cruel cousin, madam, is at many miles distance.

She may hear what I say for all that.

My dear Lady Clementina, she cannot hear. She shall never more come near you.

So you say.

Did I ever deceive you, madam ?

I can't remember : My memory is gone ; quite gone, Camilla.

She then looked earnestly at Camilla, and screamed.

What ails you, my dearest young lady ?

Recovering herself—Ah, my own Camilla ! It is you. I thought, by the cast of your eye, you were become Laurana—Do not, do not give me such another look !

Camilla was not sensible of any particularity in her looks.

Here you have me again upon a journey, Camilla : But how do I know that I am not to be carried to my cruel cousin ?

You

You are really going to your father's palace at Bologna, madam.

Is my mother there?

She is.

Who else?

The Chevalier, madam.

What Chevalier?

Grandison.

Impossible! Is he not in proud England?

He is come over, madam.

What for?

With a skilful English surgeon, in hopes to cure Signor Jeronymo—

Poor Jeronymo!

And to pay his compliments to you, madam.

Flatterer! How many hundred times have I been told so?

Should you wish to see him, madam?

See whom?

The Chevalier Grandison.

Once I should; and sighed.

And not now, madam?

No: I have lost all I had to say to him. Yet I wish I were allowed to go to that England. We poor women are not suffered to go any whither, while men—

There she stopt; and Camilla could not make her say any more.

The bishop was fond of repeating these particulars, as she had not, for some time, talked so much, and so sensibly.

Friday Evening.

I PASS more than half my time with Signor Jeronymo, but (that I may not fatigue his spirits) at different hours of the day. The Italian surgeons and Mr Lowther happily agree in all their measures: They applaud him when his back is turned, and he speaks well of them in their absence. This

mutual return of good offices, which they hear of, unites them. The patient declares, that he had not for months been so easy as now. Every body attributes a great deal to his heart's being revived by my frequent visits. To-morrow it is proposed to make an opening below the most difficult wound. Mr Lowther says, he will not flatter us, till he sees the success of this operation.

The marquis and his lady are inexpressibly obliging to me. I had yesterday a visit from both, on an indisposition that confined me to my chamber, occasioned, I believe, by a hurry of spirits, by fatigue, by my apprehensions for Jeronymo, by my concern for Clementina, and by my too great anxiety for the dear friends I had so lately left in England.

You know, Dr Bartlett, that I have a heart too susceptible for my own peace, though I endeavour to *conceal* from *others* those painful sensibilities which they cannot relieve. The poor Olivia was ever to be my disturbance. Miss Byron must be happy in the rectitude of her own heart. I am ready to think, that she will not be able to resist the warm instances of the Countess of D. in favour of her son, who is certainly one of the best young men among the nobility. She will be the happiest woman in the world, as she is one of the most deserving, if she be as happy as I wish her.

Emily takes up a large portion of my thoughts.

Our Beauchamp I know must be happy: So must my Lord W. my sisters, and their lords.—Why then shall I not think myself so? God restore Jeronymo and his sister, and I must, I *will*; for you, my dear Dr Bartlett, are so: And then I will subscribe myself a partaker of the happiness of all my friends, and particularly

Your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXVIII.

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.**Bologna, Monday, May 15—26.*

LAST night arrived Lady Clementina, the general, his lady, the Count, and Signor Sebastiano.

I had left Jeronymo about an hour. He had had in the morning the intended opening made by Mr Lowther. He would have me present.

The operation was happily performed: But, through weakness of body, he was several times in the day troubled with faintings.

I left him tolerably cheerful in the evening; and rejoicing in expectation of his sister's arrival; and, as the bishop had assured him of the general's grateful disposition, he longed, he said, to see that affectionate brother and his lady once more. He had never but once seen her before, and then was so ill, that he could hardly compliment her on the honour she had done their family.

The bishop sent to tell me that his sister was arrived, but that being fatigued and unhappy, Camilla should acquaint me in the morning with the way in which she should then be.

I slept not half an hour the whole night. You, my dear friend, will easily account for my restlessness.

I sent, as usual, early in the morning, to know how Jeronymo rested. The answer was favourable; returned by Mr Lowther, who sat up with him that night, at his own motion: He knew not but something critical might happen.

Camilla came. The good woman was so full of her own joy to see me once more in Italy, that I could not presently get a word from her of what my heart throbbed with impatience to know.

At last, you will, said she, have the general and the bishop with you. Ah, Sir! my poor young lady! What has she suffered since you left us! You will not know her. We are not sure she will know you. Who shall be able to bear the first interview! She has now but few intervals. It is all one gloomy confusion with her. She cares not to speak to any body. Every stranger she sees terrifies her. O the vile, thrice vile Lady Laurana!—

In this manner ran on Camilla: Nor would she enter into any other particulars than the unhappy ones she left me to collect from the broken hints and exclamations thus thrown out. Alas! thought I, the calamities of Clementina have affected the head of the poor Camilla! She hurried away, lest she should be wanted, and lest the general should find her with me.

The two brothers came soon after. The general took my hand, with a kind of forced politeness: We are all obliged to you, Sir, said he, for your Mr Lowther. Are the surgeons of England so famous? But the people of your nation have been accustomed to *give* wounds: They should therefore furnish operators to *heal* them. We are obliged to you also, for the trouble you have given yourself in coming over to us in person. Jeronymo has found a revival of spirits upon it: God grant they may not subside! But, alas! our sister!—Poor Clementina!—*She* is lost!

Would to God, said the bishop, we had left her to the care of Mrs Beaumont!

The general himself, having taken her from Florence, would not join in this wish. There was a middle course, he said, that ought to have been taken. But Laurana is a daughter of the devil, said he; and Lady Sforza ought to be detested for upholding her.

The general expressed himself with coldness on my coming over, but said, that now I *was* on the spot,

spot, and as his sister had been *formerly* desirous of seeing me, an interview might be permitted, in order to satisfy those of the family who had given me the invitation, which it was very good of me to accept, especially as I had the Lady Olivia in England attending my motions? But otherwise he had no opinion—There he stopt.

I looked upon him with indignation, mingled with contempt: And directing myself to the bishop, you remember, my lord, said I, the story of Naaman the Syrian*.

What is that, my lord? said he to the bishop.

Far be it from me, continued I, still directing myself to the bishop, to presume upon my own consequence in the application of the story: But your lordship will judge how far the comparison will hold. Would to God it might *throughout*!

A happy allusion, said the bishop. I say, Amen.

I know not who this Naaman is, said the general, nor what is meant by your allusion, Chevalier: But by your looks I should imagine that you mean me contempt.

My looks, my lord, generally indicate my heart. You may make light of my intention; and so will I of the trouble I have been at, if your lordship make not light of *me*. But were I not, my lord, in my own lodgings, I would tell you, that you seem not to know, in my case, what graciousness is. Yet I ask not for favour from you, but as much for your own sake as mine.

Dear Grandison! said the bishop—My lord! to his brother—Did not you promise me—Why did you mention Olivia to the Chevalier?

Does that disturb you, Sir? said the general to me.—I cannot make light of a man of your consequence, especially with ladies, Sir—in a scornful manner.

The general, you see, my lord, said I, turning to the bishop, has an insuperable ill-will to me. I found, when I attended him at Naples, that he had harboured surmises that were as injurious to his sister as to me. I was in hopes that I had obviated them, but a rooted malevolence will recur. However, satisfied as I am in my own innocence, he shall, for *many sakes*, find it very difficult to provoke me.

For *my own sake* among the rest, Chevalier? with an air of drollery.

You are at liberty, returned I, to make your own constructions. Allow me, my lords, to attend you to Signor Jeronymo.

Not till you are cordial friends, said the bishop. —Brother, give me your hand, offering to take it —Chevalier, yours—

Dispose of mine as you please, my lord, said I, holding it out.

He took it, and the general's at the same time, and would have joined them.

Come, my lord, said I to the general, and snatched his reluctant hand, accept of a friendly offer, from a heart as friendly. Let me honour you, from my *own knowledge*, for those great qualities which the world gives you. I demand your favour, from a consciousness that I deserve it; and *that* I could not, were I to submit to be treated with indignity by any man. I should be sorry to look little in *your* eyes, but I will not in *my own*.

Who can bear the superiority this man assumes, brother?

You *oblige* me, my lord, to assert myself.

The Chevalier speaks nobly, my lord. His character is well known. Let me lead you both friends to our Jeronymo. But say, brother—Say, Chevalier, that you are so.

I cannot bear, said the general, that the Chevalier

valier Grandison should imagine himself of so much consequence to my sister as some of you seem to think him.

You know me not, my lord. I have at present no wish but for the recovery of your sister and Signor Jeronymo. Were I able to be of service to them, that service would be my reward. But, my lord, if it will make you easy, and induce you to treat me as my own heart tells me I *ought* to be treated, I will give you my honour, and let me say that it never yet was forfeited, that whatever turn your sister's malady may take, I will not accept of the highest favour that can be done me, but with the joint consent of the three brothers, as well as of your father and mother. Permit me to add, that I will not enter into any family that shall think meanly of me; nor subject the woman I love to the contempt of her own relations.

This indeed is nobly said, replied the general.

Give me your hand upon it, and I am your friend for ever.

Proud man! He could not bear to think, that a simple English gentleman, as he looks upon me to be, should ally with their family; improbable as it is, in his own opinion, that the unhappy lady should ever recover her reason: But he greatly loves the Count of Belvedere; and all the family was fond of an alliance with that deserving nobleman.

The bishop rejoiced to find us at last in a better way of understanding each other than we had hitherto been in; and it was easier for me to allow for this haughty man, as Mrs Beaumont had let me know what the behaviour was that I had to expect from him: And indeed, his father, mother, and two brothers, were very apprehensive of it: It will therefore be a pleasure to them, that I had so easily overcome his prejudices.

They

They both advised me to suspend my visit to their brother till the afternoon, that they might have the more time to consult with one another, and to prepare and dispose their sister to see me.

At taking leave, the general snatched my hand, and with an air of pleasantry said, I have a wife, Grandison. I wished him joy. You need not, said he, for I *have* it: One of the best of women. She longs to see you. I think I need not be apprehensive, because *she* is generous, and *I* ever must be grateful: But take care, take care, Grandison! I shall watch every turn of your eye. Admire her if you will: You will not be able to help it. But I am glad she saw you not before she was mine.

I rejoice, said the bishop, that at a meeting, which, notwithstanding your *promises*, brother, gave me apprehensions as we came, is followed by so pleasant a parting: Henceforth we are four brothers again.

Ay, and remember, Chevalier, that my *sister* has also *four* brothers.

May the number four not be lessened by the death of my Jeronymo, and may Clementina be restored; and Providence dispose as it pleases of me! I am now going to the palace of Porretta; with what agitations of mind, you, Dr Bartlett, can better imagine than I describe.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday night, May 15-26.

I AM just returned. You will expect me to be particular.

I went

I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might pass half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture so lately made: But Mr Lowther give us hopes from it.

When we were alone, They will not let me see my sister, said he; I am sure she must be very bad. But I understand, that you are to be allowed that favour by and bye. O my Grandison! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours!—But what have you done to the general? He assures me, that he admires and loves you; and the bishop has been congratulating me upon it. He knew it would give me pleasure. My dear Grandison, you subdue everybody; yet in your own way; for they both admire your spirit.

Just then came in the general. He saluted me in so kind a manner, that Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he said, Blessed be God, that I have lived to see you two, dearest of men to me, so friendly together.

This sweet girl! said the general:—How, Grandison, will you bear to see her?

The bishop entered: O Chevalier! my sister is insensible of every thing and everybody. Camilla is no body with her to-day.

They had forgot Jeronymo, tho' in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible sensibilities, they comforted him; and withdrew with me into Mr Lowther's apartment; while Mr Lowther went to his patient.

The marchioness joined us in tears. This dear child knows me not; heeds me not: She never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier Grandison: She regards not your name. O this affecting silence!—Camilla has told her, that she is to see you. My daughter-in-law has told her so. O Chevalier! She has quite lost her understanding. Nay, we were barbarous

barous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as she used to be, with that.

Camilla came in with a face of joy: Lady Clementina has just spoken! I told her, she must prepare to see the Chevalier Grandison in all his glory, and that every-body, the general in particular, admired him. Go, naughty Camilla, said she, tapping my hand; you are a wicked deceiver. I have been told this story too often to credit it. This was all I could get her to say.

Hence it was concluded, that she would take some notice of me when she saw me; and I was led by the general, followed by the rest, into the marchioness's drawing-room.

Father Marefcotti hath given me an advantageous character of the general's lady, whom I had not yet seen. The bishop had told me, that she was such another excellent woman as his mother, and, like her, had the Italian reserve softened by a polite French education.

When we came into the drawing-room, the general presented me to her. I do not, madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandison, said he; but I forgive you if you do; because you will not be able to do otherwise.

My lord, said she, you told me an hour ago that I must: And now, that I see the Chevalier, you will have no cause to reproach me with disobedience.

Father Marefcotti, madam, said I, bid me expect from the lady of the young Marchese della Porretta every thing that was condescending and good. Your compassionate love for an unhappy new sister, who deserves every-one's love, exalts your character.

Father Marefcotti came in. We took our places. It was designed, I found, to try to revive the young lady's attention, by introducing her in full assembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear asking
the

the Marchionefs, If Lady Clementina would not be too much startled at fo much company?

I wifh, faid the marquis, fighing, that fhe *may* be startled.

We meet, as only on a converfation-vifit, faid the marchionefs. We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.

We are all near relations, faid the bifhop.

And want to make our obfervations, faid the general.

She has been bid to expect you among us, refumed the marchionefs. We fhall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.

Just then entered the fweet lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was flow and folemn. Her eyes were caft on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gauze half covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at that moment, was my emotion! I arofe from my feat, fat down, and arofe again, irrefolute, not knowing what I did, or what *to* do!

She ftopt in the middle of the floor, and made fome motion, in f Silence, to Camilla, who adjusted her veil: But fhe looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; obferved no-body.

On her ftopping, I was advancing towards her; but the general took my hand: Sit ftill, fit ftill, dear Grandifon, faid he: Yet I am charmed with your fenfibility. She comes! She moves towards to us!

She approached the table round which we fat, her eyes more than half clofed, and caft down. She turned to go towards the window. Here, here, madam, faid Camilla, leading her to an elbow chair that had been placed for her, between the two marchioneffes. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and fat down. Her mother wept. The young marchionefs wept. Her father fobbed;

fobbed ; and looked from her. Her mother took her hand : My love, said she, look around you.

Pray, sister, said the Count her uncle, leave her to her own observation.

She was regardless of what either said ; her eyes were cast down, and half-closed. Camilla stood at the back of her chair.

The general, grieved and impatient, arose, and stepping to her, My dearest sister, said he, hanging over her shoulder, look upon us all. Do not *scorn* us, do not *despise* us : See your father, your mother, your sister, and every-body, in tears. If you love us, smile upon us. He took the hand which her mother had quitted, to attend to her own emotions.

She reared up her eyes to him, and sweetly condescending, tried to smile ; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that she only could shew her obligingness by the effort. Her smile was a smile of woe. And, still further to shew her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her brother, she looked on either side of her ; and seeing which was her mother, she with both hands, took hers, and bowed her head upon it.

The marquis arose from his seat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature, said he ! never, never let me again see such a smile as that. It is *here*, putting his hand on his breast.

Camilla offered her a glass of lemonade ; she accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.

Obliging sister ! you do not scorn us, said the general. See, father Marefcotti is in tears [The reverend man sat next me] : Pity his grey hairs ! See, your own father too—Comfort your father. *His* grief for your silence—

She cast her eyes that way. She saw me : Saw me greatly affected. She started. She looked again ; again started ; and, quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, she arose,

rose, and threw her arms about her Camilla—O Camilla! was all she said; a violent burst of tears wounding, yet giving some ease to every heart. I was springing to her, and should have clasped her in my arms before them all; but the general taking my hand, as I reached her chair, Dear Grandison, said he, pronouncing in her ear my name, keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will bid you welcome once more to Bologna—O Camilla, said she, faithful, good Camilla! Now, at last, have you told me truth! It is, it is he!—And her tears *would* flow, as she hid her face in Camilla's bosom.

The general's native pride again shewed itself. He took me aside. I see, Grandison, the consequence you are of to this unhappy girl: Every one sees it. But I depend upon your honour: You remember what you said this morning—

Good God! said I, with some emotion: I stopt—And resuming, with pride equal to his own, Know, Sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himself a man of honour; and you, as well as the rest of the world, shall find him so.

He seemed a little abashed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for *him*, but for the rest of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.

We, however, took the bishop's eye. He came to us.

I left the general; and the bishop led him out, in order to enquire into the occasion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, supported by the two Marchionesses, and attended by Camilla, just by me, passing towards the door, in order, it seems, at *her* motion to withdraw. She stopt. Ah, Chevalier! said she; and reclining her head on her mother's bosom, seemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifelessly extended (her mother held the other); and kneeling, pressed it with my

lips—Forgive me, ladies ; forgive me, Lady Clementina!—My soul overflowed with tenderness, though the moment before it was in a tumult of another kind ; for she cast down her eyes upon me with a benignity, that for a long time they all afterwards owned they had not beheld. I could not say more. I arose. She moved on to the door ; and when there, turned her head, straining her neck to look after me, till she was out of the room. I was a statue for a few moments ; till the count, snatching my hand, and father Marefcotti's, who stood nearest him, we see to what the malady is owing—Father, you must join their hands!—Chevalier ! you will be a Catholic!—Will you not?—O that you would ! said the father—Why, why, joined in the Count, did we refuse the so-earnestly-requested interview a year and a half ago?

The young Marchioness returned weeping—They will not permit me to stay. My sister, my dear sister, is in fits!—O Sir, turning graciously to me, you *are*—I will not say *what* you are—But I shall not be in danger of disobeying my lord, on your account.

Just then, entered the general, led in by the bishop. Now, brother, said the latter, if you will not be generous, be, however, just—Chevalier, were you not a little hasty?

I *was*, my lord. But surely the general was unseasonable.

Perhaps I was.

There is as great a triumph, my lord, said I, in a due acknowledgement as in a victory. Know me, my lords, as a man incapable of meanness ; who will assert himself ; but who, from the knowledge he has of his own heart, wishes at his soul to be received as the unquestionably disinterested friend of this whole family. Excuse me, my lords, I am obliged to talk greatly, because I would not
with

wish to act petulantly. But my soul is wounded by those distresses, which had not, I am sorry to say it, a little while ago, a first place in *your* heart.

Do you reproach me, Grandison?

I need not, my lord, if you *feel* it as such. But indeed you either know not me, or forget yourself. And now, having spoken all my mind, I am ready to ask your pardon for any thing that may have offended you in the manner. I snatched his hand so suddenly, I hoped not rudely, but rather fervently, that he started—Receive me, my lord, as a friend. I will *deserve* your friendship.

Tell me, brother, said he to the bishop, what I shall say to this strange man? Shall I be angry or pleased?

Be pleased, my lord, replied the prelate.

The general embraced me—Well, Grandison, you have overcome. I *was* unseasonable. You were passionate. Let us forgive each other.

His lady stood suspended, not being able to guess at the occasion of this behaviour, and renewed friendship.

We sat down, and reasoned variously on what had passed, with regard to the unhappy lady, according to the hopes and fears which actuated the bosoms of each.

But I cannot help thinking, that had this interview been allowed to pass with less surprise to her, she might have been spared those fits, with the affecting description of which the young Marchioness alarmed us; till Camilla came in with the happy news, that she was recovering from them: and that her mother was promising her another visit from me, in hopes it would oblige her; though it was not what she required.

I took this opportunity to put into the hands of the young Marchioness, sealed up, the opinions of the physicians I had consulted in England, on the

case of Clementina: requesting that she would give it to her mother, in order to have it considered.

The bishop withdrew, to acquaint Jeronymo, in the way he thought best, with what had passed in this first interview with his sister; resolving not to take any notice of the little fally of warmth between the general and me.

I hope to make the pride and passion of this young nobleman of use to myself, by way of caution: For am I not naturally too much inclined to the same fault? O Dr Bartlett! how have I regretted the passion I suffered myself to be betrayed into, by the foolish violence of O'Hara and Salmonet, in my own house, when it would have better become me to have had them shewed out of it by my servants!

And yet, were I to receive affronts with tameness from those haughty spirits, who think themselves of a rank superior to me, and from men of the sword, I, who make it a principle not to draw mine but in my own defence, should be subjected to insults, that would be continually involving me in the difficulties I am solicitous to avoid.

I attended the general and his lady to Jeronymo. The generous youth forgot his own weak state, in the hopes he flattered himself with, of a happy conclusion to the sister's malady, from the change of symptoms which had already taken place; though violent hystericks disordered and shook her before-wounded frame.

The general said, that if she could overcome this first shock, perhaps it was the best method that could have been taken to rouse her out of that stupidity and inattention which had been for some weeks so disturbing to them all.

There were no hopes of seeing the unhappy lady again that evening. The general would have accompanied

accompanied me to the Casino * ; saying, that we might both be diverted by an hour passed there : But I excused myself. My heart was full of anxiety for the welfare of a brother and sister, both so much endeared to me by their calamities : And I retired to my lodgings.

L E T T E R X X X .

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Bologna, Tuesday, May 16 27.

I HAD a very restless night ; and found myself so much indisposed in the morning with a feverish disorder, that I thought of contenting myself with sending to know how the brother and sister rested, and of staying within, at least till the afternoon, to give my hurried spirits some little repose : But my messenger returned with a request from the Marchioness to see me presently.

I obeyed. Clementina had asked, whether she had really seen me, or had only dreamed so. They took this for a favourable indication ; and therefore sent the above request.

I met the general in Jeronymo's apartment. He took notice that I was not very well. Mr Lowther proposed to bleed me. I consented. I afterwards saw my friend's wounds dressed. The

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three

* *The Casino at Bologna is a fine apartment, illuminated every night, for the entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies of the city, and whomever they please to introduce. There are card-tables ; and waiters attend with chocolate, coffee, ice. The whole expence is defrayed by twelve men of the first quality, each in turn taking his month.*

three surgeons pronounced appearances not to be unfavourable.

We all then retired into Mr Lowther's apartment. The bishop introduced to us two of the faculty. The prescriptions of the English physicians were considered; and some of the methods approved, and agreed to be pursued.

Clementina, when I came, was retired to her own apartment with Camilla. Her terrors on Laurana's cruelty had again got possession of her imagination; and they thought it not adviseable that I should be admitted into her presence, till the hurries she was in, on that account, had subsided.

But by this time, being a little more composed, her mother led her into the dressing-room. The general and his lady were both present; and, by their desire, I was asked to walk in.

Clementina, when I entered, was sitting close to Camilla; her head leaning on her bosom, seemingly thoughtful. She raised her head, and looked towards me; and, clasping her arms about Camilla's neck, hid her face in *her* bosom for a few moments; then looking as bashful towards me, she loosed her hands, stood up, and looked steadily at me, and at Camilla, by turns, several times, as irresolute. At last, quitting Camilla, she moved towards me with a stealing pace; but when near me, turning short, hurried to her mother; and putting one arm about her neck, the other held up, she looked at me, as if she were doubtful whom she saw. She seemed to whisper to her mother, but not to be understood. She went then by her sister-in-law, who took her hand as she passed her with both hers, and kissed it; and coming to the general, who sat still nearer me, and who had desired me to attend to her motions, she stood by him, and looked at me with a sweet irresolution.

As

As she had stolen such advances towards me, I could no longer restrain myself. I arose, and, taking her hand, Behold the man, said I, with a bent knee, whom once you honoured with the name of tutor, your English tutor!—Know you not the grateful Grandison, whom all your family have honoured with their regard!

O yes!—Yes,—I think I do.—They rejoiced to hear her speak.—But where have you been all this time?

In England, madam—But returned, *lately* returned, to visit you and your Jeronymo.

Jeronymo! one hand held up; the other not withdrawn. Poor Jeronymo!

God be praised! said the general: Some faint hopes. The two Marchionesses wept for joy.

Your Jeronymo, madam, and my Jeronymo, is, we hope, in a happy way. Do you love Jeronymo?

Do I?—But what of Jeronymo? I don't understand you.

Jeronymo, now you are well, will be happy.

I am well? Ah, Sir!—But save me, save me, Chevalier!—faintly screaming, and looking about her, with a countenance of woe and terror.

I *will* save you, madam. The general will also protect you. Of whom are you afraid?

O the cruel, cruel Laurana!—She withdrew her hand in a hurry, and lifted up the sleeve of the other arm—You shall see—O I have been cruelly used—But *you* will protect me.—Forbearing to shew her arm, as she seemed to intend.

Laurana shall never more come near you.

But don't hurt her!—Come, sit down by me, and I will tell you all I have suffered.

She hurried to her former seat; and sat down by her weeping Camilla. I followed her. She motioned to me to sit down by her.

Why,

Why, you must know, Chevalier—She paused—Ah my head! putting her hand to it—Well, but, now you must leave me. Something is wrong—leave me—I don't know myself—

Then looking with a face of averted terror at me—You are not the same man I talked to just now!—Who *are* you, Sir?—She again faintly shrieked, and threw her arms about Camilla's neck, once more hiding her face in her bosom.

I could not bear this. Not very well before, it was too much for me. I withdrew.

Don't withdraw, Chevalier, said the general, drying his eyes.

I withdrew, however, to Mr Lowther's chamber. He not being there, I shut the door upon myself—So oppressed! my dear Dr Bartlett, I was greatly oppressed.

Recovering myself in a few moments, I went to Jeronymo. I had but just entered his chamber, when the general, who seemed unable to speak, took my hand, and in silence led me to his mother's dressing-room. As we entered it, she enquires after you, Chevalier, said he, and laments your departure. She thinks she has offended you. Thank God, she has recollection!

When I went in, she was in her mother's arms; her mother soothing her, and weeping over her.

See, see, my child, the Chevalier! you have *not* offended him.

She quitted her mother's arms. I approached her. I thought it was not *you* that sat by me a while ago. But when you went away from me, I saw it could be nobody but you. Why did you go away? Was you angry?

I could not be angry, madam. You bid me leave you: And I obeyed.

Well, but now what shall I say to him, madam? I do not know what I would say. You, madam, stepping

stepping with a hasty motion towards her sister-in-law, will not tell Laurana any thing against me?

Unhappy hour, said her mother, speaking to the general, that I ever yielded to her going to the cruel Laurana!

The marchioness took her hand; I hate Laurana, my dear; I love no body but you.

Don't hate her, however.—Chevalier, whisperingly, Who is this lady?

The general rejoiced at the question; for this was the first time she had ever taken any particular notice of his lady, or enquired who she was, notwithstanding her generous tenderness to her.

That lady is your sister, your brother Signor Giacomo's wife—

My sister! how can that be?—Where has she been all this time?

Your sister by marriage: Your elder brother's wife.

I don't understand it. But why, madam, did you not tell me so before? I wish you happy. Laurana would not let me be *her* cousin. Will *you* own me?

The young marchioness clasped her arms about her. My sister, my friend, my dear Clementina! Call me your sister, and I shall be happy!

What strange things, said she, have come to pass?

How did these dawnings of reason rejoice every one.

Sir, turning to the general, let me speak with you.

She led him by the hand to the other end of the room.—Let nobody hear us, said she: Yet spoke not low. What had I to say?—I had something to say to you very earnestly. I don't know what.—

Well,

Well, don't puzzle yourself, my dear, to recollect it, said the general. Your new sister loves you. She is the best of women. She is the joy of my life. Love your new sister, my Clementina.

So I will. Don't I love every body.

But you must love her better than any other woman, the best of mothers excepted. She is *my* wife, and *your* sister; and she loves both you and our dear Jeronymo.

And no-body else? Does she love nobody else?

Whom else would you have her love?

I don't know. But every body, I think; for I do.

Whomever you love, she will love. She is all goodness.

Why that's well. I will love her, now I know who she is. But, Sir, I have some notion——

Of what, my dear?

I don't know. But pray, Sir, what brings the Chevalier over hither again?

To comfort you, your father, mother, Jeronymo: To comfort us all. To make us all well, and happy in each other.

Why that's very good. Don't *you* think so? But he was always good. Are you, brother, happy?

I am, and should be more so, if you and Jeronymo were.

But that can never, never be.

God forbid! my sister. The Chevalier has brought over with him a skilful man, who hopes to cure our Jeronymo——

Has the Chevalier done this? Why did he not do so before?

The general was a little disconcerted; but generously said, we were wrong; we took not right methods. I, for my part, wish we had followed his advice in every thing.

Bless

Bless me!—holding up one hand. How came all these things about!—Sir, Sir, with quickness—I will come again presently, and was making to the door.

Camilla stepped to her—Whither, whither, my dear young lady?—O! Camilla will do as well—Camilla, laying her hand upon her shoulder, go to father Marefcotti—Tell him—There she stopt: Then proceeding, Tell him I have seen a vision—He shall pray for us all.

Then stepping to her mother, and taking her passive hand, she kissed it, and stroked her own forehead and cheek with it—Love me, madam; love your child. *You* don't know, neither do I, what ails my poor head. Heal it! Heal it! with your gentle hand! Again stroking her forehead with it; then putting it to her heart.

The marchioness, kissing her forehead, made her face wet with her tears.

Shall I, said Camilla, go to father Marefcotti?

No, said the general, except she repeats her commands. Perhaps she has forgot him already—She said no more of father Marefcotti.

The marchioness thinks that she had some confused notions of the former enmity of the general and father to me; and finding the former reconciled, wanted the father to be so too, and to pray for us all.

I was willing, my dear Dr Bartlett, to give you minutely the workings of the poor lady's mind on our two first interviews. Every body is rejoiced at so hopeful an alteration already.

We all thought it best, now, that she had so surprisingly taken a turn, from observing a profound silence, to so free talking, and shewn herself able, with very little incoherence, to pursue a discourse, that she should not exhaust herself; and Camilla was directed to court her into her own dressing room, and endeavour to engage her on some in-different

different subjects. I asked her leave to withdraw : She gave it me readily, with these words, I shall see you again, I hope, before you go to England.

Often I hope, very often, answered the general for me.

That is very good, said she ; and, courtesying to me, went up with Camilla.

We all went into Jeronymo's apartment ; and the young marchioness rejoiced him with the relation of what had passed. That generous friend was for ascribing to my presence the hoped-for happy alteration ; while the general declared, that he never would have her contradicted for the future in any reasonable request she should make.

The count her uncle, and Signor Sebastiano his eldest son, are set out for Urbino. They took leave of me at my lodgings. He hoped, he said, that all would be happy ; and that I would be a Catholic.

I HAVE received a large packet of letters from England.

I approve of all you propose, my dear Dr Bartlett. You shall not, you say, be easy, except I will inspect your accounts. Don't refuse to give your own worthy heart any satisfaction that it can receive, by consulting your true friend : But otherwise, you need not ask my consent to any thing you shall think fit to do. Of one thing, methinks, I could be glad that only such children of the poor as shew a peculiar ingenuity, have any great pains taken with them in their *books*. Husbandry and labour are what are most wanting to be encouraged among the lower class of people. Providence has given to men different geniusses and capacities, for different ends ; and that all might become useful links of the same great chain. Let us apply those talents to labour, those to learning, those to trade, to mechanics, in their different branches,

branches, which point out the different pursuits, and then no person will be unuseful; on the contrary, every one may be eminent in some way or other. Learning of itself never made any man happy. The ploughman makes fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than the scholar, because the sphere in which he moves is a more contracted one. But if a genius arise, let us encourage it: There will be rustics enough to do the common services for the finer spirits, and to carry on the business of the world, if we do not, by our own indiscriminate good offices, contribute to their misapplication.

I will write to congratulate Lord W. and his lady. I rejoice exceedingly in their happiness.

I will also write to my Beauchamp, and to Lady Beauchamp to give her joy on her enlarged heart. Surely, Dr Bartlett, human nature is not so bad a thing as some disgracers of their own species have imagined. I have, on many occasions, found, that it is but applying properly to the passions of persons, who, though they have not been very remarkable for benevolence, may yet be induced to do right things in *some* manner, if not always in the *most graceful*. But as it is an observation, that the miser's feast is often the most splendid, so may we say, as in the cases of Lord W. and Lady Beauchamp, the one to her son-in-law, the other to his lady and nieces, that when such persons are brought to taste the sweets of a generous and beneficent action, they are able to behave greatly. We should not too soon, and without making *proper* applications, give up persons of ability or power, upon conceptions of their general characters; and then, with the herd, set our faces against them, as if we knew them to be incorrigible. How many ways are there to overcome persons, who may not, however, be naturally benefi-

cent! Policy, a regard for outward appearances, ostentation, love of praise, will sometimes have great influences: And not seldom is the requester of a favour himself in fault, who perhaps shews as much *self* in the application, as the refuser does in the denial.

Let Charlotte know, that I will write to her when *she gives me a subject*.

I will write to Lord and Lady L. by the next mail. To write to either, is to write to both.

I have already answered Emily's favour. I am very glad that her mother and her mother's husband are so wise as to pursue their own interest in their behaviour to that good girl, and their happiness in their conduct to each other.

My poor cousin Grandison—I am concerned for him. I have had a very affecting letter from him. But I see the proud man in it, valuing himself on his knowledge of the world, and rather vexed to be over-reached by the common artifices of some of the worst people in it, than from right principles. I know not what I can do for him, except I were on the spot. I am grieved that he has not profited by other men's wisdom: I wish he may by his own experience. I will write to him; yet neither to reproach him, nor to extenuate his folly, though I wish to free him from the consequences of it.

I write to my aunt Eleanor, to congratulate and welcome her to London. I hope to find her there on my return from Italy.

The unhappy Sir Hargrave! The still unhappier Merceda! What sport have they made with their health, in the prime of their days; and with their reputation! How poor would have been their triumph, had they escaped, by a flight so ignominious, the due reward of their iniquitous contrivances! But to meet with such a disgraceful punishment,

ment, and so narrowly to escape a still *more* disgraceful one—Tell me, can the poor men look out into open day?

But poor Bagenhall! funk as he is almost beneath pity, what can be said of him?

We see, Dr Bartlett, in the behaviour, and fordid acquiescence with insults, of these three men, that offensive spirits cannot be true ones.

If you have any call or inclination to go to London, I am sure you will look in upon the little Oldhams, and their mother.

My compliments to the young officer. I am glad he is pleased with what has been done for him.

I have letters from Paris. I am greatly pleased with what is done, and doing there, in pursuance of my directions, relating to good Mr Danby's legacy.

As he gained a great part of his considerable fortune in France, I think it would have been agreeable to him to find out there half of the objects of his benevolence: Why else named he France in his will?

The *intention* of the bequeather, in doubtful cases, ought always to be considered: And another case has offered, which, I think, as there is a large surplus in my hands, after having done by his relations more than they expected, and full as much as is necessary to put them in a flourishing way, I ought to consider in that light.

Mr Danby, at his setting out in life, owed great obligations to a particular family, then in affluent circumstances. This family fell, by unavoidable accidents, into indigence. Its descendants were numerous. Mr Danby used to confer on no less than six grand-daughters, and four grand-sons, of this family, an annual bounty, which kept them just above want. And he had put them in hopes, that he would cause it to be continued to them, as

long as they were unprovided for : The elder girls were in services ; the younger were brought up to be qualified for the same useful way of life : The sons were neither idle or vicious. I cannot but think, that it was his *intention* to continue his bounty to them by his last will, had he not forgot them when he gave orders for drawing it up ; which was not till he thought himself in a dying way.

Proper enquiries have been made ; and this affair is settled. The numerous family think themselves happy. And the supposed intention of my deceased friend is fully answered ; and no legatee a sufferer.

You kindly, my dear Dr Bartlett, regret the distance we are at from each other. I am the loser by it, and not you : since I give you, by pen and ink, almost as minute an account of my proceedings as I could do were we conversing together : Such are your expectations upon, and such is the obedience of,

Your ever affectionate and filial Friend,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

June 12-23.

WE have now, thank God, some hopes of our Jeronymo. The opening made below the great wound answers happily its intention ; and that in the shoulder is once more in a fine way.

Lady Clementina has been made to understand that he is better ; and this good news, and the method she is treated with, partly in pursuance of the

the advice of the English physicians, leave us not without hopes of her recovery.

The general and his lady are gone to Naples, in much higher spirits than when they left that city. His lady seconding his earnest invitation, I was not able to deny them the promise of a visit there.

Every one endeavours to soothe and humour Lady Clementina ; and the whole family is now satisfied, that this was the method which always ought to have been taken with her ; and lay to the charge of Lady Sforza and Laurana perhaps much deeper views than they had at first ; though they might enlarge them afterwards, and certainly did extend them, when the poor lady was deemed irrecoverable.

Let me account to you, my dear friend, for my silence of near a month since the date of my last.

For a fortnight together I was every day once with Lady Clementina. She took no small pleasure in seeing me. She was very various all that time in her absences ; sometimes she had sensible intervals, but they were not durable. She generally rambled much ; and was very incoherent. Sometimes she fell into her silent fits : But they seldom lasted long when I came. Sometimes she aimed to speak to me in English : But her ideas were too much unfixed, and her memory too much shattered, to make herself understood for a sentence together, in the tongue she had so lately learned, and for some time refused. Yet, on the whole, her reason seemed to gather strength. It was a heavy fortnight to me ; and the heavier, as I was not very well myself—Yet I was loth to forbear my daily visits.

Mrs Beaumont, at the fortnight's end, made the family and me a visit of three days. In that

space Lady Clementina's absences were stronger, but less frequent than before.

I had, by letter, been all this time preparing the persons who had the management of Mr Jer-vois's affairs, to adjust, finally, the account relating to his estate, which remained unsettled; and they let me know, that they were quite ready to put the last hand to them. It was necessary for me to attend those gentlemen in person: And as Mrs Beaumont could not conveniently stay any longer than the three days, I acquainted the Marchioness, that I should do myself the honour of attending her to Florence.

As well Mrs Beaumont as the marchioness, and the bishop, thought I should communicate my intention, and the necessity of pursuing it, to Lady Clementina; lest, on her missing me, she should be impatient, and we should lose the ground we had gained.

I laid before the young lady, in presence of her mother and Mrs Beaumont, in a plain and simple manner, my obligation to leave her for a few days, and the reason for it. To Florence! said she: Does not Lady Olivia live at Florence?—She does usually, answered Mrs Beaumont: But she is abroad on her travels.

Well, Sir, it is not for me to detain you, if you have business: But what will become of my poor Jeronymo in the mean time?—But, before I could answer, What a silly question is that!—I will be his comforter.

Father Marefcotti just then entered—O father! rambl'd the poor lady, you have not prayed with me for a long time. O, Sir, I am an undone creature! I am a lost soul!—She fell on her knees, and with tears bemoan'd herself.

She endeavour'd, after this, to recollect what she had been talking of before. We make it a rule not to suffer her, if we can help it, to puzzle and perplex

plex herself, by aiming at recollection; and therefore I told her what was our subject. She fell in to it again with chearfulness—Well, Sir, and when may Jeronymo expect you again?—In about ten days, I told her. And taking her hint, I added, that I doubted not but she would comfort Signor Jeronymo in my absence. She promised she would; and wished me happy.

I attended Mrs Beaumont accordingly. I concluded, to my satisfaction, all that remained unadjusted of my Emily's affairs, in two days after my arrival at Florence. I had a happy two days more with Mrs Beaumont, and the ladies her friends; and I stole a visit out of the ten days to the Count of Belvedere at Parma.

This excursion was of benefit to my health; and having had a letter from Mr Lowther, as I had desired, at Modena, in my way to Parma, with very favourable news, in relation both to the sister and brother, I returned to Bologna, and met with a joyful reception from the marquis, his lady, the bishop, and Jeronymo; who all joined to give me a share in the merit that was principally due to Mr Lowther, and his assistants, with regard to the brother's amendment, and to their own soothing methods of treating the beloved sister; who followed strictly the prescriptions of her physicians.

I was introduced to Lady Clementina by her mother, attended only by Camilla. The young lady met me at the entrance of her anti-chamber, with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her in her happier days. You are welcome, Chevalier, said she: But you kept not your time. I have set it down; pulling out her pocket-book—Ten days, madam: I told you ten days. I am exactly to my time—You shall see that: I cannot be mistaken, smiling. But her smiles were not quite her own.

She

She referred me to her book. You have reckoned two days twice over, madam. See here.

Is it possible?—I once, Sir, was a better accountant. Well, but we will not stand upon two days in so many. I have taken great care of Jeronymo in your absence. I have attended him several times; and would have seen him oftener; but they told me there was no need.

I thanked her for her care of my friend—

That's good enough, said she, to thank me for the care of myself. Jeronymo is myself.

Signor Jeronymo, replied I, cannot be dearer to his sister than he is to me.

You are a good man, returned she; and laid her hand upon my arm; I always said so. But Chevalier, I have quite forgot my English. I shall never recover it. What happy times were those when I was innocent, and was learning English!

My beloved young lady, said Camilla, was always innocent.

No, Camilla!—No!—And then she began to ramble—And taking Camilla under the arm, whispering, Let us go together to that corner of the room, and pray to God to forgive us. You, Camilla, have been wicked as well as I.

She went and kneeled down, and held up her hands in silence: Then rising, she came to her mother, and kneeled to her, her hands lifted up—Forgive me, forgive your poor child, my mamma!

God bless my child! Rise, my love!—I do forgive you!—But do you forgive me, tears trickling down her cheeks, for ever suffering you to go out of my own sight? for delivering you into the management of less kind, and less indulgent relations?

And God forgive *them* too, rising. Some of them made me crazy, and then upbraided me with being so. God forgive them! I do.

She then came to me; and, to my great surprize, dropt down on one knee. I could not, for a few moments,

moments, tell what to do, or what to say to her. Her hands held up, her fine eyes supplicating—Pray, Sir, forgive me!

Humour, humour the dear creature, Chevalier, said her mother sobbing.

Forgive you, madam!—Forgive you, dear lady! for what?—You have not offended! You could not offend.

I raised her; and, taking her hand, pressed it with my lips! Now, madam, forgive *me*—For this freedom forgive me!

O Sir, I have given you, I have given every body trouble!—I am an unhappy creature; and God and you are angry with me—And will you not say you forgive me?

Humour her, Chevalier.

I do, I do forgive you, most excellent of women.

She hesitated a little; then turned round to Camilla, who stood at a distance weeping; and running to her, cast herself into her arms, hiding her face in her bosom—Hide me, hide me, Camilla! What have I done! I have kneeled to a man!—She put her arm under Camilla's, and hurried out of the room with her.

Her mother seeing me in some confusion, Rejoice with me, Chevalier, said she, yet weeping, that we see, though her reason is imperfect, such happy symptoms. Our child will, I trust in God, be once more our own. And you will be the happy instrument of restoring her to us.

The marquis and the bishop were informed of what had passed. They also rejoiced in these further day-breaks, as they called them, of their Clementina's reason.

You will observe, my dear Dr Bartlett, that I only aim to give you an account of the greater and more visible changes that happen in the mind of this unhappy lady; omitting those conversations between her and her friends, in which her situation

tion varied but little from those before described. By this means you will be able to trace the steps to that recovery of her reason, which we presume to hope will be the return of your fervent prayer and humble endeavours.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, In Continuation.

Bologna, June 13-24.

THE Conte della Porretta, and his two sons, came hither yesterday, to rejoice on the hopeful prospects before us.

I thought I saw a little shyness and reserve sit upon the brow of the marchioness, which I had not observed till the arrival of the Count. A complaisance that was too civil for friendship, for *our* friendship. I never permit a cloud to hang for one hour upon the brow of a friend, without examining into the reason of it, in hopes it may be in my power to dispel it. An abatement in the friend of one I love is a charge of unworthiness upon me, that I must endeavour to obviate the moment I suspect it. I desired a private audience of the good lady.

She favoured me with it at the first word. But as soon as I had opened my heart to her, she asked, If father Marefcotti, who loved me, she said, as if I were his own son, might be allowed to be present at our conversation? I was a little startled at the question, but answered, By all means.

The father was sent to, and came. Tender concern and reserve were both apparent in his countenance. This shewed that he was apprised of the occasion of the marchioness's reserve; and expected to be called upon, or employed in the explanation, had I *not* demanded it.

I repeated,

I repeated, before him, what I had said to the marchioness, of the reserve that I had thought I saw since yesterday in one of the most benign countenances in the world.

Chevalier, said she, if you think that every one of our family, as well those of Urbino and Naples as those of this place, do not love you as one of their own family, you do not do us justice.

She then enumerated and exaggerated their obligations to me. I truly told her, that I could not do less than I had done, and answer it to my own heart.

Leave us, replied she, to judge for ourselves on this subject. And, for God's sake, do not think us capable of ingratitude. We begin with pleasure to see the poor child, after a course of sufferings and distresses, that few young creatures have gone thro', reviving to our hopes. She must in gratitude, in honour, in justice, be yours, if you require her of us, and upon the terms you have formerly proposed.

I think so, said the father.

What can I say? proceeded she: We are all distressed. I am put upon a task that grieves me. Ease my heart, Chevalier, by sparing my speech.

Explain yourself no further, madam: I fully understand you. I will not impute ingratitude to any heart in this family. Tell me, father Marefcotti, if you can allow for *me*, as I could for *you*, were you in my circumstances (and you cannot be better satisfied in your religion than I am in mine), tell me, by what you *could do*, what I *ought*.

There is no answering a case so strongly put, replied the father. But can a false religion, an heresy, persuade an ingenuous mind as strongly as the true?

Dear father Marefcotti, you know you have said nothing: It would sound harshly to repeat your own question; yet that is all that I need to do. But let

us continue our prayers, that the desirable work may be perfected: That Lady Clementina may be quite recovered. You have seen, madam, that I have not offered to give myself consequence with her. You see the distance I have observed to her: You see nothing in her, not even in her most afflicting reveries, that can induce you to think that she has marriage in view. As I told your ladyship at first, I have but one wish at present; and that is her perfect recovery.

What, father, can we say? resumed the marchioness. Advise us, Chevalier. You know our situation. But do not, do not impute ingratitude to us. Our child's salvation, in our own opinion, is at stake—If she be yours, she will not be long a Catholic—Once more, advise us.

You generously, I know, madam, think you speak in time, both for the young lady's sake and mine. You say she shall be mine upon the terms I formerly offered, if I insist upon it. I have told the general, that I will have the consent of all three brothers, as well as yours, madam, and your good lord's, or I will not hope for the honour of your alliance: And I have declared to you, that I look upon myself as bound; upon you all as free. If you think that the sense of supposed obligation, as Lady Clementina advances in her health, may engage her further than you wish, let me decline my visits by degrees, in order to leave her as disengaged as possible in her own mind; and that I may not be thought of consequence to her recovery. In the first place, I will make my promised visit to the general. You see she was not the worse, but perhaps the better, for my absence of ten days. I will pass twenty, if you please, at Rome, and at Naples, holding myself in readiness to return post at the first call. Let us determine nothing in the interim. Depend upon the honour of a man, who once more assures you, that he
looks

looks upon himself as bound, and the lady free, and who will act accordingly by her, and all your family.

They were both silent, and looked upon each other.

What *say* you, madam, to this propofal? What *say* you, father Marefcotti? Could I think of a more difinterested one, I would make it.

I *say*, you are a wonderful man.

I have not words, refumed the lady—She wept. Hard, hard fate! The man, that of all men—

There ſhe ſtopt. The father was preſent, or, perhaps, ſhe had ſaid more.

Shall we, ſaid ſhe, acquaint Jeronymo with this converſation?

It may diſturb him, replied I. You know, madam, his generous attachment to me. I have promiſed the general a viſit. Signor Jeronymo was as much pleaſed with the promiſe as with the invitation. The performance will add to his pleaſure. He may get more ſtrength: Lady Clementina may be ſtill better: And you will, from events ſo happy, be able to reſolve. Still be pleaſed to remember, that I hold myſelf bound, yourſelves to be free.

Yet I thought at the time, with a concern, that perhaps was too viſible, When ſhall I meet with the returns which my proud heart challenges as its due? But then my pride (ſhall I call it?) came in to my relief—Great God! I thank thee, thought I, that thou enableſt me to do what my conſcience, what humanity tells me is fit and right to be done, without taking my meaſures of right and wrong from any other ſtandard.

Father Marefcotti ſaw me affected. Tears ſtood in his eyes. The Marchioneſs was ſtill more concerned. She called me the moſt generous of men, took a reſpectful leave, and withdrew to Jeronymo.

As I was intending to return to my lodgings, in order to try to calm there my disturbed mind, the Marquis and his brother, and the bishop, sent for me into the Marchioness's drawing-room, where were she and father Marefcotti; who had acquainted them with what had passed between her, himself, and me.

The bishop arose and embraced me—Dear Grandison, said he, how I admire you!—Why, why will you not let me call you brother?—Were a prince your competitor, and you would be a Catholic—

O that you would! said the Marchioness; her hands and eyes lifted up.

And will you not? Can you not, my dear Chevalier, said the Count.

That, my lord, is a question kindly put, as it shews your regard for me—But it is not to be answered now.

The Marquis took my hand. He applauded the disinterestedness of my behaviour to his family. He approved of my proposal of absence; but said, that I must myself undertake to manage that part, not only with their Clementina, but with Jeronymo, whose grateful heart would otherwise be uneasy, on a surmise, that the motion came not from myself, but them.

We will not resolve upon any measures, said he. God continue and improve our prospects, and the result we will leave to his Providence.

I went from them directly to Jeronymo, and told him of my intended journey.

He asked me what would become of Clementina in the mean time? Was there not too great a danger that she would go back again?

I told him I would not go but with her approbation.

I pleaded

I pleaded my last absence of ten days in favour of my intention. Her recovery, said I, must be a work of time. If I am of the consequence your friendship for me supposes, her attention will probably be more engaged by short absences, and the expectations raised by them, than by daily visits. I remember not, my dear Jeronymo, continued I, a single instance that could induce any one to imagine, that your Clementina's regard for the man you favour was a personal one. Friendship never lighted up a purer flame in a human heart, than in that of your sister. Was not the future happiness of the man she esteemed, the constant, I may say, the *only* object of her cares? In the height of her malady did she not declare, that were that great article but probably secured, she would resign her life with pleasure?

True, very true: Clementina is an excellent creature: She ever was. And you only can deserve her. O that she could be now worthy of you! But are my father, mother, brother, willing to part with you? Do they not, for Clementina's sake, make objections?

The last absence sitting so easy on her mind, they doubt not but frequent absences may excite her attention.

Well, well, I acquiesce. The general and his lady will rejoice to see you. I must not be too selfish. God preserve you where-ever you go!—Only let not the gentle heart of Clementina be wounded by your absence. Don't let her miss you.

To-morrow, replied I, I will consult her. She shall determine for me.

LETTER XXXIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In continuation.

June 14-25.

HAVING the honour of an invitation to a conversation-visit, to the Cardinal-legate, and to meet there the Gonfalonier, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning.

After sitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted in the presence of Lady Clementina. Her parents and the bishop were with her. Clementina, Chevalier, said her mother, was enquiring for you. She is desirous to recover her English. Are you willing, Sir, to undertake your pupil again?

Ay, Chevalier, said the young lady, those were happy times, and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then.

You have not been very well, madam; And is it not better to defer our lectures for some days, till you are quite established in your health?

Why, that is the thing. I know I have been very ill: I know that I am not yet quite well; and I *want* to be so: And that is the reason that I would recover my English.

You will soon recover it, madam, when you begin. But at present, the thought, the memory it would require you to exert, would perplex you. I am afraid the study would rather retard than forward your recovery.

Why, now, I did not expect this from you, Sir. My mamma has consented.

I did, my dear, because I would deny you nothing that your heart was set upon: But the Chevalier has given you such good reasons to suspend his lectures, that I wish you would not be earnest in your request.

But

But I can't help it, madam. I want to be happy.

Well, madam, let us begin now. What English book have you at hand?

I don't know. But I will fetch one.

She stepped out, Camilla after her; and, poor lady! forgetting her purpose, brought down some of her own work, the first thing that came to hand, out of a drawer that she pulled out in her dressing-room, instead of looking into her book-case. It is an unfinished piece of Noah's ark, and the rising deluge; the execution admirable. And, coming to me, I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of women's works, Chevalier?

She went to the table—Come hither, and sit down by me. I did. Madam, to her mother; my lord, to her brother (for the Marquis withdrew in grief, upon this instance of her wandering), come and sit down by the Chevalier and me. They did. She spread it on the table, and, in an attentive posture, her elbow on the table, her head on one hand, pointing with the finger of the other—Now tell me your opinion of this work.

I praised, as it deserved, the admirable finger of the workwoman. Do you know, that's *mine*, Sir? said she: But tell me (every body can praise), Do you see no fault?—I think *that* is one, said I; and pointed to a disproportion that was pretty obvious.—Why so it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer.

Men who can find faults more gracefully, said the bishop, than others praise, need not flatter. Why that's true, said she. She sighed; I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after—after—I forget the painter.—But you think it tolerable—Do you?

I think it, upon the whole, very fine. If you would rectify that one fault, it would be a masterpiece.

Well, I think I'll try, since you like it. She rolled it up—Camilla, let it be put on my toilette. I am glad the Chevalier likes it. But, Sir, if I am not at a loss; for my head is not as it should be—

Poor lady! She lost what she was going to say—She paused as if she would recollect it—Do you know, at last said she, what is the matter with my head? putting her hand to her forehead—Such a strange confusion just here! And so stupid!—She shut her eyes. She laid her head on her mother's shoulder, who dropped an involuntary tear on her forehead.

The bishop was affected. Can you, Chevalier, whispered he, suppose this dear creature's reason in your power, and yet withhold it from her?

Ah, my lord, said I, how cruel!—

She raised her head; and, taking her mother's and Camilla's offered salts, smelt to them in turn—I think I am a little better. Were you, Chevalier, ever in such a strange way?—I hope not—God preserve all people from being as I have been!—Why now you are all affected. Why do you all weep? What have I said? God forbid, that I should afflict any body—Ah! Chevalier! and laid her hand upon my arm, God will bless you. I always said you were a tender-hearted man. God will pity him that can pity another!—But, brother, my Lord, I have not been at church of a long time: Have I? How long is it?—Where is the general? Where is my uncle?—Laurana! poor Laurana! God forgive her; she is gone to answer for all her unkindness—And she said she was sorry, did she?

Thus rambled the poor lady! What, my dear Dr Bartlett, can be more affecting than these absences, these reveries, of a mind once so sound and sensible!

She withdrew at her own motion with Camilla; and we had no thoughts of communicating to her,
at

at that time, my intentional absence. But as I was about taking my leave for the day, Camilla came into Jeronymo's chamber, where I was, and told me, that her young lady was very sedate, and desired to see me if I were not gone.

She led me into Clementina's dressing-room, where was present the Marchioness only, who said, she thought I might apprise her daughter of my proposed journey to Naples; and she herself began the subject.

My dear, said she, the Chevalier has been acquainting my lord and me with an engagement he is under to visit your brother Giacomo, and his lady at Naples.

That is a vast journey, said she.

Not for the Chevalier, my dear. He is used to travel.

Only for a visit!—Is it not better, Sir, for you to stay here where every-body loves you?

The general, my dear, and his lady, love the Chevalier.

May be so. But did you promise them, Sir?

I did, madam.

Why then you must perform your promise. But it was not kind in them to engage you.

Why so, my dear? asked her mother.

Why so! Why what will poor Jeronymo do for his friend?

Jeronymo has consented, my dear. He thinks the journey will do the Chevalier good.

Nay, then—Will the journey do you good, Sir? If it will, I am sure Jeronymo would not for the world detain you.

Are you willing, my dear, that the Chevalier should go?

Yes, surely, madam, if it will do him good. I would lay down my life to do him good. Can we ever requite him for his goodness to us?

Grateful

Grateful heart! said her mother, tears in her eyes.

Gratitude, piety, sincerity, and every duty of the social life, are constitutional virtues in this lady. No disturbance of mind can weaken, much less efface them.

Shall you not want to see him in his absence?

Perhaps I may: But what then? if it be for his good, you know——

Suppose, my dear, we could obtain the favour of Mrs Beaumont's company, while the Chevalier is gone?

I should be glad.

Mrs Beaumont is all goodness, said I. I will endeavour to engage her. I can go by sea to Naples, and then Florence will be in my way.

Florence! Ay, and then you may see Olivia too, you know.

Olivia is not in Italy, madam. She is on her travels.

Nay, I am not against your seeing Olivia, if it will do you good to see her.

You don't love Olivia, my dear, said her mother.

Why, not much—But *will* you send Mrs Beaumont to keep me company?

I hope, madam, I may be able to engage her.

And how long shall you be gone?

If I go by sea, I shall return by the way of Rome: And shall make my absence longer or shorter, as I shall hear how my Jeronymo does, or as he will, or will not dispense with it.

That is very good of you—But, but—Suppose—(a sweet blush overspread her face)—I don't know what I would say—But, for Jeronymo's sake, don't stay longer than will do you good. No need of *that*, you know.

Sweet creature! said the mother.

Did

Did you call *me* so, madam! wrapping her arms about her, and hiding her faintly-blushing face in her bosom. Then raising it up, her arms still folded about her mother: As long as I have my mamma with me, I am happy. Don't let me be sent away from you again, my mamma. I will do every thing you bid me do. I never was disobedient—Was I? Fie upon me, if I was!

No, never, never, my dearest life.

So I hoped. For when I knew nothing, this I used to say over my beads: Gracious Father! let me never forget my duty to Thee, and to my parents! I was afraid I *might*, as I remembered nothing—But that was partly owing to Laurana. Poor Laurana! She has now answered for it. I would pray her out of her pains if I could. Yet she *did* torment me.

She has entertained a notion that Laurana is dead: And as it has removed that terror which she used to have, at her very name, they intend not to undeceive her. But, Dr Bartlett, well or ill, did you ever know a more excellent creature?

Well, Sir, and so you *must* go—She quitted her mother, and with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her, she returned to me; and gracefully waving one hand, while she held up the other—God preserve you where-ever you go! You *must* go from friend to friend, were it all the world over. You will let Jeronymo hear oftener from you—Won't you?—Pray do. And I will, in every visit I make to him, enquire when he heard from his friend. Adieu, Sir: Adieu.

I had not intended then to take my leave of her; but, as she anticipated me, I thought it right to do so; and respectfully bowing on her hand, withdrew, followed by her eyes and her blessings.

I went to Jeronymo. The marchioness came to me there; and was of opinion with me, that I should take this as a farewell-visit to her Clementina;

tina; and to-morrow (sooner by two days than I intended) I propose to set out for Florence, in hopes to engage for them Mrs Beaumont's company.

Mr Lowther will write to me at all opportunities: And, perhaps, you will not, for some weeks, hear further from

Your ever affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Thursday, May 11.

I WRITE on purpose to acquaint you that I have had a visit from Lady Olivia. She dined with me; and is just set out for Northampton. We all joined, in the most cordial manner, to entreat her to favour us with her company till morning: But she was not to be prevailed upon. Every one of us equally admires and pities her. Indeed she is a finer woman than you, Lady G. would allow her to be, in the debate between us in town on that subject.

After dinner she desired a quarter of an hour's discourse with me alone. We retired into the cedar-parlour.

She opened, as she said, her *whole* heart to me. What an hatred has she to the noble Lady Clementina! She sometimes frightened me by her threatenings—Poor unwomanly lady!

I took the liberty to blame her. I told her, she must excuse me; it was ever my way with those I respected.

She would fain have got me to own that I loved Sir Charles Grandison. I acknowledged gratitude and esteem—But as there are no prospects (*hopes* I had like to have said), I would go no further. But she

she was sure it was so. I *did* say, and I am in earnest, that I never could be satisfied with a divided heart. She clasped me in her arms upon this, and put her cheek to my forehead.

She told me, that she admired him for his virtue. She knew he had resisted the greatest temptations that ever man was tried with. I hope, poor woman! that none of them were from her!—For her own sake (notwithstanding what Dr Bartlett once whispered, and good man as he is) I hope so!—The Chevalier, she said, was superior to all attempts that were not grounded on honour and conscience. She had heard of women who had spread their snares for him in his early youth: But women, in her country, of slight fame, she said, had no way to come at *him*: And women of virtue were secure from *his* attempts. Yet would you not have thought, asked she, that beauty might have marked him for its own? Such an air, such an address, so much personal bravery, accustomed to shine in the upper life; all that a woman can value in a man is the Chevalier Grandison!

She at last declared, that she wished him to be mine, rather than any woman's on earth.

I was very frank, very unreserved. She seemed delighted with me; and went away, professing to every one, as well as to me, that she admired me for my behaviour, my sincerity, my prudence (she was pleased to say), and my artlessness, above all the women she had ever conversed with.

May her future conduct be such as may do credit to her birth, to her high fortune, to her sex, and I shall then forgive her for an attempt (as it was frustrated) that I thought she ought never to be forgiven for; and which made me, as we sat, often look upon her with terror, and *deprecation*, may I say?

In answer to your kind enquiries about my health—I only say, What must be, will—Some-
times

times better than at others. If I could hear you were good, I should be better, I believe. Adieu, my dear Lady G. : Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

[*On Sir Charles's first Letter from Bologna, Letter xxvi. p. 186.*]

Wednesday, May 31.*

I AM greatly obliged to you, my dear Lady G. for dispatching to me, in so extraordinary a way, the first letter of your brother to Dr Bartlett. I thank God for his safe arrival at the destined place; and for the faint hopes given in it of his friend's life. The Almighty will do his own work, and in his own way. And that must be best.

You ask me for my opinion of the contents of this letter at large—What can I say?—This much I must say—

I admire, more and more, your brother: I pity the family he is gone to comfort and relieve: And I pray for Clementina and Jeronymo; and this as well for your brother's sake as theirs.

He generously rejoices, that he did not pursue his own INCLINATIONS—I am very happy in what he says of your Harriet. Indeed, my dear, I am. Though we may be conscious of not deserving the praises bestowed upon us, yet are we fond of standing high in the opinion of those we love. Two paragraphs

* *Several Letters of Miss Byron, Lady G. Lady L. and Miss Fervois, which were written between the date of the preceding Letter and the present, are omitted.*

paragraphs I have got by heart. I need not tell you which they are. But, alas! his greatly favoured friend is *not* so free as he hoped she was. It is a pleasure to me, however, because it is such to him, that it is not his fault, but her own, that she is not.

The countess, whom he so justly praises, writes to me; and I answer—But to what purpose? I am afraid that a very important observation of his comes not in time to do me service; since, if my prudence is proportioned to my trials, I ought to have endeavoured to exert it sooner.

But it seems there is an insuperable objection against the poor lady's going into a nunnery. I never heard of that before. It seems right to the marchioness, that the young lady, who is intitled to a great share of this world's goods, should not be dedicated to heaven. This *may* be so in the family-eye, for aught I know: But I am persuaded, that if there is any one of it, who would not have pleaded this obstacle to a divine dedication, it would be Clementina herself. And yet I own, I can allow of their regret, that the cruel Laurana should be a gainer by Clementina's being lost, as I may say, to the world.

Your brother's kind remembrance of Mr and Mrs Reeves is an honour done to me, as well as to them. I *must* take it so, Lady G. And what he says of me in the paragraph in which he mentions Emily, adds to the pride he had raised in me before.

Dr Bartlett is extremely obliging in not offering to withhold any passage in your brother's letters from us. I have let him know, that I think him so; and have begged him not to spare any thing out of tenderness to me, on a supposition that I may be affected, or made uneasy, by what your brother shall write to him. This is speaking very plainly, my dear: But it is to Dr Bartlett; and

he signified to us, more than once, that he could not be a stranger to the heart of your Harriet.

And now, my dear Lady G. let me ask you, in my turn, what you think of one passage in your brother's letter, of which you have not taken the least notice in yours to me? Charlotte, I hope is happy. "If she be not, it must be her own fault."

You have honestly owned in your last (yet too roguishly for a true penitent), that it was evidently so in the debate about being presented. *Miss Grandison* used to like the drawing-room well enough. Her brother has owned, in my hearing, as well as in yours, that had he not been so long out of England, and, since his return to it, so seldom in town, he would have made it a part of his duty to pay his attendance there, at proper times. But *Lady G.* forsooth, disdained to appear as the property [reflect but, my dear, how absurd] of a worthy man, to whom she had vowed love, honour, and obedience.

I should not remind you thus of past flippancies, did not new ones seem to spring up every day.

For heaven's sake, my dear Lady G. let it not be carried from England to Italy, that Lord G. is not so happy with a sister of Sir Charles Grandison as might be expected; lest it be asked, whether that sister and this brother had the same mother. I have written before all that I could possibly say on this subject. You know yourself to be wrong. It would be impertinence to expostulate further on a duty so known and acknowledged: No more, therefore, on this head (authorize me to say) for ever!

As to my health—I would fain be well. I am more sorry that I am not, for the sake of my friends (who are incessantly grieving for me) than for my own. I have not, I *think* I have not, any thing to reproach myself with; nor yet any body to

to reproach me. To whom have I given cause of triumph over me, by my ill usage, or insolence to him? I yield to an event to which I ought to submit: And to a woman no *less*, but *more* worthy than myself, and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandison have the satisfaction, and the merit with the family, of being the means of restoring to reason (a greater restoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whose soul ought, in that case, to be devoted to God, and to him! Methinks I have at present but one wish; it is, that I may live to *see* this lady, if she *is* to be the happy woman. Could I, do you think, Lady G. if I were to have this honour, cordially congratulate her as Lady Grandison? Heaven only knows! But it would be my glory, if I could; for then I should not scruple to put myself in a rank with Clementina; and to demand her hand as that of my sister.

But, poor Olivia!—Shall I not pity the unhappy woman, who, I am afraid, is too short-sighted to look forward to that only consolation which can weaken the force of worldly disappointments?

My cousin Reeves, in a joyful letter, just now received, acquaints me with the birth of the fine boy his wife has presented to him: An event that exceedingly rejoices us all. He tells me in it how good you are. Continue to them, my dear Lady G. your affectionate regards. They ever loved you; even for your very faults; so bewitchingly lively are you. But I have told Mr Reeves, that his partiality for you shews that he feels not for Lord G. as he would for himself, were *his* wife a Lady G.

I will write to my other friends. Dear creature! Don't let me say that I love Lord G. better than I do Lady G: Yet, were the aggressor in a quarrel my own sister, endeared to me by a thou-

and generous offices, I would, I *must* love the sufferer best; at least while he is a sufferer. Witness,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Thursday, June 1.

THANKS an hundred times repeated to you, my dear Lady G. and to good Dr Bartlett, for the favour of Sir Charles's letters of May 22, 23, 26, and 27. N. S. all following so quick that which you favoured me with of the 10th-21st, upon which I wrote to you yesterday. I dispatch them to you for the doctor altogether.

I cannot, my dear, have much to say to the contents of these.

They *have* met: Had more interviews than one.

Why cannot the Count of Belvedere—But no more of that. I don't like this general. The whole family (the two noble sufferers Jeronymo and Clementina excepted) seem to me to have more pride than gratitude—Ay, mother and all, my dear!

But you see Sir Charles has been indisposed. No wonder—Visited by the marquis and marchioness, you see: Not a slight illness, therefore, you may believe. God preserve him, and restore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me——But, my dear, I think the doctor and you must forbear obliging me with any more of his letters—His goodness, his tenderness, his delicacy, his strict honour, but add—Yet can any new instances add to a character so uniformly good?—But the chief reason of
my

my self-denial, if you were to take me at my word, as to these communications, is, that his affecting descriptions and narratives of Lady Clementina's reveries (poor, poor lady!) will break my heart! Yet you must send them to

Your ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

My dear Creature!

Monday, June 5.

YOU must not, you shall not be ill. What signify your *heroics*, child, if they only give you placid looks, and make an hypocrite of the sincerest girl in England! In other words, if they are only a cover for a despairing heart? Be better: Be less affected; or, I can tell you, the doctor and I, and Lady L. shall all think it but right to take you at your first word, and send you no more of my brother's letters. Yet we are all of us as greatly affected by the contents of them, as our dear Harriet can be. I am sure you will allow us to be so for the poor lady. But to subjects less interesting.

The doctor is with us. Aunt Nell is in love with him. He ordered his matters, and came to town at Lady L.'s request and mine, and Beauchamp's, that we might the sooner come at my brother's letters—Very obliging!—Beauchamp worships the good man. He would have been with him at Grandison-hall, but that Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp knew not how to part with him: And I fancy another slier reason withheld him, half unknown to himself. Love is certainly creeping into his heart. This Emily (a little
Y 3
rogue!)

rogue!) has already (yet suspects it not) made a conquest. He deserves her better than any man I know: She him, had she not already a great hole in her heart, through which one may run one's head. But does not Beauchamp love the same person as much as she can do? And does he not know, that the girl is innocent, and the man virtuous, even, as I believe, to chastity!—Dear Harriet! Don't let the ladies around you, nor the gentlemen neither, hear this grace supposed to be my brother's. Nobody about us shall for *me*. I would not have my brother made the jest of one sex, and the aversion of the other; and be thought so singular a young man.

Beauchamp says nothing to any body of his regard to Emily: But he lays himself out in so many unaffected assiduities to her, that one cannot but see it. She likes his company and his conversation. But why? because he is always launching out in the praises of his and her beloved friend. He says, there is not, he believes, such another innocent and undesigning heart in the world, except one in Northamptonshire—There's for you, Harriet!—So he praises not *mine*. That is the wickedest thing of these *felons* of men: Poverty compels them, though—poverty of genius!—They cannot praise one woman, but by robbing the rest. Different, however, from all men, is my brother. I will engage he could find attributes for fifty different women, yet do justice to them all: Because, though he sees every one with favour, he is above flattering any.

Well, but, Harriet, I expected letters six times as long as those you have sent me. Upon my word, if you are so very heavenly-minded, as you appear to be in the first (for the second is hardly a letter), I will have you to town, and run you up with aunt Nell. The doctor is one of the most pious men in England: But she will tire him with
praying

praying, and *expounding*, as she calls it. Do you know that the good creature was a Methodist in Yorkshire? These *overdoers*, my dear, are wicked wretches. What do they, but make religion look unlovely, and put *underdoers* out of heart? My brother is *the man*: You know I must always bring in my brother, though I am a little out of humour with him at present: And am I not justified by the *many*? Since it is always the way of those who intend not to amend, to set their hearts against their correctors—My brother professes not the one half of what he practises. He uses the fashion, without abusing it or himself by following it. Some such words in a sacred book rumble in my mad head; but I know I have not them right.

It is impossible, say what you will, Harriet, to be long upon terms with *this* man——Lord G. I mean. He was once half in the right, to be sure, but you should not have reproached me with *that*. The bride was shewn, the jewels were shewn, the whole family paraded it together; and Emily wrote you all how and about it. But never fear for your poor friend. The honest man will put himself in the wrong next, to save her credit. He has been long careless, and now he is, at times, *imperious* as well as careless. Very true! Nay, it was but yesterday that he attempted to hum a tune of contempt, upon my warbling an Italian air. An opera couple, we! Is it not charming to sing *at* (I cannot say *to*) each other, when we have a mind to be spiteful? But he has a miserable voice. He cannot sing so fine a song as I can. He should not attempt it. Besides, I can play to my song; that cannot he. Such a foe to melody, that he hates the very sight of my harpsichord. He flies out of the room if I but move towards it.

He

He has every body on his side ; Lord and Lady L. Emily, nay, Dr Bartlett and aunt Nell. This sets him up. No such thing as managing one's own husband, when so many wise heads join together to uphold him. Ut-terly ruined for a husband is Lord G. ; I once had some hopes of him. But now every good-natured jest is turned into earnest by these mediators and mediatrices.

A few days ago, in a fond fit, I would have stroked his cheek, though he was not in a very good humour neither—*So, then ! So, then !* said I, as I had seen Beauchamp do an hour before by his prancing nag ; and it was construed as a contempt ; and his bristles got up upon it. Bless me, thought I, this man is not so sensible of a favour as Beauchamp's horse ; and yet I have known the time when he has thought it an honour to be admitted to press the same fair hand with his lips on one knee.

Hark ! He is now, at this very instant, complaining to aunt Nell. Little do they think that I am in her closet. She hears all he has to say with greedy ears.—These antiquated souls are happy, when they can find reasons, from the disagreement of honest people in matrimony, to make a virtue of necessity. “ Thank the Lord I am not married ! If these be the fruits of matrimony ! ”—Ah ! Lord, my dear ! Now these *last* words have flit me—The man—between you and me, has been a villain to me ! Can I forgive him ? Could *you*, in my circumstances ? Yet I hope it is *not* so. If it should, and Lady Gertrude and aunt Nell (spiteful old souls !) should find their perpetual curiosity answered as they wish, I will have my own will in every thing.

And how came I, you will wonder, in aunt Nell's closet ?—I will tell you. She had got my pen and ink : And I went to fetch it myself : The scribbling

scribbling fit was strong upon me; so I sat down in her closet to write: And they both came into her chamber together, to have their own talk——Hark, I say!—They are really talking of me—Complaining!—Abominable!—This wicked aunt of mine—“I tell you, nephew, that you are too ready to make up with her.”—Could you have believed this of one’s own aunt? No wonder that he is so refractory at times. But, hush!—Why don’t he speak louder? He can’t be in earnest hurt, if he does not raise his voice. Creeping soul, and whiner! I can’t hear a word he says. I have enough against *her*!—But I want something against *him*——Duce take them both! I can’t hear more than the sound of her broken-toothed voice mumbling; and his plaintive hum-drum whimpering. I will go out in full majesty. I will lighten upon them with airs imperial. How the poor souls will start at my appearance! How will their consciences fly in their faces! The complainer and adviser both detected in the very fact, as I may say: And yet perhaps you, Harriet, will think them less blameable than their conscience-striker.

Hem!—Three hems in anger!—And now I burst upon them.

O HARRIET! what a triumph was mine!

Aunt Nell, who has naturally a good blowzing north-country complexion, turned as pale as ashes. Her chin, nose, and lips, were all in motion. My nimble lord gave a jump, and three leaps, to the other side of the room. He had not the courage to look directly at me. His face, as sharp as a new moon in a frosty night, and his sides so gaunt—As if he wanted to shrink himself. They could not in their hearts but accuse themselves of all they had said, as if I had heard every word of it.

While

While I, (what a charming thing is innocence!) half a foot taller than usual, stalked along between them, casting a look of indignation upon aunt Nell; of haughtiness on Lord G. My withheld breath raised my complexion, and swelled my features; and when I got to the door, I pulled it after me with an air, that I hope made them both tremble.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lady G. In Continuation.

WELL, my dear—Aunt Nell and I have made up. I have been pacified by her apologies, and promises never again to interfere between man and wife. As I *told* the forlorn soul, You maiden ladies, though you have lived a great while in the world, cannot know what strange creatures these husbands are, and how many causes (that cannot be mentioned by the poor wife to her friends) a woman may have to be displeased with her man, in order to keep the creature in some little decorum—Indeed, madam—There I stopt—This excited her prudery; and she made out the rest, and, perhaps, a great deal more than the rest. She looked down, to shew she was sensible, tried for a blush; and, I verily believe, had she been a young woman, would have succeeded. “Why, truly, niece, I believe you are right. ‘These men are *odious* creatures!’”—And then she shuddered, as if she had said, Lord defend me from them!—a prayer that, being a good creature, she need not doubt will be answered.

But for Lord G. there lies no forgiveness. To complain of his wife to her aunt! A married man to submit matrimonial squabbles (and every
honest

honest pair has *some*) to others ! to an old maid especially ! and to authorise her to sit in judgment on his wife's little whimsies, when the good woman wants to make herself important to him ; and thereby endeavour to destroy the wife's significance ; there's no bearing of that. He had made Lord L. and Lady L. judges over me before. Nay, this infant Emily has taken her seat on the same bench ; and, in her pretty manner, has, by beseeching me to be good, supposed me bad. And to some one of them (who knows but to the tell-tale himself, though he denies it ?) my brother's hint is owing, on which you so sagely expostulate : My reputation, therefore, as an obedient wife, with all those whose good opinion was worth courting, is gone : And is not this enough to make one careless ?

BLESS me, my dear ! This man of errors has committed, if possible, a still worse fault. He regards me not as any body. The earl and he have been long uneasy, it seems, that we live at the expence of my brother, to whom there is no making returns ; and a house offering in Grosvenor-square, he has actually contracted for it, without consulting me. I must own, that I cannot in my heart disapprove either of the motive or the house, as I have the latter described to me : But his doing it of his own head is an insolent act of prerogative. Don't you in conscience think so ? Does he not, by this step, make me his chattles, a piece of furniture only, to be removed as any other piece of furniture, or picture, or cabinet, at his pleasure ?

He came to me—I hope, madam, in a reproaching accent, I have done something now that will please you. Ought his stiff air, and the reflecting word now, to have gone unpunished ? Hast thou found out any other old maid to sit in judgment
on

on the behaviour of thy wife? But what hast thou done?

I was astonished when the man told me.

And who is to be thy housekeeper? Is this done in hope I'll follow thee? Or dost thou intend to exclude from thy habitation the poor woman who met thee at church a few weeks ago.

Just then came in Lady L. I asked her what she thought of this step?

Had she vindicated him, I never would have regarded a word she said between us. But she owned, that she thought I *should* have been consulted. And then he began to see that he had done a wrong thing. I acquainted her with his former fault, unatoned for as it was—Why, as to *that*, she did not know what to say; only, that it became *my* character, and good sense, so to behave, as that Lord G. should have no reason to complain of me to *any* body. A hard thing, Harriet, to be reflected upon by an own sister!

LADY L. prevailed upon me, unknown to Lord G. to go with her to see this house. 'Tis a handsome house. I have but the one aforefaid objection to it—But let me ask you again: Is not the flight he has put upon me, in taking it without consulting me, an inexcusable thing?—I know you will say it is. But I'll tell you how I think to do—I will make him give up the contract; and when he has done so, unknown to him, take the same house myself. This will be returning the compliment. His excuse is, he was sure I should like the house and the terms. If he is sure of my liking it, and has chosen it himself, the duce is in it, if I may not be sure of his—Would *he* dislike it because *I* liked it?—Say so, if you dare, Harriet; and suppose me blameable.

O my dear! What shall I do with this passionate

nate man? I could not, you know, forgive him for the two unatoned-for steps which he has taken, without *some* contrition: And do you think he would shew any?—Not he!—I said something that set him up; something bordering upon the whimsical—No matter what. He pranced upon it. I, with my usual meekness, calmly rebuked him; and then went to my harpsichord: And what do you think? How shall I tell it? Yet to you I may—Why then he whisked his hat from under his arm (he was going out), and silenced, broke, demolished my poor harpsichord.

I was surprized; but instantly recovering myself: You are a violent wretch, Lord G. said I, quite calmly: How could you do so?—Suppose (and I took the wicked hat) I should throw it into the fire? But I gave it to him, and made him a fine curtsy. There was command of temper! I thought, at the instant, of Epictetus and his snapt leg. Was I not as great a philosopher?

He is gone out. Dinner is ready; and no Lord G. Aunt Nell is upon the fret: But she remembers her late act of delinquency; so is obliged to be silent. I have her under my thumb.

THE man came in after we had dined. I went to him, as if nothing had been the matter between us. You look vexed, my Lord!—It *was* a very violent action: It vexed *me* at first: But you see how soon I recovered my temper. I wish you would learn patience of me. But come, I forgive you; I will not be angry with you, for an evil that a little money will repair. I see you are vexed.

So I am, madam, at my very foul! But it is not—

Now to be helped—True, my lord, and I forgive you—

But curse me if I forgive you, madam—

O fie! that's wickedly said: But I know you *will*, when I ask you.

Aunt Nell sat by the window; her eyes half shut; her mouth as firmly closed as if her lips were glewed together.

Madam, addressing himself to her, I shall set out to-morrow for Windsor.

Windsor, my lord? said I—He answered me not.

Ask my good Lord G. madam, said I, in a sweet humble voice, how long he shall stay at Windsor?

How long, my lord? mumbled out aunt Nell—

From Windsor I shall go to Oxford.

Ask him, madam, how long he shall be before he returns?

How long, my lord, shall you be absent from us?

When I find I can return, and not be the jest of my own wife—I *may* perhaps—There he stopt, and looked stately.

Tell my lord, that he is too serious, madam. Tell him, that hardly any other man but would feel was at play with him, and would play again.

You hear what my niece says, my lord.

I regard nothing she says.

Ask him, madam, who is to be of his party?

Who, my lord, is to be of your party?

Nobody; turning himself half round, that he might not be thought to answer *me*, but *her*.

Ask him, madam, whether it be business or pleasure, that engages him to take this solitary tour?

She *looked* the question to him.

Neither, madam, to her. I left my pleasure some weeks ago at St George's church. I have never found it since.

A strange forgetful man! and as ungrateful as forgetful. And I stept to him, and looked in his face *so* courteously! and with such a *sweet* smile!

He sullenly turned from me, and to aunt Nell.

Ask my lord, if he takes his journey, thinking to oblige me?

Ask

Ask him your own questions, niece.

My lord won't answer *me*.

He strutted, and bit his lips with vexation.

Come, I'll try once more if you think me worth answering—I think, my lord, if you shall be gone a *month* or *two*, I may take a little trip to Northamptonshire. Emily shall go with me. The girl is very uneasy to see Miss Byron: And Miss Byron will rejoice to see us both. A visit from us will do her good.

He took it, that I was not desirous of a short absence. And he pouted his mouth, and reared himself up, and swelled; but answered me not.

See, madam, my lord is fullen; he won't answer *me*. I must get *you* to ask my questions. I think it my duty to ask leave to go. My *lord* may go where he pleases, without my leave—Very fit he should. He is a *man*. I once could have done so! high-ho! but I have vowed obedience and vassalage. I will not break my vow. Ask him, if I have his consent for a visit to Miss Byron of a month or two? Ask him, madam, if he can make himself happy in my absence? I should otherwise be loth to go for so long a time.

I should be as welcome, said he, to Miss Byron, as *her*—

As her! *As she*, you should say, I believe, if you won't say *As you*, madam, and bow to me—I believe so, my lord. Miss Byron would rejoice to see any of *my* friends. Miss Byron is very good.

Would to God—

That somebody were half as good, interrupted I. Somebody understands you, my lord, and wishes so too—Pray, madam, ask my lord if I may go?—His *new house* will be putting in order mean time—

I will ask none of your questions for you.—*New house*, niece! You harp too much on one string.

I mean not offence. I have done with that subject. My lord, to be sure, has dominion over his

bird. He can chuse her cage. She has nothing to do but sit and sing in it—when her instrument is mended, and in tune—He has but one fault. He is *too good-natured* to his bird. But would he take *your* advice, madam—

Now, tho' this may sound to you, Harriet, a little recriminating; yet, I do assure you, I spoke it in a very sweet accent: Yet up got aunt Nell in a passion: My lord too was all alive. I put myself between her and the door; and throwing my arms about her, You shan't go, madam—smiling sweetly in her glowing face. Upon my honour you shan't.

Wicked trifler! she called me, as I led her to a chair. Perverse girl! and two or three other names!—a-propos enough: My character is not difficult to hit; that's the beauty of it.

My lord withdrew in wrath; and then the old lady said, she would now tell me a piece of her mind: And she made me sit down by her, and thus she addressed me:

Niece, it is my opinion, that you might be, if you *would*, one of the happiest women in the world.

You don't hear *me* complain, madam.

Well, if Lord G. *did* complain to me! it was to *me*: And you shall be sorry for the occasion, and not for the complaint.

I may be sorry for both, madam.

Well, but Lord G. is one of the best-natured men in the world.—

The man's well enough. Passionate men, they say, *are* good-natured.

Why won't you be happy, niece?

I will. I am not now *un*-happy.

More shame for you then, that you will not make Lord G. happy.

He is captious. I am playful. That's all.

What do you think your brother would say—

He would blame me, as you do.

Dear

Dear creature, be good. Dear creature, make Lord G. happy.

I am like a builder, madam. I am digging for a foundation. There is a good deal of rubbishy humours to remove; a little swampiness of soil: And I am only removing it, and digging deeper, to make my foundation sure.

Take care, take care, niece: You may dig too deep. There may be springs: You may open, and never be able to stop them, till they have sapped your foundation. Take care, niece.

Thank you, madam, for your caution. Pity you had not been a builder yourself!

Had such a fellow-labourer as Lord G. offered, I should not have received a partnership with him, I do assure you.

Fairly answered, aunt Nell, thought I. I was pleased with her.

Don't you think Lord G. loves you dearly?

As to *dearly*, I can't say: But I believe he loves me as well as most husbands love their wives.

Are you not ungrateful then?

No. I am only at play with him. I don't hate him.

Hate him! dreadful if you did! But he thinks you despise him.

That is one of the rubbishy notions I want to remove. He would have it that I did, when he could have helped himself. But he injures me now, if he thinks so. I can't say I have a very profound reverence for him. *He* and my *brother* should not have been allied. But had I despised him in my heart, I should have thought myself a very bad creature for going to church with him.

That's well said. I love you now. Your brother is, indeed, enough to put all other men down with one. But may I tell Lord G. that you love him?

No, madam.

No! I am sorry for that.

Let him find it out. But he ought to know so much of human nature, and of my sincerity, as to gather from my behaviour to him, that had I either hated or despised him, I would not have been his: and it would have been impossible for me to be so playful with him; to be so domestic, and he so much at home with me.

Am I fond of seeking occasions to carry myself from him? What delights, what diversions, what public entertainments do I hunt after?—None. Is not he, are not all my friends, sure of finding me at home whenever they visit me?

So far, so good, said Eleanor.

I will open my heart to you, madam. You are my father's sister. You have a right to my sincerity. But you must keep my secret.

Proceed, my dear.

I know my own heart, madam. If I thought I could not trust it (and I wish Lord G. had a good opinion of it), I would not dance thus, as you suppose, on the edge of danger.

Good creature!—I shall call you good creature by and by. Let me call Lord G. to us.

I was silent. I contradicted her not. She rang. She bid the servant tell Lord G. that she desired his company. Lord G. was pranced out. She regretted (I was not glad) that he was.

I will tell you what, my dear, said she. I have heard it suggested, by a friend of yours, that you would much rather have had Mr Beauchamp—

Not a word more of such a suggestion, madam. I should hate myself, were I capable of treating Lord G. meanly, or contemptibly, with a thought of preference to any man breathing, now I am his. I have a great opinion of Mr Beauchamp. He deserves it. But I never had the shadow of a wish that I had been his. I never should have spoken of my brother's excellencies, as outshining those of Lord G. had he not been my brother, and therefore

fore could not be more to me; and had they not been so conspicuous, that no other could be disgraced by giving place to him. No, madam, let me assure you, once for all, that I am so far from despising my Lord G. that, were any misfortune to befall him, I should be a miserable woman.

She embraced me. Why then—

I know your inference, madam. It is a just one. I am afraid I think as *well* of my own understanding as I do of Lord G's. I love to jest, to play, to make him look about him. I dislike not even his petulance. You see I bear all the flings and throws, and peevishness, which he returns to my sauciness. I think I *ought*. His complaints of me to you, to Lord and Lady L. which bring upon me their and your grave lecturings, and even anger, I can forgive him for; and this I shew, by making those complaints matter of pleasantry rather than resentment. I know he intended well, in taking the house, tho' he consulted me not first. It was surely wrong in him; yet I am not mortally offended with him for it. His violence to my poor harpsicord startled me; but I recollected myself; and had he buffeted *me* instead of *that*,¹ as I was afraid he would, I should have thought I *ought* to have borne it, whether I *could* or *not*, and to have returned him his hat with a curtsy. Believe me, madam, I am not a bad, I am only a whimsical creature. I tried my brother once. I set him up. I was afraid of *him* indeed: But I tried him again. Then he called it constitution, and laughed at me, and run me out of breath in my own way. So I let *him* alone. Lord L. Lady L. had it in turn. Lord G. has a little more than his turn perhaps: And why? because he is for ever fitting the cap to his head; and because I don't love him less than those I am less free with. Come, madam, let me demand your kind thoughts. I *will* deserve them. Contradiction and opposition, mediators and mediatrices, have carried
my

my playfulness further than it would otherwise have gone. But henceforth *your* precepts, my *Brother's*, and Miss *Byron's*, shall not want their weight with me, whether I may shew it or not at the instant. My reign, I am afraid, will be but short. Let the man bear with me a little now-and-then. I am not absolutely ungenerous. If he can but shew his love by his forbearance, I will endeavour to reward his forbearance with my love.

She embraced me, and said, that now she attributed to the gaiety of my spirits, and not to perverseness, my *till* now unaccountable behaviour. I was sure, said she, that you were more your mother's than your father's daughter. Let me, when my lord comes in, see an instance of the behaviour you bid me hope for.

I will try, said I, what can be done.

We parted. I went up to my pen; and scribbled down to this place.

This moment my lord is come in. Into my brother's study is he directly gone. Not a question asked about me. Sullen! I warrant. He used to pay his duty to me, and ask blessing the moment he came in, if *admissible* [Is that a word, Harriet?]: But times are altered. Ah, Harriet! when I know I am faucy, I can bear negligence and flight: But when I intend to be good, knowing my own heart to be right, I shall be quite faucy if he is fullen. Is not the duty of wedded people reciprocal?—Aunt Eleanor and he are talking together. She is endeavouring, I suppose, to make a philosopher of him. “Promise nothing for me, aunt Nell. I will have the whole merit of my own reformation.”

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Lady G. In Continuation.

PREPARE, Harriet, to hear strange and wonderful things.

My lord sent up his compliments, and desired to know if he might attend me. I was in my dressing-room. He was not always so polite. I wish, thought I, since displeasure produces respect, that familiarity does not spoil this man. But I'll try him.

I shall be glad to see my lord, was the answer I returned.

Up he came, one leg dragged after the other. Not alert, as he used to be on admission to his Charlette. The last eight stairs his steps sounded, I, go, up, with, an, hea-vy, heart. He entered; bowed: Were the words yours, you should be glad to see me, madam?

They *were*, my lord.

Would to God you said truth!

I did. I *am* glad to see you. I wanted to talk with you—About this Northamptonshire visit.

Are you in earnest, madam, to make that visit?

I am. Miss Byron is not well. Emily pines to see her as much as I. You have no objection?

He was silent.

Do you set out to-morrow, Sir, for Windsor and Oxford?

He sighed. I think so, madam.

Shall you visit Lord W.?

I shall.

And complain to him of me, my lord?—He shook his grave head, as if there were wisdom in it—Be quiet, Harriet—Not good all at once—That would not be to hold it.

No, madam, I have done complaining to *any* body.

body. You will one day see you have not acted generously by the man who loves you as his own soul.

This, and his eyes glistening, moved me—Have we not been *both* wrong, my lord?

Perhaps we have, madam: But here is the difference—I have been wrong, with a *right intention*: You have been wrong, and *studied* to be so.

Prettily said. Repeat it, my lord—How was it? And I took his hand, and looked very graciously.

I cannot bear these airs of contempt.

If you call them so, you are wrong, my lord, though, perhaps, *intending* to be *right*.

He did not see how good I was disposed to be. As I said, a change all at once would have been unnatural.

Very well, madam! and turned from me with an air half grieved, half angry.

Only answer me, my lord; Are you willing I should go to Northamptonshire?

If you chuse to go, I have no objection. Miss Byron is an angel.

Now, don't be perverse, Lord G. Don't praise Miss Byron at the expence of somebody else.

Would to heaven, madam—

I wish so too—And I put my hand before his mouth.—So kindly?

He held it there with both his, and kissed it. I was not offended. But do you actually set out for Windsor and Oxford to-morrow, my lord?

Not, madam, if you have any commands for me.

Why, now, that's well said. Has your lordship any thing to propose to me?

I could not be so welcome to you as your *escort*, as I am sure I should be to Miss Byron and her friends, as her *guest*!

You

You *could* not? How can you say so, my lord! You would do me both honour and pleasure.

What would I give, that you mean what you say!

I *do* mean it, my lord—My hand upon it—I held out my hand for his. He snatched it; and I thought would have devoured it.

We will take the coach, my lord, that I may have your company all the way.

You equally astonish and delight me, madam! Is it possible that you are—

Yes, yes; don't, in policy, make it such a wonder that I am disposed to be what I *ought* to be.

I shall be too, too, too happy! sobbed the grateful man.

No! no! I'll take care of that. Married folks, brought up differently, of different humours, inclinations, and so-forth, never can be too happy. Now I intend to put up all our little quarrels in my work-bag [you know I am a worker: Not quite so bad, at worst, as some modern wives]: There they shall lie, till we get to Miss Byron's—I revere the character of Mrs Shirley: Mrs Selby you have seen: Harriet, and you, and I, and the two sages I have named, will get together in some happy hour. Then I will open my work-bag, and take out our quarrels one by one, and lay them on the table before us, and we will be determined by their judgment.

My dear Lady G. if you think there is any thing amiss in your behaviour to me, or in mine to you, let us spread the faults on your toilette now; and we shall go down to Northamptonshire all love and harmony, and delight those excellent—

Always prescribing, my lord!—O these men!—Why will you not let me have my own way?—Have not all these good folks heard of our folly? And shall they not be witnesses of our wisdom? If they

they are not at the agreement, they will wonder how it came about.—I tell you, Sir, that they shall have an opportunity to laugh at us both; at *me* for my flippancy, at *you* for your petulance. I will be sorry, you shall be ashamed, that quarrels so easily made up, and where the heart of either is not bad, should subsist a quarter of an hour, and be perpetually renewing. *I will* have my own way, I tell you.

Don't make me look like a fool, madam, before such ladies as those, if we do visit them.

I *must* have my jest, my lord. You know (for have you not tried it?) that I can have patience—Let me see—Is that the hat that you pulled off with an air so lately?—Pish! How your countenance falls! I am *not* angry with you. But don't do so again if you can help it—I *must* have my jest, I say: But assure yourself of the first place in my heart—What more would the man have?

O madam! nothing, nothing more! And he kissed my hand on one knee, with a rapture that he never could have known had we always been quiet, easy, and drowsy, like some married folks, whom the world calls happy.

But then the man came out with his gew-gaw japan-china taste. Why, is it the privilege of people of quality now to be educated in such a way, that their time can hardly ever be worthily filled up, and as if it were a disgrace to be either manly or useful? He began to talk of equipage, and such nonsense; but I cut him short, by telling him, that I must have my whole way on this occasion—Our visit is to be a private one, said I. We will have only the coach. Jenny shall attend on Emily and me. No other female servant. Two men: We will have no more. I will not have so much as your French-horn. We go to the land of harmony. Kings sometimes travel incog. We will ape kings, when they put off royalty. Will not this thought

thought gratify your pride?—You, my lord, have some foibles to be cured of as well as I.—We shall be wonderfully amended both of us by this excursion.

Poor man! His heart was as light as a *feather*. Upon my word, my dear, I begin to think, that if my lord and master had been a wise man, I should not have known what to do with him. Yet I will not forgive any one but myself who finds him out to be *other-wise*.

He told me in raptures of joy, that I should direct every thing as I pleased. God grant that I might not change my mind as to the visit! He hoped I was in earnest, and looked now and then at me as if he questioned it.

But what do you think the man did? He retired, came back presently, called me his dearest life, and said, that it was possible I might want to have an opportunity given me to make some presents, or to furnish myself with trinkets of one nature or other, against I set out, and he should be very sorry, if, by his inattention, I were obliged to ask him for the means to shew the natural liberality of my spirit in the way I thought best to exert it; and then he begged me to accept of that note, putting into my hand a bank note of 500 l.

I stepped to my closet, and *as* instantly returned. This, my lord, said I, is a most cruel reflexion upon me. It looks as if I were to be bribed to do my duty—There, my lord! Take back your present. I will endeavour to be good without it—And as a proof that I *will*, you must not only receive back your favour (though I look upon it as such, and from my heart thank you for it), but take, as your right, this note which Lord W. presented to me on the day you received me as yours.

He held back both hands, gratefully reluctant.

You must, you *shall* take *both* notes, my lord. I only wanted a fit opportunity to put Lord W.'s

note into your hands before. It was owing to my flippant folly, and not to your want of affection, that I had not that opportunity sooner. Bear with me now and then, if I should be silly again. Complain of me only to myself. My heart, I re-assure you, is yours, and yours *only*. I was not willing that you should owe to any other person's interposition my declarations of affection and regard to you, not even to Miss Byron (though I talked of my work bag) whom I love as my own sister.

The worthy man was in ecstasies. He could not express in words the joy of his heart. He kneeled, and wrapt his arms about my waist, and sobbed his request to me to forgive his petulance, and the offences he had ever given me, by any acts of passion, or words of anger.

You have not offended me, my lord. Forgive my past follies, and my future failures. When you were most angry, I wondered at your patience. Had I been you, I should not have borne what you bore with me.

For God's sake, madam, take back both notes. We *can* have but one interest. You will make me easier, when I know that you have power in your hands to gratify every wish of your heart.

You *must*, you *shall*, my lord, take these notes. I will apply to you whenever I have occasion, and receive your favours as such. I wish not to be independent of you. I have a handsome sum by me, the moiety of the money that was my mother's, which my brother divided between my sister and me, when he first came over. Is not the settlement made upon me more than my brother asked, or thought I *should* expect? Did he not oppose so large an annuity for pin-money, as your father, Lady Gertrude, and you would have me accept of, because he thought that such a large allowance might make a wife independent of her husband, and put it out of his power, with discretion, to oblige

oblige her? My brother, in an instance glorious to him, said, that he would not be a richer man than he ought to be. In such instances I will be his sister.

Aunt Nell joined us. My lord, in transports, told her what had passed. The good old soul took the merit of the reformation to herself. She wept over us. She rejoiced to hear of our intended journey to Northamptonshire. My lord proposed to have the house he had taken fitted up to my liking, while we were away. At his desire, I promised to see it in his company, and give my opinion of his designed alterations. But as I know he has judgment in nick-knackatories, and even as much as I wish him in what is called *taste*, I intend to compliment him with leaving all to him; and resolve to be satisfied with whatever he does.

And now is the good man *so* busy, *so* pleased, *so* important! Bless me, my dear! Who would rob the honest man of any part of his merit, or even wish to divide it with him?

And what, Harriet, do you say to me *now*?—In a week's time I shall be with you. Be sure be cheerful and well, or I shall be ready to question my welcome.

This moment, having let Dr Bartlett into our intended visit, he has offered to accompany us. Now shall we, I know, be doubly welcome. The doctor, Emily, my Lord G. and your Charlotte, will be happy in one coach. The doctor is prodigiously pleased with me. *What is the text? More joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need it not.*

I long to see you, and every one of the family so deservedly dear to you! God give you health, and us no worse news from Italy than we have yet had; and how happy shall we be!—Lord and Lady L. wish they could be of the party. They are in love with me now. Emily says she dotes upon

me. I begin to think that there is almost as much pleasure in being good as in teasing. Yet a little roguery rises now and then in the heart of

June 8.

Your CHARLOTTE G.

The doctor has been so good (I believe because I am good) as to allow me to take a copy of a letter of my brother's to that wretch Everard, but for your perusal only. I inclose it, therefore, under that restriction. Let it speak its own praises.

We are actually preparing to be your guests. You will only have time to forbid us, if we shall not be welcome.

Merciful! what a paquet!

LETTER XL.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To* Mr GRANDISON.

Bologna, June 4. N. S.

WHAT can I do for my cousin? Why would he oppress me with so circumstantial an account of the heavy evil that has befallen him, and not point out a way by which I could comfort or relieve him? Don't be afraid of what you call the severity of my virtue. I should be ready to question the rectitude of my own heart, if, on examination, I had not reason to hope, that charity is the principal of those virtues which you attribute to me. You recriminate enough upon yourself. In what way I can extricate or assist you, is now my only question.

You ask my advice in relation to the payment of the debts which the world calls debts of honour; and for which you have asked, and are granted three months time. Have you not, Sir, strengthened your engagement by your request? And have

have they not intitled themselves to the performance, by their compliance with it? The obligation which rashness, and perhaps surprize, laid you under, your deliberation has confirmed.

You say, that your new creditors are men of the town, sharpers and gamesters. But, my cousin, how came you among such? They came not to you. I say not this to upbraid you: But I must not have you deceive yourself. Who but a man's self is to suffer by his rashness or inconsideration? They are reputed to have been possessed of fortunes, however they came by them, which would have enabled them to answer the stakes they played for, had they been the losers: And would you not have expected payment from them, had you been the winner? Did you at the *time* suspect loaded dice, or foul play? You are not, Sir, a novice in the ways of the town. If you had good *proof* of what, from the ill success, you seem only to *suspect*, I should not account the debts incurred *debts of honour*; and should hardly scruple, had I not indirectly promised payment, by asking time for it, or had they refused to give it, to call in to my aid the laws of my country; and the rather, as the appeal to those laws would be a security to me, against ever again being seen in such company.

Adversity is the trial of principle: Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is an honest man. Two things my cousin, in his present difficulties, must guard against; the one, that he do not suffer himself to be prevailed upon, in hopes to retrieve his losses, to *frequent* the tables by which he has suffered; and so become one of the very men he has so much reason to wish he had avoided [Who would not rather be the sufferer than the defrauder? What must be the nature of that man, who, having himself been ruined, will

endeavour to draw in other innocent men to their ruin?]

The other, that he does not permit prior and worthier creditors (creditors for valuable considerations) to suffer by the distresses in which he has involved himself.

It is a hard decision: But were I my cousin, I would divest myself of my whole estate (were it necessary) for the satisfaction of my creditors; and leave it to their generosity, to allow me what pittance they pleased for subsistence; and within that pittance would I live: And this (were my difficulties owing to my own inconsideration) not only for justice-sake, but as a proper punishment for not being satisfied with my own ampler fortune, and for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a share in the property of others. Excuse me, my dear Everard; I mean not particular reflection; but only to give you my notion of general justice in cases of this nature.

Acquit yourself worthily of these difficulties. I consider you as my brother: And you shall be welcome to take with me a brother's part of my estate, till you can be restored to a competency.

But with regard to the woman whom the infamous Lord B. would impose upon you as a wife, that is an imposition to which you must not submit. Had she been the poorest honest girl in Britain, and you had seduced her, by promises of marriage, I must have made it the condition of our continued friendship, that you had married her: but a kept-woman!—Let not *her*, let not the *bad man*, have such a triumph. I know his character well: I know his dependence on the skill of his arm. And I know his litigious spirit, and the use he is capable of making of his privilege. But regard not these: Let me advise you, Sir, after you have secured to your creditors the payment of their just debts,

debts, to come over to me: The sooner the better. By this means you will be out of the way of being disturbed by the menaces of this lord, and the machinations of this woman. We will return together. I will make your cause my own. As well the courage, as the quality, of the man who can be unjust, are to be despised. Is not Lord B. an unjust man in *every* article of his dealings with men? Do not you, my dear cousin, be so in *any one*; and you will ever command the true fraternal love of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

Lady G. To Lady L.

Selby-house, Friday, June 16.

HERE we are, my Caroline: And the happiest people in the world should we be, if Harriet were but well, my brother in England, and you and Lord L. with us.

Mrs Selby, Lucy, Nancy, Harriet, met us at Stoney-Stratford, escorted by uncle Selby, and his kinsman James.

My lord and I were dear, love, and life, all the journey. I was the *sweetest*-tempered creature!—Joyful people are not always wise ones. When the heart is open, silly things will be said; any thing, in short, that comes uppermost. I kindly allowed, for my lord's joy, on twenty occasions. I smiled when he smiled, laughed out when he laughed out, did not talk to any body else, when he directed his discourse to me; so that the honest man crowded all the way. It is a charming thing, thought I, several times, to be on a foot of good understanding with each other; for now I can call him

honest

honest man, or any names, that lately would have made him prance and caper; and he takes every thing kindly: Nay, two or three times he called me *honest woman*; but laughed and looked round him at the time, as if he were conscious that he had made a *bold*, as well as *witty* retort.

Let me tell you, Lady L. that I intend to give him signs when he exceeds, and other signs when he is right and clever; and I will accept of signs from him, that he may not be affronted. I am confident that we shall be in time an amazing happy couple.

Emily was rejoiced to see her equally beloved and revered Miss Byron. Miss Byron embraced Emily with the affection of a sister. My honest man kissed Miss Byron's hand on one knee, in the fervour of his love and gratitude; for I had let him know, that he owed much of his present happiness to her. She congratulated him whisperingly, in my hearing, on my being good.

James Selby almost wept for love over Emily's hand; while Emily looked as sleek and as shy as a bird new-caught, for fear of being thought to give him encouragement, after what you may remember passed between them at Dunstable.

Aunt Selby, Lucy, Nancy, were all in rapture to see us: We to see them. We were *mother* and *sisters* the moment we were seated. Uncle Selby began to crack his jokes upon me in the first half-hour. I spared him not: And Lord G. since I must have somebody to play the rogue with, will fare the better for him. Dr. Bartlett was the revered of every heart. By the way, I am in high credit with that good man, for my behaviour to my lord.

Miss Byron received him with open arms, and even, as her father, with an offered cheek: And the modest man was so much affected by her filial regard for him, that I was obliged, for our own
sakes,

fakes, to whisper her to rein-in her joy to see him, that we might have the pleasure of hearing him talk.

When we arrived at Selby-house our joy was renewed, as if we had not seen each other at Stratford.

O, I should have told you, that in our journey from Stratford hither, aunt Selby, Harriet, Emily, and I, were in one coach: And I had, as we went on, a great deal of good instruction insinuated to me, by way of felicitation, on my being so very kind and obliging to Lord G. And, as if I had been a child (corrected for being untoward) they endeavoured to coax me into a perseverance in what they called my duty. Aunt Selby, on this occasion, performed the maternal part with so much good sense, and her praise and her cautions were so delicately insinuated, that I began to think, it was almost as pretty to be good as to be faucy.

Upon the whole, I really believe Lord G. will have reason to rejoice, as long as he lives, that he was ruled by his wife, in changing his Windsor and Oxford journey for this of Northamptonshire. So *right* a thing is it for men to be governable; and, perhaps, you'll add, for women to keep good company.

Lord L. thinks you, my sage sister, so good already, that you need not be better, or I would wish him to send you down to Selby-house.

Well my Harriet revere her grandmother. That venerable woman is good in every sense of the word. She is pious, charitable, benevolent, affectionate, condescending to the very foibles of youth; chearful, wise, patient under the infirmities of age, having outlived all her wishes but one; which is, to see her Harriet happily married: And then, she says, she hopes to be soon released. Never could she be so much admired in her blooming youth, though she was then it seems deservedly

servedly celebrated, both for her mind and person, as she is now in her declining age.

You have seen and admire Mrs Selby. She rises upon me every hour. It gives one's heart joy, Lady L. to look forward, beyond the age of youth and flutter, when we see by these ladies, that women in their advanced years may, to express myself in the stile of Sir Rowland Meredith, be good for something; or still better, that the matronly time of female life is by far the most estimable of all the stages of it; if they make good wives, good mistresses, and good mothers: And, let me say, good *aunts*; were it but to keep in countenance aunt Gertrude and aunt Nell; who, good souls! will now hardly ever be *mothers*.

Lucy is an excellent young creature. Nancy, when Lucy is not present, is *as* excellent. Her cousins Kitty and Patty Holles are agreeable young women.

James Selby is a good sort of blundering, well-meaning great boy; who, when he has lived a *few years longer*, may make much such a good sort of man as my Lord G. There's for you, my once-catechizing sister! Pray be as ready to praise as you used to be to blame me. I find duty and love growing fast upon me. I shall get into a custom of bringing in Lord G. on every occasion that will do him credit: And then I shall be like Lady Betty Clemson, who is so perpetually dining the ears of her guests with her domestic superlatives, that we are apt to suspect the truth of all she says.

But Harriet, our dear Harriet, is not at all well. She visibly falls away, and her fine complexion fades. Mr Deane was here a week ago; and Lucy tells me, was so much startled at the alteration in her lovely countenance, that he broke from her, and shed tears to Lucy. This good girl and Nancy lament to each other the too visible change.

change. But when they are with the rest of the family, they all seem afraid to take notice of it to one another. She herself takes generous pains to be lively, chearful, and apprehensive, for fear of giving concern to her grandmother and aunt; who will sometimes sit and contemplate the alteration, sigh, and, now and then, drop a silent tear, which, however, they endeavour to smile off, to avoid notice. I have already observed, that as these good ladies sit in her company, they watch in silent love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they too well know to what to impute the inward malady, which has approached the best of hearts; and they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the physician. They, as we do, admire her voice, and her playing. They ask her for a song, for a lesson on her harpsichord. She plays, she sings, at the very first word. In no one act of chearfulness does she refuse to join. Her grandmother and her aunt Selby frequently give a private ball. The old lady delights to see young people chearful and happy. She is always present, and directs the diversion; for she has a fine taste. We are often to have these balls for our entertainment. Miss Byron, her cousins say, knowing the delight her grandmother takes in these amusements, for the sake of the young people, to whom she considers it as a healthful exercise, as well as diversion, is one of the alertest in them. She excuses not herself, nor encourages that supineness that creeps on, and invades a heart ill at ease. Yet every one sees that solitude and retirement are her choice; though she is very careful to have it supposed otherwise; and, on the first summons, hastens into company, and joins in the conversation. O she is a lovely, and beloved young creature! I think verily, that though she was the admiration of every body, when she was with us, yet she

she is, if possible, more amiable at home, and among her own relations. Her uncle Selby rallies her sometimes. But respect as well as love are visible in his countenance, when he does: In her returns sweetness and reverence are mingled. She never forgets that the rallier is her uncle; yet her delicacy is not more apparent, than that she is mistress of fine talents in that way; but often restrains them, because she has far more superior ones to value herself upon. And is not this the case with my brother also?—Not so, I am afraid, with your Charlotte.

All her friends, however, rejoice in our visit to them, for her sake. They compliment me on my lively turn; and hope for a happy effect on Miss Byron from it.

I cannot accuse her of reserve to me. She owns her love for our brother as frankly as she used to do, after we had torn the secret from her bosom at Colnebrook. She acknowledges to me, that she glories in it, and will not try to conquer it; because she is sure the trial will be to no purpose; an excuse, by the way, that, if the conquest be necessary, would better become the mouth of your Charlotte than that of our Harriet: And so I have told her.

She prays for the restoration of Lady Clementina, and recovery of Signor Jeronymo. She loves to talk of the whole Italian family; and yet seems fully assured that Clementina will be the happy woman. But, surely, Harriet must be our sister. She values herself upon my brother's so solemnly requesting and claiming her friendship. True friendship, she but this morning argued with me, being disinterested, and more intellectual than personal regard, is nobler than love. Love, she said, does not always ripen into friendship, as is too frequently seen in wedlock.

But

But does not the dear creature refine too much when she argues thus? A calm and easy kind of esteem is all I have to judge from in *my* matrimony. I know not what love is. At the very highest, and when I was most a fool, my motive was *supposed* convenience (in order to be freed from the apprehended tyranny of a father); and that never carried me beyond liking. But you, Lady L. were an adept in the passion. Pray tell me, if there *be* a difference between love and friendship, which is the noblest? Upon my opposing you and Lord L. (so truly one mind) to her argument, she said, that yours is love mellowed into friendship, upon full proof of the merit of each: But, that there *was* a time, that the flame was love only, founded in *hope* of the merit; and the *proof* might have been wanting, as it often is, when the hope has been as strong, and seemingly as well founded, as in your courtship.

Harriet, possibly, may argue from her own situation, in order to make her heart easy; and my brother is so *unquestionably* worthy, that love and friendship may be one thing in the bosom of a woman admiring him; since he will not enter into any obligation, that he cannot, that he *will* not, religiously perform. And if this refinement will make her heart easier, and enable her to allow his love to be placed elsewhere, because of a prior claim, and of circumstances that call for generous compassion, while she can content herself with the offered friendship, I think we ought to indulge her in her delicate notions.

Selby-house is a large, convenient, well-furnished habitation. To-morrow we are to make a visit, with Lucy and Nancy, to their branch of the Selby family. James is gone before. Those two girls are orphans: But their grandmother, by their mother's side (a good old lady, mother-in-

law to Mr Selby), lives with them, or rather they with her, and loves them.

On our return, we were to have our first private ball at Shirley-manor; a fine old seat, which already the benevolent owner calls her Harriet's; with an estate of about 500*l.* a-year round it.

Adieu, my dear Lady L.—My lord and you, I hope, will own me now. Yet are you not sometimes surpris'd at the suddenness of my reformation? Shall I tell you how it came about? To own the truth, I began to find the man could be stout. “Charlotte, thought I, what are you about? You mean not to continue for ever your playful folly. You have no malice, no wickedness, in your sauciness; only a little levity: It may grow into habit:—Make your retreat while you can with honour; before you harden the man’s heart, and find your reformation a matter of indifference to him. You have a few good qualities; are not a modern woman; have neither wings to your shoulders, nor gad-fly in your cap: You love home. At present the honest man loves you. He has no vices. Every one loves you; but all your friends are busy upon your conduct. You will estrange them from you. The man will not be a king Log—Be you a prudent frog, lest you turn him into a stork. A weak man, if you *suppose* him weak, made a tyrant, will be an insupportable thing. I shall make him appear weak in the eyes of every body else, when I have so much grace left, as would make me rise against any one who should let me know they thought him so. My brother will be reflected upon for his sollicitude to carry me to church with a man, whom I shall make the world think I despise. Harriet will renounce me. My wit will be thought folly. Does not the suckling Emily, does not the stale virgin,
‘ aunt

‘ aunt Eleanor, think they have a right to blame,
 ‘ intreat, instruct me? I will be good of choice,
 ‘ and make my *duty* received as a *favour*. I have
 ‘ travelled a great way in the road of perverseness.
 ‘ I see briars, thorns, and a pathless track,
 ‘ before me. I may be benighted: The day is
 ‘ far gone. Serpents may be in the brakes. I
 ‘ will get home as fast as I can; and rejoice every
 ‘ one, who now only wonders what is become
 ‘ of me.”

These, Lady L. were some of my reasonings. Make your advantage of them against me, if you can. You see that your grave wisdom had some weight with my light folly. Allow a little for constitution now and then; and shall not have cause to be ashamed of your sister.

Let me conclude this subject half one way, half t’other—that is to say, half serious, half roguish: If my lord would but be cured of his taste for trifles and nick-knacks, I should, possibly, be induced to consider him as a man of better understanding than I once thought him: But who can forbear, sometimes, to think slightly of a man, who, by effeminacies, and a shell and china taste, undervalues himself? I hope I shall cure him of those foibles; and, if I *can*, I shall consider him as a work of my own hands, and be proud of him, in compliment to myself.

Let my aunt Eleanor (no more Nell, if I can help it) know how good I *continue* to be. And now I will relieve you and myself, with the assurance that I am, and ever will be, notwithstanding your’s and Lord L.’s past severity to me,

Your truly affectionate sister,

CH. G.

LETTER XLII.

*Lady G. To Lady L.**Selby-house, Monday, July 24^{*}.*

LORD bless me, my dear, what shall we do! My brother, in all probability, may by this time——But I cannot tell how to suppose it!—Ah the poor Harriet! The three letters from my brother, which, by the permission of Dr Bartlett, I inclose, will shew you that the Italian affair is now at a crisis.

Read them in this place; and return them sealed up, and directed to the Doctor.

LETTER XLIII.

*Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.**Florence, Wednesday, July 5-16.*

THREE weeks have now past since the date of my last letter to my paternal friend. Nor has it, in the main, been a disagreeable space of time; since within it I have had the pleasure of hearing from you and other of my friends in England; from those at Paris; and good news from Bologna, wherever I moved, as well from the bishop and father Marescotti as from Mr Lowther.

The bishop particularly tells me, that they ascribe to the amendment of the brother the hopes they now have of the sister's recovery.

I passed

* Several letters, written in the space between the last date, June 16. and the present, which give an account of their diversions, visits, entertainments, at Selby-house, Shirley-manor, &c. are omitted.

I passed near a fortnight of this time at Naples and Portici. The general and his lady, who is one of the best of women, made it equally their study to oblige and amuse me.

The general, on my first arrival at Naples, entered into talk with me on my expectations with regard to his sister. I answered him as I had done his mother; and he was satisfied with what I said.

When we parted, he embraced me as his brother and friend; and apologized for the animosity he once had to me. If it pleased God to restore his sister, no more from him, he said, should her mind be endangered: But *her* choice should determine *him*. His lady declared her esteem for me, without reserve; and said, that next to the recovery of Clementina and Jeronymo, her wish was, to be intitled to call me brother.

What, my dear Dr Bartlett, is at last to be my destiny! The greatest opposer of the alliance once in view is overcome: But the bishop, you will observe, by what I have told you, ascribes to another cause the merit which the general gives me; with a view possibly to abate my expectation. Be the event as it may, I will go on in the course I am in, and leave to Providence the issue.

Mrs Beaumont returned from Bologna but yesterday.

She confirms the favourable account I had before received of the great alteration for the better that there is in the health both of brother and sister; and, because of that, in the whole family. Mr Lowther, she says, is as highly as deservedly cared for by every one. Jeronymo is able to sit up two hours in a day. He has tried his pen, and finds it will be again in his power to give his friends pleasure with it.

Mrs Beaumont tells me, that Clementina generally twice a day visits her beloved Jeronymo. She has taken once more to her needle, and often sits

and works in her brother's room. This amuses her, and delights him.

She converses generally without much rambling; and seems to be very soon sensible of her misfortune, when she begins to talk incoherently: For at such times she immediately stops; not seldom sheds a tear; and either withdraws to her own closet, or is silent.

She several times directed her discourse to Mr Lowther, when she met him in her brother's chamber. She observed great delicacy when she spoke of me to him; and dwelt not on the subject: But was very inquisitive about England, and the customs and manners of the people; particularly of the women.

Every body has made it a rule (Jeronymo among the rest, and to which also Camilla strictly conforms) never to lead her to talk of me. She, however, asks often after me; and numbers the days of my absence.

At one time, seeking Mrs Beaumont in her dressing-room, she thus accosted her: I come, madam, to ask you, why every-body forbears to mention the Chevalier Grandison; and when I do, talks of somebody or something else; Camilla is as perverse in this way as any body: Nay, Jeronymo (I have tried him several times) does the very same. Can Jeronymo be ungrateful? Can Jeronymo be indifferent to his friend, who has done so much for him? I hope I am not looked upon as a silly, or as a forward creature, that am not to be trusted with hearing the name of the man mentioned, for whom I profess an high esteem and gratitude. Tell me, madam, have I at any time, in my unhappy hours, behaved or spoken aught unworthy of my character, of my family, of the modesty of woman?—If I *have*, my heart renounces the guilt; I must, indeed, have been unhappy; it could not be Clementina della Porretta.

Mrs

Mrs Beaumont set her heart at ease on this subject.

Well, said she, it shall be seen, I hope so, that true modesty, and high gratitude, may properly have a place together in *this* heart, putting her hand to her bosom. Let me but own, that I esteem him; for I really do; and I hope my sincerity shall never mislead or betray me into indecorum: And now, madam, let us talk of him for one quarter of an hour, and no more. Here is my watch; it is an English watch; nobody knows that I bought it for that very reason. Don't *you* tell. She then, suspecting her head, dropt a tear; and withdrew in silence.

Mrs Beaumont, my dear friend, knows the true state of my heart; and she pities me. She wishes that the lady's reason may be established; she is afraid it should be risqued by opposition: But there is a man whom she wishes to be Clementina's. There *is* a woman—But—do thou, Providence direct us both! All that thou orderest must be best.

Mrs Beaumont thinks Lady Clementina is at times too solemn; and is the more apprehensive when she is so; and there is a greatness in her solemnity, which she is afraid will be too much for her. She has often her silent fits, in which she is regardless of what any-body but her mother says to her.

As she grows better, the fervour of her devotion, which in her highest delirium never went quite off, increases. Nor do they discourage, but indulge her in it, because in her, it seems, by the cheerfulness in which her ardent zeal is attended, to be owing to true piety, which they justly observe never makes a good mind sour, morose, and melancholy.

Mrs Beaumont says, That for two days before she came away, she had shewn, on several occasions, that she began to expect my return—She broke silence

lence in one of her dumb fits—"Twenty days, did he say, Camilla?" and was silent again.

The day before Mrs Beaumont set out, as she, the young lady, and marchioness, were sitting at work together, Camilla entered with unusual precipitation, with a message from the bishop, desiring leave to attend them—And the marchioness saying, By all means, pray let him come in; the young lady, on hearing him approach, laid down her work, changed colour, and stood up with an air of dignity; but on the bishop's entrance, sat down with a look of dissatisfaction, as if disappointed.

Adieu, my dear friend! I shall reach Bologna, I hope, to-morrow night. You will soon have another letter from

Your truly affectionate

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Bologna, July 7-18.

IT was late last night before I arrived at this place. I sent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. He was disposing himself to rise, that he might receive me up in order to rejoice me on his ability to do so. I sat down by him, and received the overflowings of his grateful heart. Everybody, he told me, was amended both in health and spirits.

Camilla came in soon after, congratulating me on my arrival in the name of her young lady. She let me know, that in less than a quarter of an hour she would be ready to receive my visit.

O Sir,

O Sir, said the good woman, miracles! miracles!
—We are all joy and hope!

At going out, she whispered as she passed (I was then at the window), My young lady is dressing in colours to receive you.—She will no more *appear* to you, she says, in black—Now, Sir, will you soon reap the reward of all your goodness; for the general has signified to my lord his entire acquiescence with his sister's choice, and their determination.

The bishop came in: Chevalier, said he, you are welcome, thrice welcome, to Bologna. You have subdued us all. Clementina commands her own destiny. The man whom she chuses to call hers, be he who he will, will have a treasure in her, in every sense of the word.

The marquis, the count, Father Marefcotti, all severally made me the highest compliments. The count particularly taking my hand, said, From *us*, Chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make *you* happy: From *you*, there can be but one thing wanting to make *us* so.

The marchioness entering, saved me any other return than by bowing to each. Before I could speak to her, Welcome, Chevalier, said she: But you are not come before you are wished for. You will find we have kept a more exact account of the days of your absence, than we did before. I hope her joy to see you will not be too much for her. Clementina ever had a grateful heart.

The Chevalier's prudence, said father Marefcotti, may be confided in. He knows how to moderate his own joy on his first address to her, on seeing her so greatly amended: And then Lady Clementina's natural delicacy will not have an *example* to carry her joy above her reason.

The Chevalier, madam, said the bishop, smiling, will at this rate be *too* secure. We leave him not room for *professions*. But he cannot be ungenerous.

The

The Chevalier Grandison, said the kind Jeronymo, speaks by *action*: It is his way. His head, his heart, his lips, his hands, are governed by one motion, and directed by one spring. When he leaves no room for doubt, professions would depreciate his service.

He then ascribed an extraordinary merit to me, on my leaving my native country and friends, to attend them in person.

We may, perhaps, my reverend friend, be allowed to repeat the commendations given us by grateful and benevolent spirits, when we cannot *otherwise* so well do justice to the generous warmth of their friendship. The noble Jeronymo, I am confident, were he in my place, and I in his, would put a more moderate value on the like services, done by himself. What is friendship, if, on the like calls, and blessed with power, it is not ready to exert itself in action?

Grandison, replied the bishop, were he *one of us*, might expect canonization. In a better religion, we have but a few young men of quality and fortune so good as he; though I think none so bad, as many of the pretended reformed who travel, as if to copy our vices, and not to imitate our virtues.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude on a reception so very generous and unreserved. Camilla came in seasonably with a message from the young lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dressing-room.

The marchioness withdrew just before. I followed Camilla. She told me, as we went, that she thought her not quite so sedate as she had been for some days past; which she supposed owing to her hurrying in dressing, and to her expectation of me.

The mother and daughter were together. They were talking, when I entered—Dear fanciful girl!

I heard

I heard the mother say, disposing otherwise some flowers that she had in her bosom.

Clementina, when her mind was sound, used to be all unaffected elegance. I never saw but one woman who equalled her in that respect. Miss Byron seems conscious, that she may trust to her native charms; yet betrays no pride in her consciousness. Who ever spoke of her jewels that beheld her face? For mingled dignity, and freedom of air and manner, these two ladies excel amongst women.

Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely. But her fancifulness in the disposition of her ornaments, and the unusual lustre of her eyes, which every one was wont to admire for their *serene* brightness, shewed an imagination more disordered than I hoped to see; and gave me pain at my entrance.

The Chevalier, my love! (said the marchioness, turning round to me), Clementina, receive your friend.

She stood up, dignity and sweetness in her air. I approached her: She refused not her hand. The general, madam, and his lady, salute you by me.

They received you, I am sure, as the friend of our family. But tell me, Sir, smiling, have you not exceeded your promised time?

Two or three days only.

Only, Sir!—Well, I upbraid you not. No wonder that a man, so greatly valued, cannot always keep his time.

She hesitated, looked at her mother, at me, and on the floor, visibly at a loss. Then, as sensible of her wandering, turned aside her head, and took out her handkerchief.

Mrs Beaumont, madam, said I, to divert her chagrin, sends you her compliments.

Were you at Florence?—Mrs Beaumont, said you!—Were you at Florence? Then running to her

her mother, she threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her bosom—O madam, conceal me! conceal me from myself. I am not well.

Be comforted, my best love, wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kissing her forehead; you will be better presently.

I made a motion to withdraw. The marchioness, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment.

She soon enquired for me, and, on notice from Camilla, I returned.

She sat with her head leaning on her mother's shoulder. She raised it—Excuse me, Sir, said she. I cannot be well, I see—But no matter! I am better, and I am worse, than I was: *Worse*, because I am sensible of my calamity.

Her eyes had then lost all that lustre which had shewn a too raised imagination: But they were as much in the other extreme, overclouded with mistiness, dimness, vapours; swimming in tears.

I took her hand: Be not disheartened, madam. You will be soon well. These are usual turns of the malady you seem to be so sensible of, when it is changing to perfect health.

God grant it!—O Chevalier! what trouble have I given my friends!—my mamma here!—You, Sir!—Every body! O that naughty Laurana! But for *her*!—But tell me—Is she dead?—Poor cruel creature! Is she no more?

Would you have her to be no more, my love? said her mother.

O no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was she not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I *always* loved her. Say, Chevalier, is she living?

I looked at the marchioness, as asking if I should tell her she was; and receiving her approving nod, She is living, madam, answered I—and I hope will repent.

Is

Is she, is she indeed, my mamma? interrupted she.

She is, my dear.

Thank God! rising from her seat, clasping her hands, and standing more erect than usual, then have I a triumph to come! said the noble creature. Excuse my pride! I will shew her that I can forgive her!—But I will talk of her when I am better. You say, Sir, I shall be better! You say that my malady is changing—What comfort you give me!

Then dropping down against her mother's chair on her knees, her eyes and hands lifted up, Great and good God Almighty, heal, heal, I beseech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to restore to the most indulgent of parents the happiness I have robbed them of. Join your prayers with mine, Sir! You are a good man—But you, madam, are a Catholic. The Chevalier is not—Do *you* pray for me. I shall be restored to *your* prayers. And may I be restored, as I shall never more do any thing wilfully to offend or disturb your tender heart.

God restore my child! sobbed the indulgent parent, raising her.

Camilla had not withdrawn. She stood weeping in a corner of the room. Camilla, said the young lady, advancing towards her, lend me your arm. I will return to you again, Sir—Don't go—Excuse me, madam, for a few moments. I find, putting her hand to her forehead, I am not quite well—I will return presently.

The marchioness and I were extremely affected by her great behaviour: But though we were grieved for the pain her sensibility gave her, yet we could not but console and congratulate ourselves upon it, as affording hopes of her perfect recovery.

She returned soon, attended by Camilla; who having been soothing her, appealed to me, whether I did not think she would soon be quite well.

I answered, that I had no question of it.

Look you there now, my dear lady.

I thought you said so, Chevalier, but I was not sure. God grant it! My affliction is great, my mamma. I must have been a wicked creature—Pray for me.

Her mother comforted her, praised her, and raised her dejected heart. And then Clementina looking down, a blush overspreading her face, and standing motionless, as if considering of something—What is in my child's thoughts? said the Marchioness, taking her hand. What is my love thinking of?

Why, madam, in a low, but audible voice, I should be glad to talk with the Chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not desire it. In every thing I will be governed by you: Yet I am ashamed. What can I have to say that my mother may not hear?—Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, madam, is a part of yours.

My love shall be indulged in every thing. You and I, Camilla, will retire.—Clementina was silent, and both withdrew.

She commanded me to sit down by her. I obeyed. It was not, in the situation I was in, for me to speak first. I attended her pleasure in silence.

She seemed at a loss; she looked round her, then at me, then on the floor. I could not then forbear speaking.

The mind of Lady Clementina, said I, seems to have something upon it that she wishes to communicate. You have not, madam, a more sincere, a more faithful friend, than the man before you. Your happiness, and that of my Jeronymo,
engross

engross all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.

I had something to say: I had many questions to ask—But pity me, Sir! my memory is gone: I have lost it all—But this I know, that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return: And I am uneasy under the sense of them.

What, madam, have I done, but answered to the call of friendship, which, in the like situation, not any one of your family but would have obeyed?—

This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, Sir, in what way we can express our gratitude, in what way I in particular can, and I shall be easy. Till we have done it I never shall.

And can you, madam, think, that I am not highly rewarded, in the prospect of that success which opens to all our wishes?

It may be so in your opinion: But this leaves the debt still heavier upon us.

How could I avoid construing the hint in my favour? And yet I did not think the lady, even had she not had *parents* in being, had she been absolutely independent, well enough to determine for herself in a situation so delicate. How then could I in honour (all her friends expecting that I should be entirely governed by her motions, as they were resolved to be) take direct advantage of the gratitude which at that instant possessed her noble mind?

If, madam, answered I, you *will* suppose yourselves under obligations to me, and will not be *easy* till you have acknowledged them, the return must be a family act. Let me refer myself to your father, mother, brothers, and to yourself: What you and they determine upon must be right.

After a short silence—Well, Sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing: But

here is my difficulty—You *cannot* be rewarded. I cannot reward you. But, Sir, the subject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions—My duty to God and to my parents, my gratitude to you—But I have *begun* to write down all that has occurred to me on this important subject. I wish to act greatly! You, Sir, have set me the example. I will *continue* to write down my thoughts: I cannot trust to my memory—No, nor yet to my heart!—But no more on a subject that is at present too affecting to me. I will talk to my mother upon it first, but not just now, though I will ask for the honour of her presence.

She then went from me into the next room, and instantly returned, leading in the Marchioness. Don't, dear madam, be angry with me. I had many things to say to the Chevalier, which I thought I could best say when I was alone with him, but I forget what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were such as I could not say before my mother.

My child cannot do any thing that can make me displeased with her. The Chevalier's generosity, and my Clementina's goodness of heart, can neither of them be doubted.

O, madam! What a deep sense have I of your's and of my father's indulgence to me! How shall I requite it!—How unworthy should I be of that returning reason, which sometimes seems to enliven my hope, if I were not to resolve that it shall be wholly employed in my duty to God, and to you both! But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart that never can be removed.

She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the Marchioness and me in silence, looking upon each other, and admiring her. Camilla followed her, and instantly returning—My dear young lady—
(Don't

(Don't be frightened, madam)—is not well. She seems to have exhausted her spirits by talking.

The Marchioness hastened in with Camilla. And while I was hesitating whether to withdraw to Jeronymo, or to quit the palace, Camilla came to me—My young lady asks for you, Sir.

I followed her to her closet. She was in her mother's arms on a couch, just come out of a fit, but not a strong one. She held out her hand to me. I pressed it with my lips. I was affected with her nobleness of mind, and weakness of spirit—O Chevalier, said she, how unworthy am I of that tenderness which you express for me! O that I could be grateful!—But God will reward you. He *only* can.

She desired her mother and me to leave her to her Camilla. We both withdrew.

What can be done with this dear creature, Chevalier? She is going to be bad again!—O, Sir! Her behaviour is now different from what it ever was!

She seems, madam, to have something on her mind that she has a difficulty to reveal. When she *has* revealed it she will be easier. You will prevail upon her, madam, by your condescending goodness, to communicate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina, when she is a little recovered, will acquaint you with what passed between her and me.

I heard it all, replied she; and you are the most honourable of men. What man would, what man *could* have acted as you acted with regard to her, with regard to us, yet not slight the dear creature's manifest meaning, but refer it to us and to her to make it a family act? A family act it must, it *shall* be. Only, Sir, let me be assured that my child's malady will not lessen your love for her: And permit her to be a Catholic!—These are all the terms I, for *my* part, have to make with you. The rest

of us still wish that *you* would be so, though but in appearance, for the sake of our alliances. But I will not expect an answer to the last. As to the first, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has suffered so much for love of you.

The marquis and the bishop entering the room, I leave it to you, madam, said I, to acquaint their lordships with what has passed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments.

I went accordingly to his chamber; but being told that he was disposed to rest, I withdrew with Mr Lowther into his: And there Camilla coming to me, Mr Lowther retiring, she told me that her young lady was pretty well recovered. It was evident to her, she said, that she never would be well till the marriage was solemnized. They are all, said she, in close conference together, I believe upon that subject. My young lady is endeavouring to compose herself in her closet. The marchioness hopes you will stay and dine here.

I excused myself from dining, and desired her to tell her lady, that I would attend them in the evening.

I am now preparing to do so.

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